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THE STUDIO

An Illustrated Magazine of Fine & Applied Art

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THE STUDIO.

EDITED BY CHARLES HOLME.

Contents, October 15, 1901.

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THE STUDIO

BY FREDERIC W. GROUSE

A



H.I.M. THE GERMAN EMPRESS

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY

F. E. LÁSZLÓ.



THE STUDIO

A HUNGARIAN PAINTER: FILIP E. LÁSZLÓ. BY ANTHONY TAHÍ.

IF Hungarian art and Hungarian artists are not generally known and appreciated, as from their inherent qualities, they deserve to be, it may be attributed to two causes. The first of these is the extreme newness of Hungarian art. It is true that as far back as the eighteenth century there were two fine painters of Hungarian nationality — Johann Kupeczky (1667—1740) and Adam Mányoky (1673—1757) — but both employed their talents abroad. Kupeczky died in Nürnberg, after living or twenty-two years in Rome; while Mányoky was Court painter to Augustus II. of Poland, and subsequently to Augustus III., King of Saxony, and breathed his last in Dresden. Both were primarily portrait painters, and were largely influenced by Rembrandt and Van Dyck.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century there were practically no artists in Hungary, the only one of note being Miklós Barabás, who died at a great age a few years since in Budapest. As for the remaining two, they lived and laboured abroad. One of these was Károly Márko, a delicate landscapist of the Claude type, whose home was in Florence, where he became a professor and an honorary member of

the Academy. He died in the year 1860. The other was Karl Brocky, who went to England at an early age as Court painter to Queen Victoria, and died in London in 1855.

There were then few art schools and art associations in Hungary. In 1836 the picture gallery of what is now the National Museum was started by Ladislaus Pyrker, then Archbishop of Eger (Hungary), who presented to the State his little



"PRINCESS VON HOHENZOLLERN"

BY F. E. LÁSZLÓ

private collection of 190 canvases. The first art school was established in 1845 by an Italian painter, Giacomo Marastoni by name; and thus was laid the foundation of Hungarian art. Various political and social causes proved for a time a serious hindrance to vigorous development, but from the hour of national independence in 1867, Hungarian art advanced with giant strides.

The second of the two reasons why Hungarian art is so little known in foreign countries is Hungary's geographical situation. To the isolation of the country from the great art centres of Europe is due the fact that Hungarian artists seldom take part in foreign exhibitions, and, moreover, since the State has interested itself in art matters the Academies of Vienna and Munich have been

little frequented by our young painters and sculptors. In the eighties there was a numerous Hungarian colony in Munich, which took its style largely from its surroundings, and, indeed, contributed three professors to the Academy—viz. J. Benczúr, A. Liezenmayer, and A. Wagner. Benczúr, by the way, has since 1883 been Director of the Meister Atelier at Budapest. There can be no Hungarian painter to-day—with the exception of the very young men—who has not studied under one of the three masters just mentioned. For many years it was just vaguely known abroad that there existed a Hungarian painter named Munkácsy, many people, moreover, taking him for a Pole or a Russian. Yet while he lived there was a little colony of Hungarian painters in Paris who regularly exhibited at the Salon and won many high honours.

To attempt to study and to understand Hungarian art through the medium of the international art exhibitions is a somewhat hopeless expedient, for it rarely happens that the best and most characteristic work is to be seen there. Witness the recent Exposition Internationale in Paris, where, despite the abundance of works displayed, the public was certainly not in a position to obtain more than the vaguest notion of the Hungarian art of to-day. To realise what this is one must visit the country itself. It is indeed greatly to be desired that the intercourse between ourselves and the art loving public should be increased.

Since the State has taken control of national art it has happily become the custom for the young Hungarian who approaches maturity to travel abroad. I say "happily," for by this means alone can we hope



"THE GRAND DUCHESS OF MEININGEN"

BY F. E. LÁSZLÓ



“THE LATE PRINCE HOHENLOHE”
FROM THE PAINTING BY
F. E. LÁSZLÓ

Filip E. László

gradually to create a definite art of our own. In his earliest years, while still fully impressionable, the artist should remain in his own country ; then let him travel and broaden his views.

Filip E. László is a notable exception among the younger generation of Hungarian artists. At an age when most artists are still under the guidance of a master, and have yet shown no signs

as an artist he was soon to show. His first work was painting porcelain, retouching and colouring photographs, and helping to paint theatrical scenery. This gave him a bare existence, and all his spare moments he spent in the industrial art school of Budapest steadily striving to teach himself. Eventually an opportunity came for the lad to obtain admittance into the National Drawing

School, where, under the direction of B. Székely and J. Greguss and, afterwards, of K. Lotz Akt, he soon outstripped his fellow-students, and was rewarded with a scholarship from the State, which enabled him to pursue his studies with more leisure at his disposal. Soon after this he went to Munich, and entered A. Liezenmayer's composition class.

His visit to Munich was twice interrupted by a half-year's stay at Julian's in Paris, where he studied under Lefebre and Benjamin Constant. Every summer he went home and painted numerous portraits to provide the wherewithal for further stay abroad. During his sojourn in Munich he produced his picture *Im Hofbräuhaus*, a happy combination of interesting Munich types. In this he was clearly under the direct influence of his master, Liezenmayer ; and the same may be said of his succeeding works, little *genre* pictures mostly of Hungarian peasant life, very charming in their



"BARONESS D'ERLANGER"

BY F. E. LÁSZLÓ

of independence or individuality, he can already look back on a series of successes which have brought him fame. For popularity and admiration had fallen to his lot ere he had well passed his thirtieth year. His early days were not particularly happy. Born of quite humble parents in 1869 at Budapest, he was compelled while still a child to earn his daily bread, his circumstances offering no suggestion of the rapid and brilliant development

colouring, but a little weak perhaps in drawing and in modelling, and somewhat sentimental in treatment. In 1891 his *Alte Märchenerzählerin* earned for him a "stipendium" from the "Verein der Budapest Kunstfreunde." A somewhat theatrical *Incroyable* followed; then came several old *Honvéd*s, which, both in colouring and in general handling, showed a distinct advance on his previous work. His first portrait appeared in 1892—that of his



"POPE LEO XIII."
FROM THE PAINTING BY
F. E. LÁSZLÓ



"MRS. ASHLEY," FROM
THE PAINTING BY
F. E. LÁSZLÓ

THE BARONESS DIERGHARDT

FROM A PORTRAIT BY

F. E. LÁSZLÓ.



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"COUNT DE CASTELLANE,"
FROM THE PAINTING BY
F. E. LÁSZLÓ



"PORTRAIT STUDY"
FROM THE PAINTING
BY F. E. LÁSZLÓ

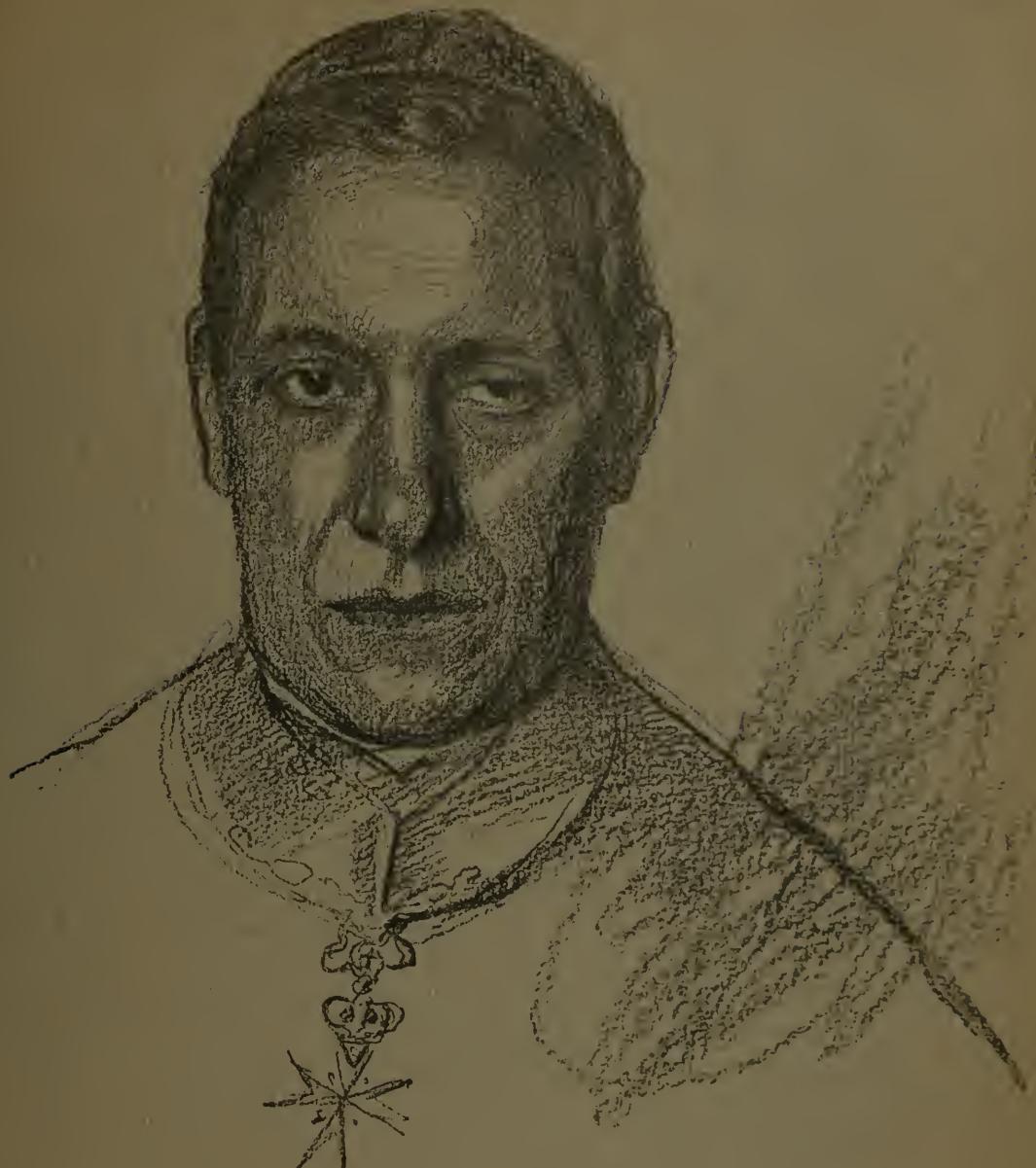


A PORTRAIT STUDY

BY

F. E. LÁSZLÓ.





*Laszlo Jr.
Roma 1900*

SKETCH-PORTRAIT OF
HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL
RAMPOLLA, BY F. E. LASZLO

A PORTRAIT STUDY

BY

F. E. LÁSZLÓ.







"THE COUNTESS BROCKDORFF"
FROM THE PAINTING BY
F. E. LASZLÓ

Munich teacher, A. Liezenmayer. The same year also produced the portrait of the Hungarian Minister of Justice, M. Desider Szilágyi.

Both pictures reveal those peculiar characteristics which mark the artist as one born to be a painter of portraits; but little notice has been taken of the fact that the first real sign of appreciation on the part of public and artists alike was not apparent until the following year, when he exhibited his portrait of the Bulgarian Metropolitan, Gregorius, which was commissioned by the Prince of Bulgaria. This work revealed the full development of those gifts which go to make the great portrait painter—charming conception, harmonious colouring, sureness of drawing, intense expression, and sound technique.

In 1895 we find László in Dresden, where, commissioned by the Hungarian Government, he produced a copy of the above-mentioned Mányoky's portrait of Prince Rákóczi II., this being the only copy László has ever made. While in Dresden, the artist was commissioned by the Queen of Saxony to do a portrait of the Crown Princess Friedrich-August. He also painted Bohušlav, Count Chotek, then Austro-Hungarian Ambassador at the Court of Saxony, and now father-in-law of the Austro-Hungarian heir-apparent, Franz Ferdinand. Other portraits followed in rapid succession—Countess Majlath (1896); Prince and Princess Ratibor; the lovely children's portraits, Daniela and Sabine; the Prince and Princess of Bulgaria; the King of Hungary; the German Empress and her youngest daughter; Count and Countess de Castellane (Salon of 1899); and Baroness d'Erlanger, in three different positions. Then followed Sir George White, commissioned by the late Queen Victoria; Lord Tweedmouth; Mrs. Ashley; Countess Csckonics; Prince Hohenlohe, the late German Chancellor; Countess Reverbera; Countess Trani (sister of the late Empress Elizabeth of Hungary); the Hereditary Princess of Hohenzollern; Countess Erlanger-Barbellini; Pope Leo XIII.; Cardinal Rampolla; Alice Barbi; Mrs. Hajós; Countess Andrassy; Max Falk, the Hungarian deputy; General Görgei, one of the most popular leaders in the Hungarian War of Independence of 1848; and other celebrities.

László's portraits are not what are commonly known as "show pictures"; he prefers to represent his models as they would appear when engaged in pleasant converse, or listening to some fascinating discourse, the result being that they never look as though they knew they were being painted; there is

no stiffness, no constraint—no posing, in a word. To effect this László never ceases to engage his models in conversation while they are sitting, so that they may come out of themselves and appear perfectly natural. The advantages are many and manifest. While talking, the sitter's eyes grow animated, the mouth gains expression and tenderness; and László's main object is to give reality to eye and mouth. He insists that the eye should not seem to be *painted*, but should actually *see*; that the lips should be not painted and drawn, but really *exist* on the canvas. Thus it comes about that there is a certain charm in all László's portraits; even the most unprepossessing persons are rendered attractive by the artist's wonderful intuition. Everyone has some good point in his face, if it can only be discovered, be he prince or peasant.

This is one of the chief points of difference—especially so far as it applies to the paintings of persons of the highest rank—distinguishing László's work from that of other painters. To make my meaning clearer I will take an example—his portrait of Pope Leo XIII. All the artists—from Chartran to Benjamin Constant—who had previously painted Leo XIII. depicted the Head of the Roman Catholic Church, the Successor of Peter, a venerable personage, showing in every feature, every gesture, a profound consciousness of the dignity of his exalted office. László, on the other hand, has painted the Pope as a Man, an old man, kindly, gentle, but infirm, as he indeed appeared when, returned from some great Church function to his private apartments in the Vatican, he received the painter with his benevolent smile. László's Pope is not the "white phantom" of whom Zola speaks in his "Rome," but the lovable old priest whom fate has placed in supremacy. All about him is greyish, his pallid face, his nervous, waxen hands—all but his eyes. They are eyes so full of animation as to belie their surroundings. The portrait of Cardinal Rampolla, too, is a work of eminent fidelity and brilliantly characteristic. How fine, how delicate the all but imperceptible smile on the lips of this diplomatist in priest's clothing!

László's greatest triumph, however, is, perhaps his portrait of Prince Hohenlohe, which is here reproduced.

Remarks Desjardins in the "Gazette des Beaux Arts":—

"Faisons une place à part à une œuvre de maître, au portrait du Chancelier d'Allemagne Prince Hohenlohe, par M. F. László, peintre

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE HOUSE
DESIGNED BY PETER BEHRENS



hongrois. . . . Ce n'est point un portrait de gala, mais une œuvre humaine, sentie et réfléchie. . . . Voilà une peinture à faire songer, une très grande peinture. . . . Un mot encore sur le faire même du peinture: il est aussi serré que celui de Lenbach, avec plus d'aisance et de verve." This passage aptly sums up the qualities of this fine portrait.

His portraits of women and children are absolutely delightful. The soul of the child has seldom been shown so forcibly, so charmingly, as in his portraits, notably the *Daniela* and the *Sabine*, already mentioned. (See THE STUDIO, March, 1899.) In these, as in his recent women's portraits, I seem to trace the influence of the great English artists of the eighteenth century, particularly Reynolds.

Of László's attention to the eyes and the lips I have already spoken. A word should also be said of his treatment of the hands, which in his portraits seem to speak as eloquently as the features themselves.

The artist's technique, at first somewhat sleek and feeble, has developed into a fine, broad simplicity. He knows what to emphasise and what to ignore. With photography he has nothing to do. Sometimes, before attempting to paint his model, he makes several sketches—that is all. One realises the true nature of a face or form after having carefully drawn it.

László can hardly be styled altogether a "modern painter," as modernity is understood nowadays. Neither is he an Impressionist, nor a Symbolist, nor a Pointilliste. In fact, he belongs to no special class or group. He is a free, natural painter, with a characteristic style which is all his own, interpreting Nature as he sees it. If any influence guides him, it is that of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

ANTHONY TAHI

HOUSE

THE ARTISTS' COLONY AT DARMSTADT. BY W. FRED.

IT is scarcely possible to perceive any individual trait in the evolution of decorative art in Germany and Austria. The man who at one time or other may write the history of art handicraft in the nineteenth century will surely drop his pen when he arrives at that chapter of his subject. He will have to mention a thousand influences; he will see much seed sown, discover a thousand germs, but observe little ripe fruit harvested. Ultimately, however, when the balance of art-handicraft at the close of the nineteenth century, or, if it sounds better, at the beginning of the twentieth century, is struck, a handsome sum total of positive performance will be shown. But no regular system will be seen, no pattern, of however summary a kind, will have been established; and this will make the strictly scientific



DESIGNED BY PETER BEHRENS



FLOOR AND STAIRCASE
DESIGNED BY PETER BEHRENS

Artists' Colony at Darmstadt

art historian not a little unhappy. A long period, which, without possessing art handicraft tendencies of its own, produced much, quantitatively, took its revenge in the last quarter of the century. The familiar and well-hated domination of the upholsterer dates chiefly from the years following the Franco-German War, when a general prosperity of the people set in, a craving for luxury made itself felt in the middle classes, and no artistic production was ready to meet this want. As a matter of fact, there never existed in Germany for the dweller in towns a real middle-class ("bürgerlich") style. In South Germany there was, indeed, the "Bieder-

maier" style, the specifically German variation of the "Empire"; but in the North, and also in the South, if, in a general way something higher was to be attained, they had recourse to carving of the most complicated kind, or to imitations of French court furniture. Gold lacquer and stucco reigned supreme. In Vienna, Hans Makart, the leader of society, imported soft Eastern customs into the rooms, and bedecked everything with carpets, Indian shawls, Persian textures. A reign of colour began; form and outline were nothing. In Imperial Germany it was still worse. There imitation reigned supreme. As the only impression deemed worthy of attainment was that of wealth, of splendour, so gold, rich mouldings, and heavy furniture predominated. But the middle-class man can only afford middle-class articles; thus imitation must come to the rescue. In place of gold we see varnish; in place of marble, cement or stucco; in place of leather, papier-maché; in place of solid wood, veneer. Such was the ordinary German furniture from 1880 to 1890.

It is scarcely ten years since various efforts in the way of improvement were begun. It would, of course, lead us too far to refer here even briefly to the genesis of the modern tendency of art handicraft. Too many influences, too many issues, would have to be noted. The English art of furniture-making, the theories of Morris, the action of men like Ashbee and Baillie-Scott, of the Belgian, H. van der Velde, the Japanising tendency introduced by the house of "L'Art Moderne" (S. Bing) of Paris, have all had their effect, and in Germany itself there were men who had ideas of their own, who



WASH-STAND

DESIGNED BY PETER BEHRENS
EXECUTED BY T. D. HEYMANN



"CHILD'S BED" DESIGNED
BY PETER BEHRENS
EXECUTED BY T. D. HEYMANN

Artists' Colony at Darmstadt

went, and still go, their own way. As a matter of course, radically different types of modern furniture were evolved, changed with each year, moved further apart, approached each other again, caused displeasure or admiration, and were the origin of enmities between artists and associations. The race, the habits of life of every town, the special demands made upon each individual artist, naturally gave rise in each case to different solutions; but, primarily, the personality of the artist decided the matter. And as we are still in the first stages of the movement, as we are all seeking spasmodically and far too self-consciously after a modern style, the natural result is that we are not yet in the possession of one. A style can only be slowly crystallised out of facts; it can never be evolved by theory, or by mere intention.

In Vienna the interiors and *objets d'art* have, of course, their special local colouring as much as those in Munich, Berlin, and Dresden; but nowhere are the typical characteristics as yet vigorous enough, and especially *positive* and *active* enough, to cause one to speak of a modern German style worth fighting for.

Let us now turn to the little group of seven



STREET DOOR

DESIGNED BY PETER BEHRENS
EXECUTED BY C. H. E. EGGLERS



DOOR

DESIGNED BY PETER BEHRENS

artists at Darmstadt. External circumstances brought them together. The Grand Duke of Hesse was desirous of making his capital a centre of art. He wished to give young artists the opportunity of producing work of their own creation. The Grand Duke commissioned the architect, M. H. Baillie-Scott, to decorate and furnish his new palace, and also summoned a number of artists, whose work he liked, to assist in the scheme. Thus the seven became associated.

They have worked together to some purpose. For the first time we are able to take a survey of the extent of the creative sphere of art-handicraft. For everything, from the architecture of the exterior to the laid-out table and the coverlet of the bed in every house, has been entirely designed by the artist and executed under his



"MUSIC ROOM"
BY PIETER BEIJERENS

Artists' Colony at Darmstadt

upervision. Here, therefore, we see not mere fragments, but a harmonised whole—an artistic ensemble.

The little colony is situated on the Mathildenhöhe, in Darmstadt. The first house to be seen is that of Professor Behrens. It is constructed like a castle, but rather more in the French than in the German style of dwelling house. One has the impression of an extremely strong, substantial building. The inscription over the gate, "*Steh fest, mein Haus, im Weltgebraus*" corresponds with its character. The house is built of light, reddish stone, and the *façade*, of course in accordance with the framings of the doors and windows, is lined with vertical stripes in glazed tiles of a dark green colour. On entering the interior one finds a small, narrow ante-room leading to the music-room, which takes up nearly the whole right side of the front. Every detail of the decoration points to recreation, the purpose for which it is intended. The walls are faced with marble of grey and pink shades, with glass mosaics inserted.

The gilded ceiling rises above the rich walls, like some old church dome, supplying its own light. The inlaid floor is a fitting finish to the rest of the room. The woods employed are American walnut, satinwood, mahogany, oak, palisander, ebony, and maple.

The music room is, of course, but sparsely furnished, the chief object being the grand piano of grey-stained maple, supported on black feet, and of square outline. The decorative element is *intarsia* work in dark wood, inlaid with other woods variously stained and shaded. The arm-chairs, music desks, stools, and benches are of black-stained birch, also inlaid. The forms and lines are throughout stiff, and, wherever possible, straight. The same may be said, on the whole, of the other rooms, all of which have an impressive appearance.

The brightest apartment is the dining-room, adjoining the music-room, japanned white, and very rich in effect. While the ground tone of the music-room is gold, that of the dining-room is silver. The curtains and frieze are of damask, and the electric-light fittings of silvered metal with crystal prisms. Notwithstanding my desire only to describe, not to criticise, I must protest against the frequent employment of colour in ceilings—silvering and gilding. Honesty and simplicity in the use of materials are the primary conditions of modern art handicraft.

Next to the dining-room comes the drawing-room, in sober, aristocratic birchwood. The prevailing tone is yellow.

The library is in plain elm, the wood imparting its character to the room, the ceiling being of the same material, with carved panelling. The round writing desk, a drawing desk built into the window niche, the book-shelves, supported by slight curves—all are designed with a view to comfort. To me this is the most attractive room in the whole house. Little need be said of the adjoining studio. It is a nice room, extending to two-thirds of the depth of the house, with plenty of light, and high windows.

The bedroom of the lady of the house and a children's room form a double apartment. The prevailing tone of this room is full rich yellow. The furniture is of polished lemon-tree wood, *intarsia* work being again employed for decoration. The floor is inlaid with patterns. The bed coverings and curtains are of yellow silk. The beds are, of course, of wood, brass bedsteads being absolutely un-German.



"GAS STOVE"

DESIGNED BY PETER BEHRENS
EXECUTED BY C. HOUBEN AND SON



"VASES"

BY PETER BEHRENS

I am not greatly enamoured of the gentleman's room, which is in violet-japanned poplar wood. The effeminate tone and the monotonously linear ornamentation are, to my mind, displeasing. The bath-room, with its walls in mosaics, deserves a word of praise.

The space on the attic floor has been most cleverly utilised. The lining of the ceilings, the floor boards and furniture, being all made of the same material (natural pine), harmonise very well.

After this somewhat bald description of Professor Peter Behrens' house, it would be well to hear what the artist himself has to say about his intentions. He remarks—

"Architecture is the art of building, and comprises in its name two ideas: the mastery of the practical, and the art of the beautiful. There is something exhilarating in being able to combine in one word the two ideas—that of practical utility and that of abstract beauty—which unfortunately have too often been opposed to each other. But we have left that time behind us, and we may affirm with satisfaction that the indications of conciliation are becoming more pronounced. The practical object does not seem to be any longer entirely subservient to mere utility, but combines therewith a certain degree of pleasure. Efforts were made formerly to relieve the bareness of every-day utility by embellishing it, adding ornaments to plain, serviceable objects, and hiding the mere prosaic purpose. The object was often loaded with unnecessary, purposeless additions, and thus lost all its value. In other respects, too, these superfluous additions had a detrimental effect;

people no longer felt and perceived the practical utility of the object, and thus the desire to use it was decreased. Then came the realisation of the physical pleasure existing in the useful and the suitable, and by degrees people wanted to see the intention, to observe the suitability of things. They advanced further, and laid stress on the purpose and the construction; made them more prominent, and produced forms which invited use; and finally arrived at the point of logical observation in its artistic aspect. This development of artistic perception, combined with the progress made in our technique and the newly discovered materials, is at once a guarantee of the fertility of the modern style and its justification. Thus we shall now be able, owing to the combination of the two ideas of art, to speak of architecture corresponding in the highest degree with the spirit of the time." "In the house erected by myself, I was constrained by local conditions to confine the area of the ground plan to the utmost possible extent, and, on the other hand, compelled to provide the rooms required for the accommodation of an average family. On that account the rooms had to be arranged in a way providing for convenient inter-communication between the rooms belonging together by reason of the purpose they served. My idea was that members of the family should have the opportunity of being together or retiring into privacy, just as they pleased. This was effected by a system of constructing rooms of various dimensions. In order that the music room—really the principal apartment of the house—should be loftier than the rooms surrounding it, it was neces-

sary to place the floor two steps below that of the entrance passage, and to raise the ceiling by about as much above the adjoining dining-room. . . . ”

I have little to add to the observations by Professor Behrens. I look upon all theory about art as idle if it becomes narrow-minded and *doctrinaire*, and permits only of one kind of art or art handicraft. I do not think the houses of modern men need be solemn and hieratic. But I do not intend to assert that lofty, imposing rooms, full of splendour, giving rise to serious thoughts, are not justified in an age when many wish to escape from the noise, the restlessness, and the haste of every-day life. This forms the centre of attraction of the Darmstadt exhibition. Each artist has built a house for himself. Individualism is here the only possible principle. The only feasible point of discussion is how far the

manner of each artist agrees with his habitation; but that is a wide field. And, finally, the artist must have been longing for a certain kind of house, otherwise he would not have built it so. But this striving after an ideal is the very source of art.

(*To be continued.*)

THE WORK OF M. LE SIDANER. BY GABRIEL MOUREY.

I KNOW few artistic personalities so naturally delicate, of so fresh and subtle a refinement as that of M. Le Sidaner. Others may be loud and vehement and gesticulatory; he is tender, restrained, melancholy, peaceful and profound. Speaking but little, and even then in soft tones, he is no phrase-monger, no mouther of vain words,

but always moderate and calm, saying what he has to say and what he thinks and feels clearly and soberly, in tones so choice as to be exquisitely seductive. He is the lover of the “calme clair de lune triste et beau” of Verlaine—

“ Qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans les arbres,
Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau—
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes
parmi les marbres.”

He is devoted to solitude and silence, to mystery and to reverie—not the morbid mysteriousness, the involved dreamings which haunt the brains of certain artists of to-day, but rather the mystery and the reverie which dwell in ancient places, which float above the still waters among the hills, shine at night-fall from the cottage windows, lurk 'neath the garden boughs on moonlit nights—which, in a word, adorn all things of nature and of life, even—or rather especially—the most simple. One feels that he attaches, and has long since



“BÉGUINAGE”

BY LE SIDANER

“LES CYGNES”

FROM THE PAINTING BY

LE SIDANER.



„LES CAGNEZ

DE LA HEURE DÉ

LE SAVANT





attached, more importance to that which he has to say than to his method of saying it, and that he has wisely striven to enrich and refine his mind and his taste, instead of devoting all his efforts to mere matters of execution and practice. Thus the emotional faculties play the chief part in all he does. They have developed in him those gifts of tenderness and *intimité* which veil his canvases with a soft atmosphere of seductiveness, and deck reality with a new and infinite charm. They have enabled him to appreciate and to reproduce the subtlest, lightest, most fugitive impressions, to realise the minutest differences of tone or feeling in a way that might seem well-nigh impossible by plastic means. Emotions such as these, others before him—for these emotions are essentially human—have doubtless felt, but I doubt if anyone has succeeded in communicating them as he has done.

He has in abundance that precious gift—precious especially for a modern artist—persuasion. He convinces one subtly but surely. There is none of the shouting of the rhetoricians of art; none of the *roulades* of the tenors of painting; no noisy appeals to the crowd; no haranguing outside the booth door at the fair. All these things pass away and leave scarce an echo, for the morrow is not for the false, but rather for the true and the sincere. “Tout le reste est littérature”—that is to say, “art for art’s sake”—mere empty words, a jingling of more or less harmonious syllables, quite devoid of thought or inspiration of heart.

I love and admire the work of M. Le Sidaner because I find it quivering with human sensibility. From the very outset of his career down to the present day, with the artist in full possession of his powers, we see him pursuing his ideal, ever striving to avoid external influences, listening only to the voice of his instinct, disdaining all easy roads to technical success, mastering new methods in order the more fully to express his meaning, his dreams, his sensations, his emotions.

The first ten years of his life were spent in the Ile Maurice, where he was born in 1862, his parents being Breton fisher-folk of Ile Bréhat and Saint Malo. “While quite young,” wrote M. Paul Riff, in his preface to the catalogue of an exhibition of Le Sidaner’s works held at the Galerie Mancini in 1897, “he came to live in Dunkerque, beside the murmuring North Sea, with its melancholy mists. The shock he felt at the change made him absolutely pensive. It was as though, half alarmed, he were taking refuge within himself the better to express the

flame of Creole tenderness which burned within him.”

Contrary to general custom Le Sidaner’s artistic inclinations were not opposed by his family, and he had no experience of the struggle against parental authority which is so often the hard lot of the beginner. His father, who was himself something of a painter and a sculptor, gave him every encouragement. At fifteen he had his box of colours, and as he showed much promise his father took him away from school and sent him to study at the classes of the Ecole des Beaux Arts at Dunkerque. There he was taught by a master thoroughly impregnated with the doctrines of the Antwerp School.

“How long it took,” remarked the artist sadly to me one day, “to rid myself of those evil influences! Yet they were not worse, after all, than those forced on me at the Beaux Arts in Paris, where from eighteen to twenty-three or twenty-four I studied under the illustrious Cabanel. My first year at the Ecole I spent at the Jardin des Plantes and at the Louvre; at the Gardens I did studies of lions and tigers, and at the Louvre I copied Delacroix and Jordaens. It was this same year, if I mistake not, that Manet displayed his portraits of *Pertuiset*, *le tueur de lions*, and of *Rochefort*. The first of these pleased me infinitely, but the second gradually filled me with alarm; it was so different from that which I had hitherto seen. Nevertheless I remember well that the famous *Bar des Folies-Bergère* by this same Manet made the profoundest impression on me. Yet the rules of the Ecole forbade me to consider all this as beautiful as I could have wished to consider it. When I look back on those days it really seems as though I was poisoned. Etaples—that is to say, Nature—revived me, and drove the drug from my system.

“Every year I used to spend my holidays with my family, and in 1881 chance took me to Etaples. I stayed there all the summer doing sea-scapes. It is a fine type of country, with beautiful simple lines and harmonious horizons of sea and shore, something like the stern scenery our great Cazin has immortalised. I lived here from 1884 to 1893, eight full years of sane, happy existence, and there I made and cemented some of my closest friendships. Eugène Vail, Thaulow and Henri Duhem often paid long visits to Etaples, while Alexander Harrison and Midleton Jameson, brother of the famous Jameson, also worked there.

“Meantime I had been to Holland, where Rembrandt, Pieter de Hoogh and Vermeer

enchanted me; also to Italy, thanks to a *bourse de voyage* bestowed on me for a third medal gained at the Salon des Champs-Elysées. Italy simply turned my head, especially Florence, which astounded me, as you may guess. Oh, the delicious hours I spent in the Convent of San Marco copying the face of the Virgin in Fra Angelico's *Annunciation*! How greatly I preferred the simple grace of Fra Angelico and Giotto to the cleverness, the perfect knowledge of Titian and Veronese and Tintoret!"

It was at Bruges, as we strolled at dusk along the sleepy canals, that M. Le Sidaner talked thus to me of his past, and what he said in no way surprised me, for, knowing his work intimately, I

had always guessed that he had a preference for those artists who are somewhat disdainfully styled "primitive." To hear him recall, after so many years, the remembrance of the hours he passed in the companionship of the adorable frescoist of San Marco enabled one to understand his artist's soul to its very depths.

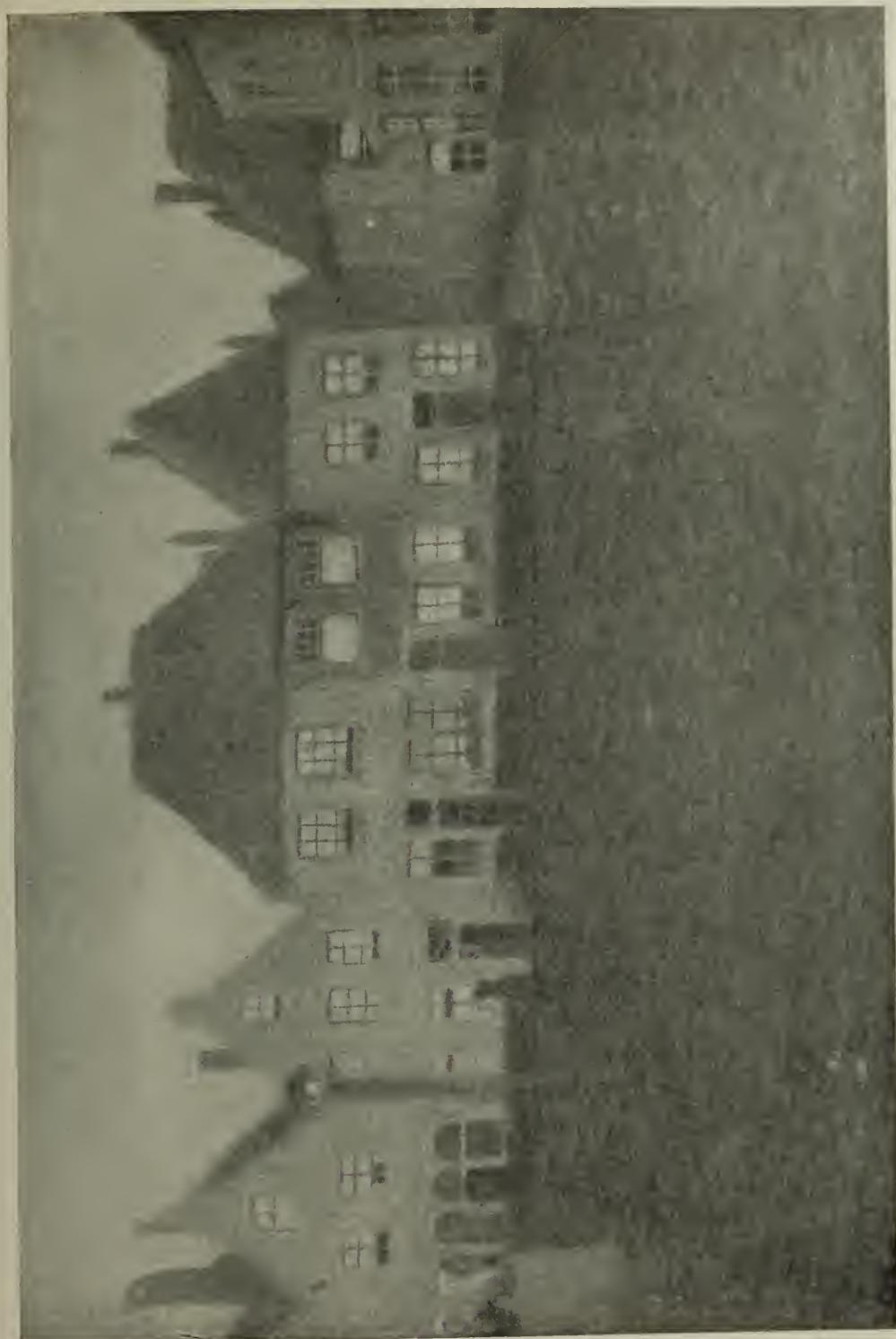
In a word, Le Sidaner regards life with the same clear, ingenuous eyes, the same sense of the simple poetry of things as did the good monks of the 13th and 14th centuries, holding converse, like St. Francis, with birds and fishes and flowers; only—whether for good or ill—without that touch of faith burning in his breast which lit the way for these holy personages. It is not the divine side of things which interests and inspires M. Le Sidaner, but the human. When he selects for his subject an ancient perron, with mouldering steps and rusty railings and moss-covered stones, he thinks less of the actual picturesque beauty therein than of the countless human beings whose feet—now light with joy, now heavy with sorrow—have crossed this threshold. Le Sidaner, I take it, is a sort of mystic without faith.

Recall for a moment the first picture he displayed at the Champs-Elysées in 1887, *Après l'Office*—the humble, devout congregation leaving church on a grey autumnal Sunday, with the leafless trees quivering in the damp air; or again, his *La Promenade des Orphelines*, the little group of children wandering about on the dull sands under the charge of a white-clad sister of Saint Vincent de Paul—the little orphan girls in their sad-looking grey dresses, relieved only by ribbons of blue and green and red. In the background, beneath the



"HARMONIE"

FROM A PASTEL BY LE SIDANER



"SOIR EN HOLLANDE," FROM A
PAINTING BY LÉON SIDANER

silver-grey sky one divines the grey sea—a harmony in blue greys, green greys, yellow greys and white greys—the whole effect being intensely sombre, almost morose, in its melancholy monotony. One remembers too that *Communion in Extremis*—the supreme unction being administered by the priest to the young girl in white who reclines in an arm-chair, dying, the white walls of the humble abode lit by the candles which flicker so feverishly above the heads of the sorrowing parents praying on their knees. In all these works one cannot fail to note that concentration, that spiritual *intimité*, that human emotion which characterise so strongly the artist's later work. Le Sidaner must have long remained fond of these clear, white harmonies. In 1891 he revealed himself still more definitely a lover of subtle sensations in his *Bénédiction de la Mer*, and the same remark applies to his *Jeune fille hollandaise* (1892), his *PAutel des Orphelines* (1893), painted on his return from Italy—a work of broad, simple tones, showing somewhat the influence of the old masters; his *Départ de Tobie* (1894), and above all his *Les Promis*—a pair of lovers embracing under the bright moonbeams which bathe in light the front of the little house at Etaples.

Les Vieilles, the picture exhibited by M. Le Sidaner in 1895 at the Salon du Champ de Mars,—to which he had been admitted in the previous year—together with *La Seine au Point du Jour* and *Clair de Lune* marks a date in the artist's career. This canvas may be regarded, if not as the real starting point of an evolution, at least as the indisputable sign of the artist's entire command of his resources, as the evidence of his possession of a distinct artistic personality.

This touching picture is thus described by M. Paul Riff: *Les Vieilles*.—"Two old, old women are seated in a flowery meadow on a mild spring evening. Their narrow, contemplative life is near its close. But what matter, since everything shall be re-born? Life and Death are indissolubly united; and is there not comfort in the thought that toil must cease at last, that generation after generation be gathered to rest like the ripe harvest, while new energies arise to lift the weight from their shoulders?"

Since that time the artist's gifts have been still further developed and perfected. Unceasingly he strives to attain greater delicacy, greater simplicity, greater depth, greater truth. Working in solitude, far from cliques and coteries, protected from the ever-pernicious influences of artistic centres, he appears year by year, either at the Salon, or at

exhibitions like those of the Société Nouvelle de Peintres et de Sculpteurs, and the Société de Pastellistes Français, with a rich sheaf of new work. He spent more than a year in Bruges, and no one, I think, has seized more completely than he the poetry of that delightful city. Pictures like *Le Soir*, *Le Quai*, *Maison sur le Canal*, *Le Beffroi*, *Le Miroir*, *La Chapelle* and *Les Barges*—to mention but a few—together with *L'Orangerie*, which was one of the successes of the first exhibition of the Société Nouvelle in 1900, are of the highest value, not alone from the artistic, the sensitive point of view, but also as "documents."

The artist next established himself at Beauvais, in the neighbourhood of which he discovered a little *ville morte*, half village, half town, encircled by big trees and ancient ramparts—a place full of reminiscences of a past, at once heroic and religious. No painter has ever planted his canvas umbrella there. Le Sidaner acquired a little kingdom, abounding with subjects and themes whose beauty, while appealing irresistibly to him, would doubtless be overlooked by the majority. For, let me insist once more, his chief regard is not for the rare or the picturesque, but for that in which he can discover traces of human life and activity. In this connection what could be more significant than the works he exhibited in this year's Salon: *Lumières*, *L'Hiver*, *La Statue*, *L'Escalier*, and *La Ruelle*, to name but a few among many things the plain titles of which give no sort of idea of their charm?

There is another side to M. Le Sidaner's genius—one which reveals him as an artist of the most exquisitely subtle order. I refer to the series of paintings wherein he has treated girl life with so much grace and virginal charm. He is at his best in his delightful *Dimanche*, a harmony in white, full of girlish figures strolling along a grassy terrace under the trees in the twilight, and looking down on the valley below, while from the distant church steeple rings out the evening Angelus. Young girls—in another and livelier mood—figure again in the *Ronde au clair de lune*, a charming dancing scene, full of life and animation and grace.

Such is the work of M. Le Sidaner—work marked by the subtlest sensibility, and by an artistic loyalty wholly unsullied by external suggestion. A man's heart and brain are here—a true man reveals his dreams, his thoughts, his joys, his sorrows, his sensations, in all sincerity, quietly, mysteriously and with reverence. Art such as this moves and delights one intensely.

GABRIEL MOUREY.

“L'ENFANT”
FROM A DRAWING BY
LE SIDANER.







SOME PHOTOGRAPHS BY GUIDO REY.

THE following reproductions are from a series of photographs by the clever Italian amateur photographer, Signor Guido Rey, whose artistic work deserves far wider appreciation than it at present enjoys. All the plates were taken in strong sunlight, instantaneous photography being successfully employed with a view to obtaining a natural pose in the models, while the shadows were softened by means of a white screen.

From a photograph by Guido Rey



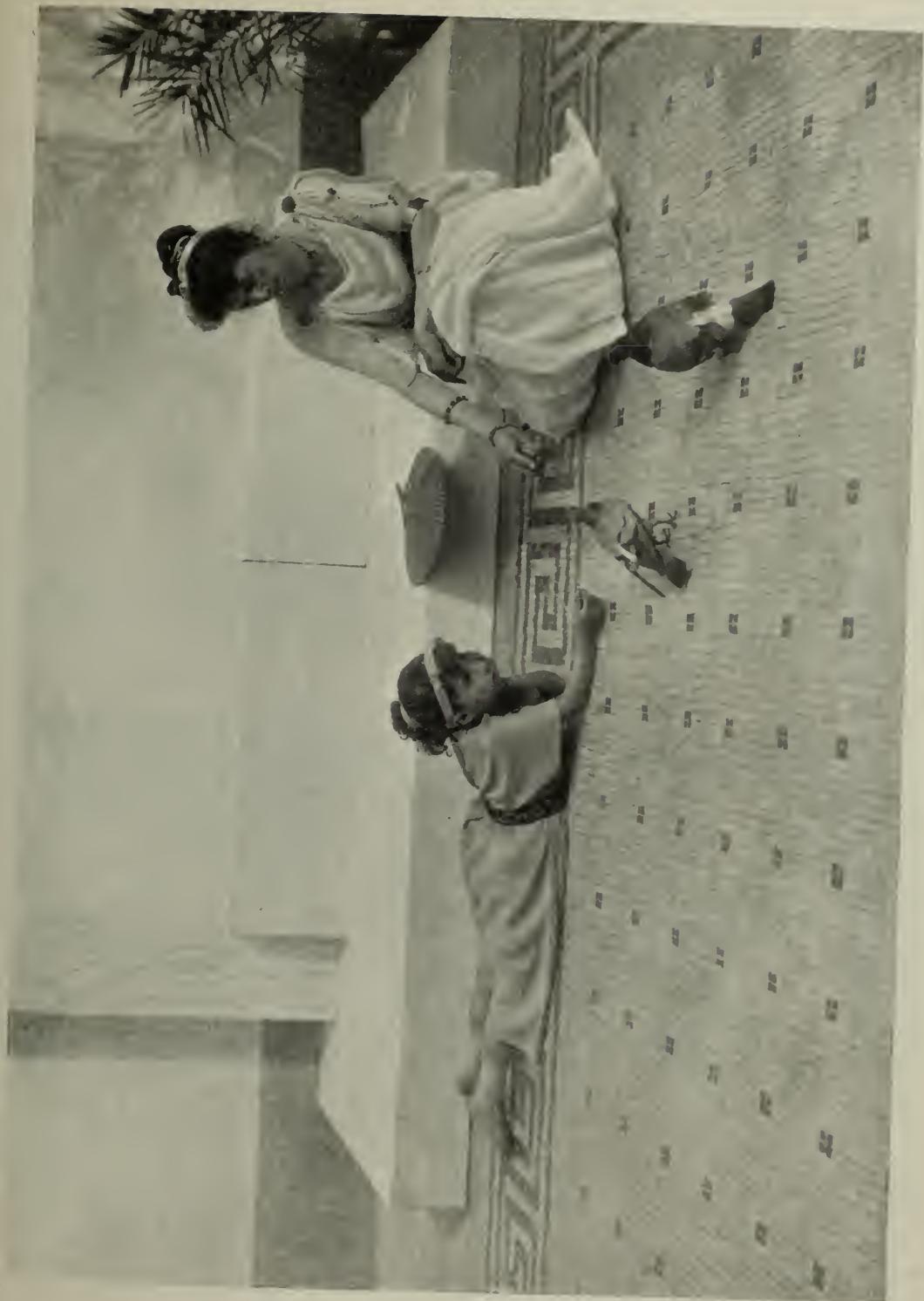
From a photograph by Guido Rey



From a photograph by Guido Rey



From a photograph by Guido Rey



From a photograph by G. G. K. 1900





OLD ENGLISH GLASSES: GROUP 1

OLD ENGLISH GLASSES. BY PERCY BATE.

THE vagaries of collectors are many, and one often fails to see the charm of certain aggregations of unbeautiful objects which are dignified by the name of collections; old shoes for example, or military buttons, can afford but little pleasure to the cultured mind, and yet such unsightly things are eagerly sought for by a certain section of collectors, while other fields, truly artistic and delightful, are left comparatively ungleaned. It is only recently that any attention has been devoted to old English drinking-glasses, and yet the productions of the glass-blowers of the eighteenth century—to take a limited period—are usually beautiful, always interesting, and often of great historical value. Apart, however, from the antiquarian interest attaching to these old glasses, there is much

merit in them as regards both design and craftsmanship; and the collector of them, when he looks at the modern vessels which serve the same purpose, is usually struck with the great falling-off both in design and method of manufacture which is evident when the wine-glasses of recent days are compared with those which date between A.D. 1700 and A.D. 1800. It is quite true that modern glasses are, as a rule, much more delicate, lighter in structure and thinner in general effect; but this, which may be conceded as being in one way desirable (as glass lends itself so readily

to extreme delicacy of form), is in another way a mark of decadence, inasmuch as it seems to indicate a tendency to a mere mechanical production of a certain grade of fineness and thinness simply because it is fashionable. A similar mechanical lack of initiative is also evident in the perpetual repetition of certain forms, the four or five types associated with particular wines being repeated *ad nauseam*, with singular lack of inven-



OLD ENGLISH GLASSES: GROUP 2



OLD ENGLISH GLASSES: GROUP 3

tion. But, when we turn to the glasses of the last century, we find a notable variety of form, design, and ornamentation, and there are undoubtedly certain points, both of shape and structure, that modern makers of such vessels might do well to note.

It will be noticed that the examples given on these pages have nearly all a certain massiveness, not extreme or unpleasing, and it makes one wonder whether terribly fragile bowls and spindly stems are either desirable or beautiful in objects of daily use which are exposed to constant risk of destruction. But leaving this question of massiveness, if we turn to the structure of these glasses, there are several points that strike the observer; and the present writer seeks to note these features, and to suggest that some of them, at any rate, are worthy of reproduction to-day. Beginning with the bases, as is fit and proper, the first point to be remarked is the tendency to a conical form; and this, particularly when associated with a slight bulb at the springing of the stem (as in the centre example in group 6) gives the effect of growth, and adds greatly to the appearance of stability presented by the glass; whereas in too many recent glasses the foot is flat, and the stem seems stuck into it,

instead of springing from it. This may seem an unimportant detail, but it is not; the designers of silver goblets and cups of to-day follow the old models, which show a similar conical form; the glass makers neglect the examples bequeathed by our ancestors, and their productions suffer in consequence.

Passing from the feet to the stems, a glance at the selection figured will show the infinite variety the makers of the last century managed to introduce into them. In the glasses of 1730 or earlier the stems of clear glass were fashioned into many baluster patterns, more or less graceful, some, as in group 6, of good proportions, others remarkable for nothing but the great quantity of metal used in them; but when the custom of incorporating twisted patterns in the stems arose in the second quarter of the century many very beautiful devices were employed to break the monotony of the plain glass. The earliest twists were really little tubes of air, known to collectors as "air" screws (group 2), and these were succeeded by twists of infinite variety in opaque white glass, threads, bands and ribbons being used in endless combinations; while the last quarter of the century is marked by the introduction of stems handsomely cut in various patterns, some simple, and others of greater elaboration, such as are shown in group 7.



OLD ENGLISH GLASSES: GROUP 4



OLD ENGLISH GLASSES: GROUP 5

On examining such glasses as those in group 2 we see the beauty and we feel the utility of bosses or knobs on the stems; surely our glass workers of to-day have taste and skill enough to produce objects just as graceful as the first glass in group 4? But not only do we find variety of form in these stems, colour was used also, for besides white threads, bands of tinted glass were sparsely introduced into the later twists with excellent effect; green, red and white, and blue, chocolate and white were used, as were, of course, the simpler blue and white and red and white: and duly displayed upon a white damask-adorned dinner-table their appearance is very delicate and pleasing. Here again is an idea for our glasses of to-day. With regard to the later development, the cutting of the stems, but little need be said; there is at present a reaction (reasonably enough) against the cut-glass monstrosities of the early Victorian epoch, but at the same time it must not be forgotten that cutting, judiciously employed, adds lightness and brilliancy to any pellucid material such as glass.

Proceeding from the stems to the bowls, we notice again the great variety of forms—bells, cups, double cups, square bowls, waisted bowls, straight-sided bowls, bowls ribbed and writhen, each with an appropriate stem. What could be prettier for champagne than the centre glasses in groups 1 and 7? One of these is an old ale glass, but that in group 1 may have been originally intended for a sparkling wine; certainly they are

just as graceful and as pleasant to use as the saucers on stems that are the fashion to-day; and if we compare the smaller glasses in groups 1 and 2 with the average sherry or claret glass, which suffers by the comparison? But not only on the form of the bowls did our ancestors expend their fancy; they decorated them in various ways, engraving, enamelling, and gilding them, as in the examples reproduced in group 5, the engraving being sometimes quite simple, while in other instances it approaches gem-cutting in quality and brilliance; and this method of decoration, as well as the enamelling and the gilding, is generally used in a simple, conventional style that is eminently pleasing. It is true that occasionally one finds bowls enamelled with little landscapes, hunting or skating scenes, that are very quaint and pretty, although not necessarily objects to be copied. But though our taste in decoration may be a little severer to-day than it was a century ago, the method is excellent, and a flowing pattern of vine-leaves or conventional roses, for example, in opaque white, or even delicately tinted enamels, might be a very charming addition to a gracefully formed glass.

Speaking of the glasses with hunting scenes reminds one that our forefathers had also a pretty custom of placing inscriptions or emblems, toasts or portraits, upon their glasses. Sometimes there



OLD ENGLISH GLASSES: GROUP 6



OLD ENGLISH GLASSES: GROUP 7

is to be found a portrait of "Bonnie Prince Charlie," or a Jacobite motto, *e.g.* "Audentior ibo"; or, again, the countenance of a popular hero, like Admiral Keppel, may be engraved on the drinking vessel of a devoted adherent, but these are rare. Inscriptions indicative of personal predilections, such as "No excise," occur sometimes; coats-of-arms and masonic emblems are more frequent. And though the fashion may not be one to revive, the examples shown in group 6 may fitly be included in an article treating of the artistic aspect of our ancestors' drinking-glasses. Each of the three glasses in this group is equally interesting—the one engraved with a ship is inscribed "Success to the *Lyon* Privateer," and carries us back to the days of licensed piracy, when "Portobello was not yet ta'en"; the centre glass is adorned with the device of a burning heart and an ardent sun, with the motto "I elevate what I consume"; while the third bears the Jacobite emblems, in this case without a motto. These specimens are chosen not only for the emblems on the bowls (others even more interesting to the antiquary might have been figured), but as illustrating also the infinite variety in form which is so conspicuous in the glasses of the last century, so lacking in those of to-day. Even if we do not care to proclaim our political sympathies on our wine-glasses now, surely the days of baluster stem and bell bowl, of air screw and gilded decoration are not past for ever? There are good examples still to be found as

models, and there are surely plenty of skilled craftsmen in the land, if we will but revolt against the cast-iron mandates of the tasteless fashion which is responsible for the mechanical insipidity of most of our table-glass to-day; and surely it is not too much to hope that the cheering revival of artistry in our other crafts and manufactures, from porcelain to silver, from furniture to books, may extend to our glasses. The material cries aloud for the artist to use it; the models are before us, and the supply will create the demand.

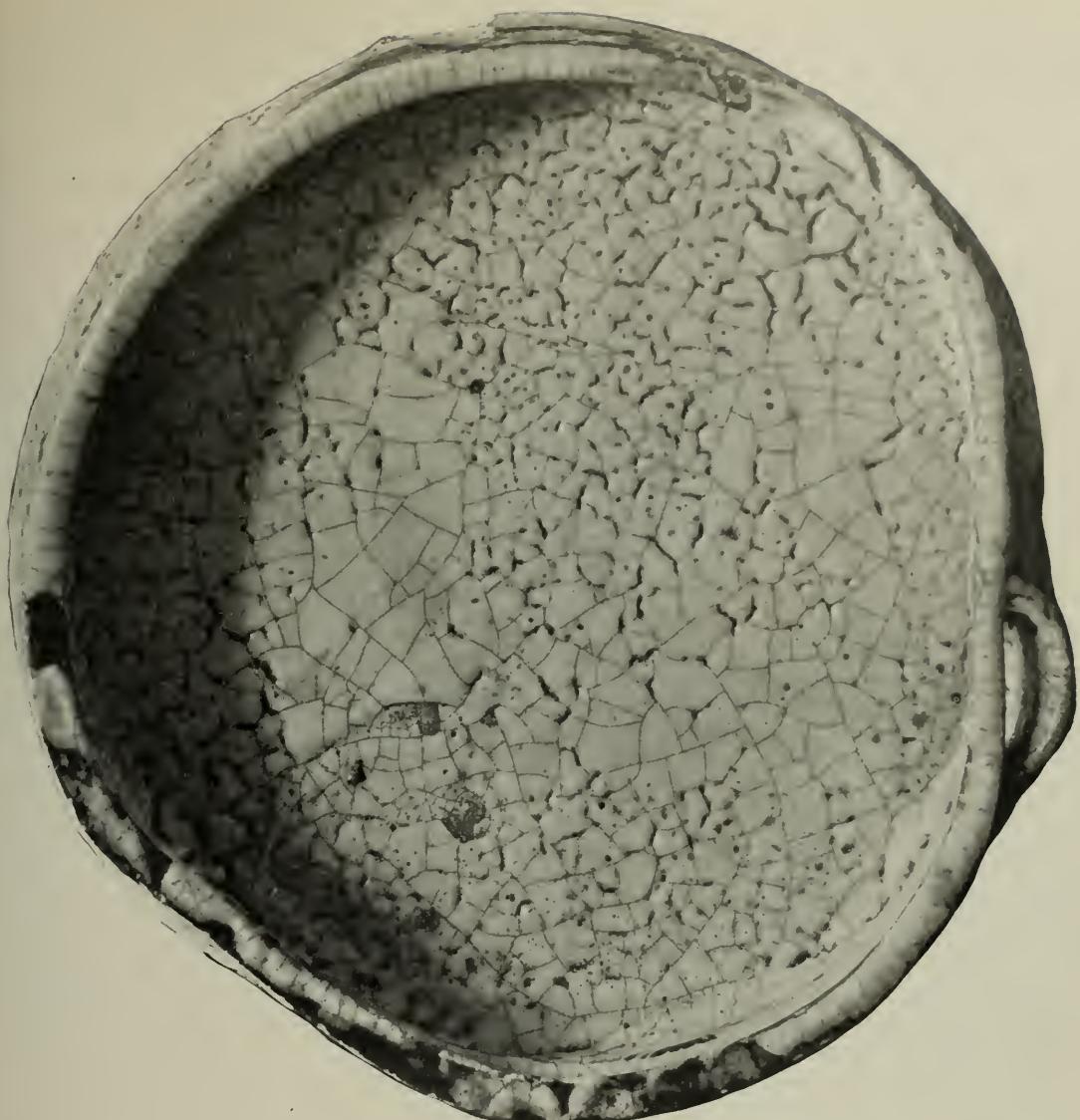
PERCY BATE.

THE POTTER'S ART.—OBJECT LESSONS FROM THE FAR EAST. BY CHARLES HOLME.

IT is evident to those who closely follow the changes that are taking place in the manufacture of the better classes of earthenware that a revolt has set in against objects depending for their sole interest upon the painted decoration applied to them. The true art of the potter, for long almost entirely lost sight of, is becoming better appreciated as it is more fully understood, and the most successful productions of recent days are those in which the potter, by the happy choice and manipulation of his clay and glazes, and his thorough understanding of the mysteries of firing, has rendered himself independent of the painter, or of any other collaborator. But a short while ago it was popularly considered that all objects used for service in the house should, without discrimination, be decorated with painted flowers and birds, and other naturalistic ornament. Furniture, screens, pottery, and even mirrors were disfigured by professional and amateur decorators, and the same *motifs* were repeated by the same process, irrespective of the material to which they were applied. A grosser travesty of art could scarcely be imagined. Pottery, metal and wood have each a style and character of decoration uniquely their own, which are as uninterchangeable as the materials themselves; but the details of each class of design may be subject to an infinity of variation.

The art of the potter is as different from that of the metal worker, the glass blower, or the carpenter, as can well be imagined, and each and all of them are absolutely independent of the painter.

By an examination of recent productions by such artist-potters as Delaherche, Bigot, Chaplet,



VESSEL FOR CUT
FLOWERS IN SHINO
POTTERY, MADE IN
OWARI, JAPAN

(For description see page 56)

Clément Massier, and others, we are able to realise how beautiful and full of unique interest the art of pottery may become in the hands of those who understand the possibilities and limitations of the craft; but if we desire to be more fully enlightened with regard to the possibilities of the art we cannot do better than make a careful study of the features distinguishing some of the native pottery of China, Corea, and Japan. At the outset, however, let it be understood that we do not refer to objects that have been made exclusively for export, and are sold by grocers and drapers in Europe and America. It is from wares made solely for native use, and especially from those produced under the influence of the *chajin* in Japan that lessons of value may be drawn; for it is these wares which are ethically the most perfect, following as they naturally do in every process of their manufacture the laws most essential to their being.

It has been said, and with a modicum of truth, that Art often exists in her truest form in the works of the handcraftsman, where her presence has least been courted. The worker, intent only upon the perfection of the object for the purpose required, produces unconsciously that which may sometimes be dignified by the name of Art. It is certain that we often find in the peasant pottery of England and France, of Spain and Egypt, made solely for use by the people, certain characteristics of form and colour which satisfy the æsthetic sense in a far higher and purer degree than the decorated objects made for the ornamentation of the drawing-room, and dubbed by the tradesman "art-pottery." Why is this so? Simply because the peasant potter is intent only upon the usefulness of his work — on the making of a vessel that will be adapted to the functions required of it, and he, therefore, adopts every means he can compass to render it as simply serviceable as possible. The beautiful form of the large water-bottle used by dwellers in the Nile valley has been perfected by numberless generations of potters intent upon the same work. Its pointed end, its bulbous form, its narrow neck, the graceful shape of its handles, are the results of continued effort to render it economical and thoroughly practical. It is doubtful if the question of elegance of form ever entered the mind of the potter. But if it did, he certainly never permitted his desire for beauty to prejudice, in the smallest degree, the usefulness of the vessel. The native-made water pitchers used by the villagers of Devonshire, of Western France, and of many another district in Europe, are also beautiful

in form for precisely the same reason. They are entirely practical, and they possess nothing that can be eliminated without diminishing their usefulness.

Now the maker of ornamental "art pottery" frequently casts aside all thoughts of usefulness in his desire to satisfy the silly craving after unornamental "ornaments" with which thoughtless people crowd their living rooms. The result, from an artistic point of view, is absolutely disastrous. The objects he makes are unworthy the efforts of a craftsman, and they satisfy no legitimate demands of æstheticism whatsoever. Badly made of unsuitable clay, imperfectly glazed, carelessly fired, covered with painted-work which displays no knowledge of the requirements of decorative art, they are intrinsically valueless.

"But, what will you?" says the potter; "Egyptian waterbottles and Devonshire pitchers are in little or no demand in the modern house." This may be granted. The work, then, before us is to discover that which is refined and legitimate in the potter's craft, in order that we may thoroughly master the nature of its excellencies and apply the principles to the manufacture of those objects for which there is a demand. Nowhere has the craft been carried to such perfection as in the far East. There, its every process has been studied for centuries under the most ideal conditions. Every potter of ability became a master craftsman, sometimes sharing a kiln with others, but generally entirely independent of outside help. Frequently under the patronage of a prince or noble, he was encouraged in his efforts to improve the quality and character of his productions, and each object made by him had an individual charm and beauty never attained in the West. We have learnt almost all we know of the higher branches of the art of pottery-making from the far East. Our best productions are but imitations of Chinese methods. But, if we have learnt much, there is still more of the greatest possible interest awaiting our investigation. The peasant-pottery of the East is even more fascinating than that of the West; and there are also many examples made by, or under the influence and guidance of men of the highest knowledge and taste in artistic matters, which, in their simplicity, may bear some outward resemblance to village pottery, but which, upon careful examination, show such marvels of technical knowledge in manufacture and dexterity of manipulation as to place them at once in the highest rank of ceramic art. Village pottery, however good, does not entirely fulfil the demands of cultured taste. A higher order of intellect than

FLOWER VASE IN
ORIBE WARE

(PROV: SETO, JAPAN.)





is usually to be found in the peasant craftsman is necessary for the production of works of art; but there is, of course, no reason why the peasant, if endowed with genius and knowledge of his craft, should not rise to the position of a great master.

The two greatest impediments to progress in the potter's art are imitation and love of display. The first thing a potter asks himself when he gets a mass of clay into his hands is, "What shall I imitate?" If it be a flower-vase that he is about to make, then, as befitting such a dainty subject, he fancies that the form should be elegant and beautiful in line and contour, and his thoughts turn to the amphoræ and cratæ of the ancient Greeks. If he makes the neck of his vase a little longer, or the body a trifle bulkier, he imagines he is evolving a new form of surpassing merit. As the monotony of Greek forms palls upon him, he tries Persian ones, and by no means confines his attention to the legitimate shapes of pottery, but glories especially in the reproduction of pierced metal designs. A rim of open arabesque work round the neck, which renders the vase unserviceable as a receptacle for water, appeals especially to him as a beautiful method of treatment. Then, for a change, he tries the Italian style. A nautilus shell with enamelled metal mounts; a female figure representing a mermaid with a bifurcated acanthus scroll for a tail, makes an appropriate handle; while a base, designed with sporting dolphins with acanthus-leaf capes upon their backs, is in keeping with the rest. This he makes in pottery, and paints and gilds as nearly like the original as possible, and exhibits it at an International Exhibition as a work of art! When,

some thirty years ago, the importation of Japanese manufactures began to assume importance, many beautiful objects in porcelain, earthenware, ivory, enamel, carved wood, and bamboo were seen for the first time, and were eagerly imitated by some of the great English and French potters—the remarkable feature of the imitations being that they were principally confined to articles in bronze, ivory and bamboo, the reproduction of pottery articles being but rarely attempted.

The love of display, so ingrained in Western character, is responsible for the tawdry and vulgar bedizement of our earthenware vessels. Flower-



"PICCADILLY CIRCUS"

(See London Studio Talk)

BY YOSHIO MARKINO



"IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY" BY YOSHIO MARKINO
(See *London Studio-Talk*)

painting upon porcelain! There is a halo of enchantment round the very thought of it in the minds of many people. And yet, what sins have been committed in its name! That a flower vase should be complete, or in any sense worthy of its function, without some naturalistic floral decoration upon it, would not enter the minds of many worthy people.

To consider the true purpose and function of the flower vase, and so to construct and complete it that it shall answer its purpose of holding and displaying cut flowers to the greatest possible advantage, is a subject to which but very few European potters have deigned to turn their attention. The old country dame still likes best to see her roses in the old willow-pattern bowl, and her gilliflowers or daffodils in the ancient

Toby jug—but then she lives in a world of the past, as may be seen from the arrangement of her cottage interior, with its red brick floor, its open fire-place, its old oak chest, long-case clock, rush-bottom chairs, and the short white dimity blinds to its diamond-pane windows. The latest productions from the great Staffordshire and Sèvres kilns are not for her, and she heeds not the passing of fashion. But, perhaps, as we come to consider the canons of good taste in ceramics, the old lady will not be found to be so far wrong after all in the selection of her flower vases from her limited store.

For what are the first considerations to be borne in mind by the potter in the making of vessels suitable for the display of flowers? Not only must they be made capable of holding water without allowing it to percolate through, but care must be taken that, by contrast of texture and colour, they do



"A LONDON STREET" BY YOSHIO MARKINO
(See *London Studio-Talk*)



"PIT ENTRANCE OF HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE"
(See *London Studio-Talk*)

BY YOSHIO MARKINO

not vie with the flowers placed in them, but rather that they shall enhance their beauty. Like the Egyptian water-bottle and the Devonshire pitcher, they must be entirely adapted to the uses to which it is intended they shall be put. Their function is a subordinate one, and it is manifestly unfitting that they should ape the forms and outward appearance of objects intended for other purposes.

In considering the form a flower vase should take we have first to decide what class of flower it is intended to hold. We may reasonably wish to see the flower placed in the position it assumes when growing. Consequently a receptacle suitable for the display of

carried further than is necessary to secure a beautiful effect. It may readily be imagined that water



"TEA HOUSE, KENSINGTON GARDENS"
(See *London Studio-Talk*)

BY YOSHIO MARKINO

a water-lily would be ill-adapted for holding a rose, and one in which a crocus would look its best could not be expected to carry a branch of almond blossom becomingly. Differences of form are, therefore, essential as well as differences of style.

The Japanese have a charming method of displaying flowers whose natural abode is upon the banks of a pond or stream, or in the water itself. They select a vessel of the shape more or less of a very shallow tub—indeed, a specially made shallow wooden tub, covered with black lacquer, is often used for the purpose. This they fill to the brim with water. The water flowers are arranged in it by means of certain metal or wooden attachments, so as to assume a natural appearance. The imitation of Nature, however, is not

lilies displayed resting upon the water and reflected therein are infinitely more gratifying to behold than when tied closely together in bunches and placed in a narrow-neck Worcester or Sèvres, or any other highly decorated vase.

An Owari potter, in his efforts to make an earthenware vessel adapted to such a purpose, produced the form shown upon page 49. This piece is fashioned in a style stated to have originated with Shino, a famous æsthete, who lived about A.D. 1700.

It is simply a piece of earth modelled by hand into the desired form. It is unsymmetrical in

shape, because symmetry in this instance was not required. Ponds and puddles are not symmetrical. In covering the vessel with glaze to render it impervious to water a heavy white enamel was employed, which was allowed to run unevenly and to separate itself in the kiln by a method known only to the potter. The effect obtained is such as when filled with water the bottom appears to be strewn with small quartz pebbles. This, of course, is intentional, because when the flowers are arranged in the metal holder, which rests upon the bottom of the vessel, the metal is covered over with a little heap of pebbles, which hides it from view; and the pebbles harmonise with the glazing of the dish, and are not unduly prominent. The rim of the dish is slightly inclined inward towards its edge, so that when carried full of water the liquor cannot be readily spilt. The little spout at the side for emptying the vessel is so formed that it does not project beyond the body, and so is less liable to be chipped than would otherwise be the case. There is no mistaking what the object is made of. It does not simulate a wooden tub, neither is it made to imitate bronze or ivory or even porcelain. It is, frankly, earthenware — that, and nothing more. It makes no pretence to be in itself ornamental. Its beauty is only realised when it is actually serving the purpose for which it was made. But every detail has been carefully thought out, and it may worthily take its place with the Egyptian water-bottle and the Devonshire jug, with the added interest which a highly-skilled potter and a true æsthete has been able to impart to it.

The form shown in the coloured illustration is also of Owari make, and is



"EARL'S COURT EXHIBITION"

(See *London Studio-Talk*)

BY YOSHIO MARKINO



"A LIFE CLASS"

BY YOSHIO MARKINO

produced in the manner known as Oribé, from the name of the artist who originated the style. It is adapted only for the display of an extremely simple arrangement of flowers, such as would be used on the occasion of a tea ceremony. The vase has been slightly cracked, and one of the protuberances or "ears," damaged, both defects being repaired with gold lacquer. It is fashioned by hand with the help of a wooden spatula, and without recourse to the wheel. The marks made by the fingers and the spatula are retained, but not obtrusively so. It is essentially a potter's piece. Its real beauty lies in the success of certain processes of manufacture of which the potter alone is cognisant. The clay itself is a fine and compact earth. The underglaze with which it is partly covered is manipu-

a young Japanese artist, and his work shows clearly the influence of European methods on

lated in a strange manner with great skill; and the soft green overglaze, with its splashes of blue and purple, is a poem of sweet harmonious colour. The richness of the overglaze is rendered still more effective by contrast with the dull earth and the partial underglaze. The very roughness of the pot thus contributes to its value. No machine-like perfection of form, no hardness and rigidity of outline, no floral nor other painted subjects are to be found in or upon it.

But it is, nevertheless, a witness of art applied to the potter's craft, for the counterpart of which we may seek in vain among the works of many of the great potters of modern Europe.

CHARLES HOLME.

(To be continued.)

STUDIO-TALK.

ONDON.—Mr. Yoshio Markino, whose entertaining character-sketches of London outdoor life are reproduced this month, is



"MORNING AND EVENING :" COLOURED RELIEF

BY JAMES R. COOPER



"ST. GEORGE :" COLOURED RELIEF

BY JAMES R. COOPER

the traditions of style which he acquired in his native country and brought with him to England. The result of this union between two entirely different forms of art is worth close attention. A pleasing "cross" in æstheticism, a hybrid in artistic practice, it bears a very remarkable and near resemblance to the sketches done by Vallaton, and by other Europeans who have been emulative students of Japanese methods and styles. Thus, whether a European goes to Japan for his æsthetic inspiration, or a Japanese comes to Europe for his, the result, considered from a point of view of art, is approximately the same.

Attention has been drawn to this more than once, and there are many who contend that neither Europe nor Japan will ever owe a new and

generative movement in art to this hybridizing of their birth-right traditions. They admit that interesting fashions may spring from it, but they believe that the styles produced by such fashions are altogether at variance with the conservatism of the East and of the West, and are sure to revert to their original stock, becoming wholly European or wholly Japanese. If so, then they cannot be expected to fare better than that passion for Chinese art which Sir William Chambers introduced into England, about 1760, and which faded out of being after a life as short as it was active, without



"CYRIL BRUCE-JOY"

BY A. BRUCE-JOY

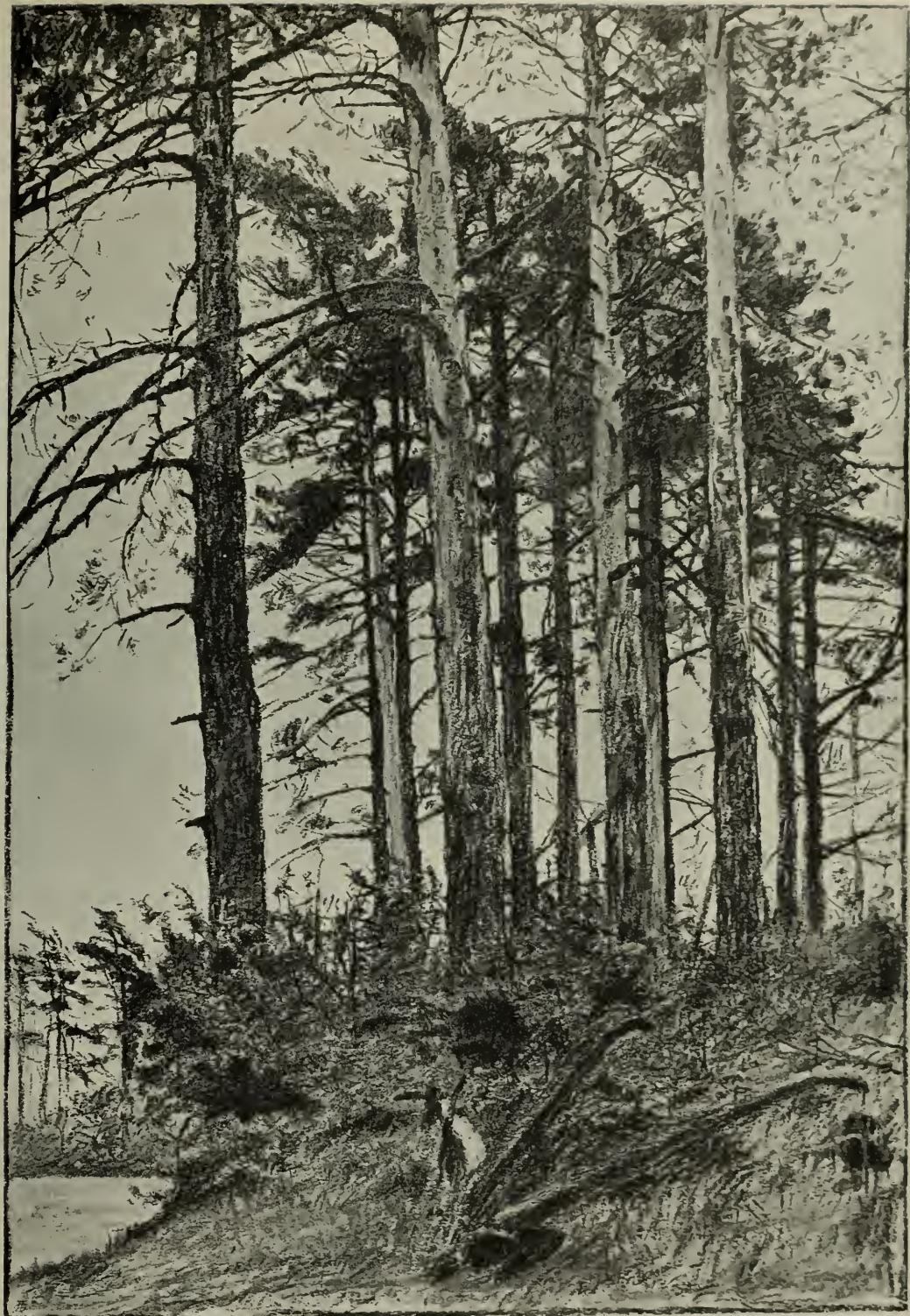


SCREEN

BY GUY HALLIDAY

leaving the least permanent trace of its influence on the English household arts.

But, however this may be, a critic cannot fail to take interest in the results produced by "crossing" art traditions. An early chair by Chippendale, designed in what he described as "the Chinese manner," is as attractive historically as a later chair in his own style; and it is possible that the work of Vallaton and Yoshio Markino may have some day a similar historic interest to students of the past.



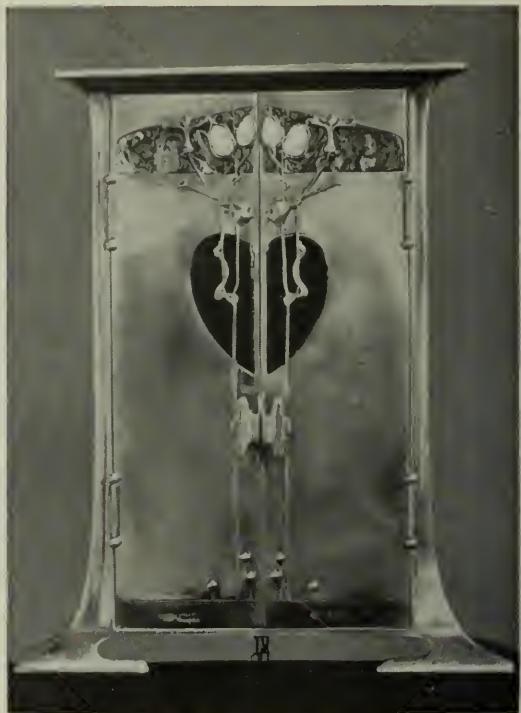
A STUDY. BY
G. FORRESTER SCOTT



SPORTING CUP DESIGNED BY KATE HARRIS
EXECUTED BY W. HUTTON AND SONS

Meantime, quite apart from its curiosity, the character-sketching of Yoshio Markino attracts by reason of its humour and its vivacity. The outdoor life of London is seen here in a series of light, gay studies, certainly attenuated in vigour, most of the people represented being too slender in form to be typically British. Londoners we recognise them to be, though the bodies hidden by their clothes are Anglo-Japanese. One sketch suggests very well the drenching discomforts

and the muddy miseries that make London on a wet day the dirtiest city in the world; and there is plenty of movement and character in the *croquis* made at Piccadilly Circus, near Mr. Gilbert's



PHOTOGRAPH DESIGNED BY KATE HARRIS
FRAME (CLOSED) EXECUTED BY W. HUTTON AND SONS

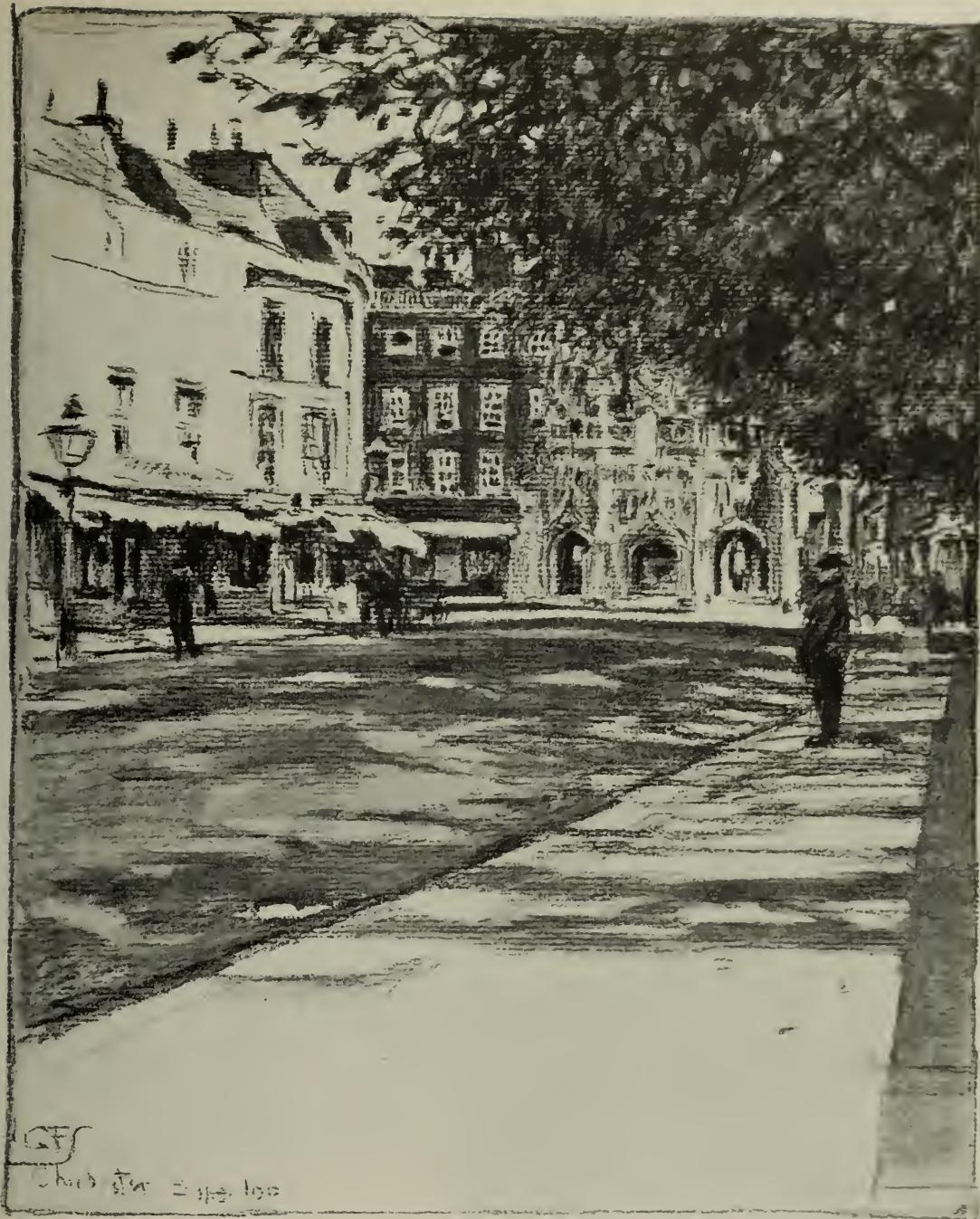
fountain. The *Sketch at Earl's Court* is perhaps the best in drawing, while the crowd at the pit entrance of Her Majesty's Theatre is characteristic in its want of comfort. To examine it is to understand why theatre-going has been described as "a democracy of patience."



SILVER WARE

DESIGNED BY KATE HARRIS
EXECUTED BY W. HUTTON AND SONS

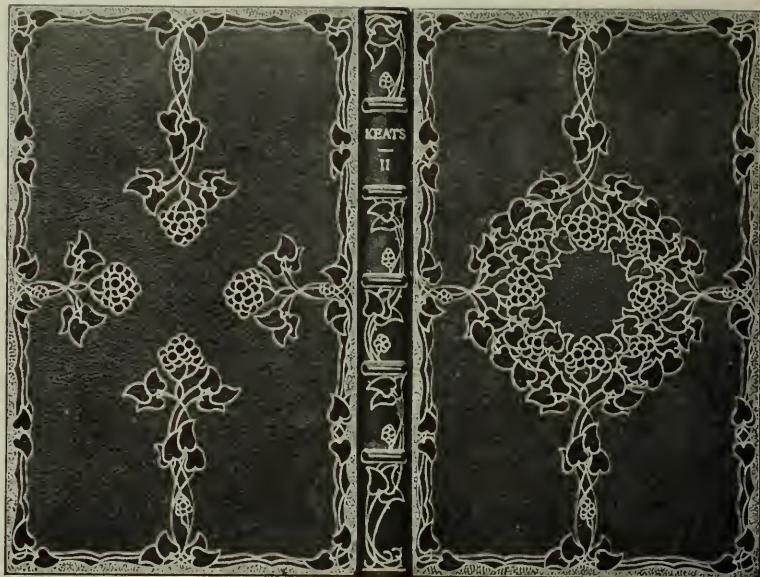
It is about ten years since Yoshio Markino left Japan. He went first of all to America, where he studied in the art school attached to the Californian University. Here in London he has worked under Mr. Marriott at New Cross, and also from the life in the Central School in Regent Street.



WEST STREET AND
THE CROSS, CHICHESTER
BY G. FORRESTER SCOTT

We have pleasure in reproducing two excellent charcoal studies by Mr. G. Forrester Scott, whose clever work is already familiar to readers of *THE STUDIO*. The study of trees, lightly drawn with freedom and distinction, is well observed throughout, giving what may be called the trees' life-struggle against the winds and storms.

The silver-work designed by Miss Kate Harris, and executed by W. Hutton & Sons, is gracefully conceived and executed. The sporting cup is particularly good; it seems to have been



BOOKBINDING

BY ALFRED DE SAUTY

suggested by the articles on sporting cups and trophies which appeared a few months ago in *THE STUDIO*.



BOOKBINDING

BY ALFRED DE SAUTY

The two designs in coloured relief by Mr. James R. Cooper draw attention once more to a form of decorative treatment concerning which Mr. Robert Anning Bell gave some useful information in a recent number of *THE STUDIO*. Mr. Cooper's fan-shaped panel, representing *St. George*, with Lancashire and Yorkshire roses, forms part of an overmantel in the entrance hall of a house near Manchester. It is enclosed by wood mouldings, and was executed for Mr. T. Taylor, the architect who built the house. The two figures in the other panel are emblematic of *Morning* and *Evening*. This coloured relief is painted with wax colours; here and there it is gilded and glazed with transparent tones. It surmounts a tiled and copper fireplace at Ledsham Hall, Cheshire.

Mr. Alfred de Sauty's bookbindings are less familiar to the reading public than they deserve to be. Thorough from the point of view of workmanship, they are free and light in design, and their colour is attractive. The volume of Keats has pleasant contrasts of



"ST. GEORGE;" FROM
THE PEN DRAWING
BY HAROLD NELSON.

rich colour, ranging from the red morocco of the cover to the blue-black berries and the three shades of green inlaid in the leaves. The other book, "The Floure and the Leafe," is bound in brown morocco. The flowers, the buds, and the strap round the border are all crimson; while the leaves are in two shades of harmonising green.

Mr. Guy Halliday's interesting screen (page 58) is made of unpolished walnut, with panels of leaded glass and of repoussé zinc. These metal panels, representing the signs of Virgo, Taurus, Pisces, and

Gemini, are symbols of birthday months in the family for which the screen was designed and fashioned. Around these signs of the Zodiac are decorations of flowers, treated simply in a conventional manner. The colour of the zinc goes well with the walnut, and we hope that this metal and pewter will soon be used in the applied arts more frequently than they are at present.

Mr. Harold Nelson's *St. George*, reproduced on page 63, is a spirited and virile pen-drawing, if somewhat uniform in the quality of texture so easily suggested by the craft of line. Every part of the design is put in with admirable freedom and skill, but the details are somewhat scattered, and the dexterous pen-work does not draw sufficient distinction between the hard surface of the armour and the quivering, soft skin of the frightened horse. This is not said in order to disparage the great cleverness shown by Mr. Harold Nelson. But it is necessary at times to draw attention to certain limitations in pen-draughtsmanship that owe their origin to the needs of illustrated books and periodicals. Broad work, firm and clear in every line, is not only effective; it is also much more easily reproduced than a subtlety of suggestion in shorthand touches, or a rich variety of appeal in a light and bold handling of textures.

The work of Mr. A. Bruce-Joy is seen to advantage in the medallion illustrated on page 58; but the little portrait is so reticent—or, rather, is so modest in the refined breadth of its simple modelling—that it cannot be appreciated at



STAINED-GLASS WINDOW

BY G. F. GASCOYNE

a glance. Its merit needs such close attention as good medals invite and receive.

It happens very often that a reproduction in black-and-white gives quite a false notion of a stained glass window, making the leaded lines and the distribution of light and shade far more distinct and pictorial in their united effect than they really are when seen *in situ*. This has occurred in the panel of stained glass (page 64) designed and executed by Mr. G. F. Gascogne. When this window is looked at in its appointed place, the landscape makes against the light an agreeable pattern of sober colours; this unobtrusive effect the camera has missed, exaggerating all the shadows and making the green of the trees nearly as dark as the lead "canes" outlining them. But the workmanship is plainly seen, and that is a point interesting to all students. Mr. Gascogne and his son have made a large number of landscape panels, all different in subject, and all thought out in relation to varying conditions both of light and of situation. The glass employed is chosen with good judgment; and in order that the character of



CLOCK
(See Berlin Studio-Talk)

the work may be thorough, the designer is not separated from the craftsman.

ARBROATH.—With a history of about six centuries behind it, the conversion of the Scottish mansion of Hospitalfield, near Arbroath, into a School of Art is an incident of more than usual interest. Originally attached to the Abbey of Arbroath, the estate passed into secular hands on the suppression of the Abbey at the Reformation, and was ultimately (about 1656-7) acquired by a minister named James Fraser, of the Frasers of Philorth. It remained in the family until the marriage of an only daughter and heiress, in 1843, to Patrick Allan, a struggling Arbroath artist. In 1851 he assumed his wife's name, and is known in the history of Scots art as Patrick Allan Fraser, H.R.S.A., of Hospitalfield. When Mrs. Fraser's mother died she left all her estate to her daughter, Mrs. Allan Fraser and husband "and the longest liver of them." Mrs. Allan Fraser died in 1873, leaving her husband sole and absolute proprietor. There were no children of the marriage, and when,



CLOCK
(See Berlin Studio-Talk)

of the trust, and to carry out the first, for the present, to only a limited extent.

The first purpose is: "For the assistance and encouragement of young men not having sufficient means of their own, who shall be desirous of following out one or more of the professions of painting, sculpture, carving in wood, architecture, and engraving." There is no limitation of the Trust by name or nationality. Students to the number of thirty, of not less than sixteen and not more than eighteen years of age, are to be comfortably lodged, boarded, and clothed at Hospitalfield, after meeting the trustees' test of fitness for their selected professions. That test is at present under consideration, and the number of thirty students, specified in the settlement, has for the present been restricted to eight or ten. After admission, the students are to be further tried by a few months' probation, and are then indentured for four years upon condition of their conforming to the rules of the house. A qualified teacher is to be appointed governor. Provision is made for building a separate wing for his residence, but in the meantime he will reside in the mansion. The trustees have chosen Mr. George Harcourt, Professor Hermann's assistant at Bushey, as the first governor. The complete staff will further include a matron, assistant governor, and medical attendant.



ASH-TRAY

BY ALBERT REIMANN

(See Berlin Studio-Talk)

on 17th September, 1890, Patrick Allan Fraser died, it was found that all the property in Scotland was destined to art purposes.

Under his settlement Mr. Fraser directed his trustees to apply the free income of all his Scottish possessions—Hospitalfield and Kirkton in Angus, Blackcraig in Strathardle, and one or two other properties—to two purposes, the education of young men as artists and the maintenance of aged or infirm professional men. On taking office, however, the trustees found that the testator's scheme had gone beyond the bounds even of his ample estate. After nursing the property during the decade that has elapsed since his death, they still found themselves compelled to defer the second purpose



MERMAID ASH-TRAY

BY ALBERT REIMANN

(See Berlin Studio-Talk)



FROM A COLOURED WOODCUT

BY KRISTIAN KOUGSTAD

The students will be enabled to visit natural objects and exhibitions of science and art at a distance. They will be provided with summer quarters on one or other of the founder's Perthshire estates, and will have an opportunity of continuing their general education in Arbroath. The trustees are to engage lecturers in art, science and natural history, and carvers and engravers to teach the students the use of tools. Provision is also made for sending students, on finishing their terms at Hospitalfield, to the Continent for further study. Finally, young people between sixteen and twenty, resident in Arbroath, may be admitted as day-scholars to the classes. All the provisions are curiously minute in detail, and fashioned with much practical forethought to giving every student a thorough training. The issue of an experiment upon such a scale, made in a secluded mansion at a distance from any art centre, is looked to with deep interest, more especially by the artist friends of Mr. Fraser. E. P.

BERLIN.—Albert Reimann, a young sculptor, exhibited this year, at the Berlin Kunst Ausstellung, some excellent decorative designs. The models there shown were carried out in bronze, silver,

settled down in Berlin, and applied himself to designing models for decorative purposes, in which



"A BURGHER."

and majolica; but Reimann also works in wood, glass, porcelain, and a new kind of tin metal, called "Kayscer-zinn," which has the advantage of being indestructible and does not scratch like silver. The ash-trays here illustrated are made of this new metal. Born in Gnesen, in 1874, Reimann, when very young, joined the "Industrial Art Classes" at the Royal Museum, Berlin, where he gained, some two years later, the "Prussian State Scholarship." After several years spent in travelling, and studying modern art in its various branches, Reimann

FROM A COLOURED WOODCUT
BY KRISTIAN KOUGSTAD

Studio-Talk

direction he has already, although only twenty-seven years of age, won for himself a name and reputation. The various clocks, lamps, vases, inkstands, etc., produced at Reimann's studios give evidence of originality of conception, and are worthy of notice both from an artistic and a practical point of view. The designs are simple, and in the choice and combination of materials great taste is shown.

In one ash-tray the serpent kissing Eve forms a note of interrogation, the stop that completes it being an apple. Reimann's electric table-lamps are also both artistic and practical. They are easy to grasp with the hand; each has sufficient space for a large-sized pear-light and a shade; the electric wire, fixed in a practical way, is not noticeable; and, above all, the base is large and firm. To design lamps with all these conditions fulfilled, and yet produce an artistic and ornamental object, is not easy; but a walk round Reimann's studios is

a convincing proof that he seldom fails to unite his utilitarianism with good designs and individuality of treatment.

A. H.

COPENHAGEN.—Kristian Kougstad's woodcuts, both those in black-and-white and the coloured ones, have justly attracted considerable attention during the last year or two. They are always good in design, showing a preference for old-time subjects and garb, and the colouring is invariably discreet and, at the same time, effective. In the accompanying picture of *A Burgher*, black and green have been blended with much skill, and in the diminutive landscape, the fields and the white snow produce a very charming effect, further enhanced by the group of trees against a sombre sky. Kougstad has also drawn and cut a number of decorative designs for books, which likewise demonstrate his gift for exploiting a given style with no small amount of originality and consistency. G. B.



SKETCH IN PEN-AND-INK

BY LOUIS DUNKI

SWITZERLAND.—In treating of "Swiss Pen and Ink Artists" in the Special Winter Number of *THE STUDIO* we were unable to do more than indicate the important position that Mr. Louis Dunki occupies amongst Swiss artists. We are glad now to be able to furnish some specimens of his work. It is needless to say that Mr. Dunki's reputation as an illustrator has passed beyond the frontier, and that to-day he holds a high place amongst pen-and-ink artists. He is of Genevese origin. In 1878 he went to Paris, and from 1882 his services have been much sought after by well-known Parisian publishers. Contributing, first of all, sketches on subjects and events of the moment to *L'Illustration* and *Le Monde Illustré*, he was soon employed by Didot to illustrate editions of various works, amongst others, Sir Walter Scott's "Charles the Bold." As the result of a trip to Algeria he brought back a number of studies of Arab life and several remarkable pictures.

In 1894 M. Edouard Pelletan, desirous of renovating the art of the book, sought the collaboration of the best draughtsmen and engravers, and to Mr. Dunki was committed the task of illustra-



PEN AND INK DRAWING
BY LOUIS DUNK



"FRANCESCA" BY ANTONIO UGO
(See *Palermo Studio-Talk*)

ting Hégesippe Moreau's "Les Petits Contes à ma Sœur," and Alfred de Vigny's "Grandeur et Servitude Militaires." In the latter Mr. Dunki found a subject altogether congenial to his taste, for, from the first, he has been passionately drawn to the delineation of military life of every epoch, and in all its phases. But it is not only the brilliant accessories, the striking details of his favourite subject, that have laid hold of his imagination, it is the psychology of military life that is of ceaseless interest to him. In his illustrations of de Vigny's great book he is in every way equal to his task. While revealing that unerring sureness and fidelity of handling for which this artist is distinguished, they are remarkable pictorial interpretations of the text, and are beautifully engraved by Clément Bellenger.

Mr. Dunki has since illustrated Balzac's "La Maison du Chat-qui-pelote," engraved by Maurice Baud and published by Carteret, as well as numerous stories in periodicals of the day, such as "Les Mémoires du Sergent Bourgogne." He is

at the present time engaged in executing a series of drawings for the illustration of an edition of "Les Chansons de France," to be issued by Hachette. We have seen some of these drawings, and were struck by their masterly technique, their essentially decorative value, and the artist's imaginative power of projecting himself into the scenes evoked by these songs. As far as the art of the book is concerned, Mr. Dunki carries on the tradition of "*l'édition romantique*," regarding the image in the book as a decorative complement of the page. His work is distinguished by richness of composition, a vein of genuine humour, remarkable penetration, and great pictorial power.

R. M.

PALERMO.—When for the first time I saw Antonio Ugo modelling in his studio in the Via Cavour he was engaged on the wonderful figure of a youth which was so greatly admired at the recent International



MONUMENT BY ANTONIO UGO
(See *Palermo Studio-Talk*)



MONUMENT

BY ANTONIO UGO



"AN OLD GARDEN"

BY RENÉ JANSENS

(See Brussels Studio-Talk)

Exhibition in Venice. What impressed me particularly was the artist's sureness of touch. He has a marvellously developed sense of form, and so sound is his knowledge of the technical side of his art that the representation of real things has no difficulties for him.

His study of the truth has made him something more than a sculptor: he became a colourist, and the result is that he reveals a sense of colour, a striving after it, a desire to represent it in all his work. This quality is plainly visible in the lovely work done by Ugo in Rome during the period he enjoyed a grant conceded by the Municipality of Palermo, also in his remarkable profile of *Nathan and the maestro, Puccini*, which are invested with immense vigour and expression. Moreover he is not content with giving the most scrupulously exact representation of the human form; he aims ever at that highest of artistic ideal—the realisation, the suggestion of the human soul within. Many of Ugo's later works have been so successful in this respect, so full of subtle psychology and delicate truth, that one doubts

whether it be possible to reveal the workings of the heart to greater perfection.

Any one who has seen the figure of the youth—the *Adolescente* to which I have already alluded, and his bust of *Leopardi* in the *atrium* of the Ateneo at Palermo, must be convinced of the fact that form and fancy are most artistically blended in the artist.

Young as he is, Ugo is no novice in art; he is well known at our exhibitions, where on several occasions his works have gained prizes. Yet he is

but at the outset of his career, which promises to be full of glory for him and for the land of his birth.

BRUSSELS.—Several displays—of interest by reason of their honest and serious intent—have been held recently at the Cercle Artistique. Mdlle. Art showed a fresh series of pastels of bold design and charming colour. M. R. Janssens was well represented by a large collection of his *Coins de vieilles villes et vieux logis*. The numerous display of portraits and landscapes by M. Verheyden gave emphatic proof of simplicity of vision and well-controlled technique, while extreme delicacy was the prevailing quality in the work of the late M. Binjé. M. Otteraege exhibited several poetically-conceived scenes—parks and cathedrals; and M. V. Rousseau, who is certainly the most interesting personality in the young Belgian school of sculpture, delighted everyone by his exquisitely beautiful little bronze groups.

The exhibition of the Société des Aquafortistes Belges was also held at the Cercle Artistique, and proved a complete success. The public, already interested by the articles in THE STUDIO devoted to the experiments in colour engraving made recently in France, had an opportunity of seeing for themselves the works so ably and so acutely criticised by M. G. Mourey. Germany, represented by MM. Klinger and Koepping, sent works of extraordinary cleverness; while Holland, in the persons of MM. Zilcken, Bauer, Bosch, Nieuwenkamp, Storm Van Gravesande, and others, was seen to great advantage. M. M. E. Orlik, an Austrian, sent several vivid and life-like sketches; and the English exhibitors included Messrs. Herkomer, Cameron, Alfred East, and Laing. Spain had for its representative M. Egusquiza, and Portugal M. Quintella de Sampayo.

The exhibits from Belgium were many and various. Prominent among them was that of H.R.H. the Countess of Flanders; and mention should also be made of the boldly-treated etchings by MM. Baertsoen, Wytsman, Van Ryssel-



"UN MASQUE"

FROM A DRY POINT BY FERNAND KHNOFF



DECORATIVE PAINTINGS
BY JULES CHÉRET

berghe, H. Meunier, and Hens, not forgetting the *fantaisies*—coarse though they be sometimes—of MM. Ensor, Delaunois, and Laermans; or the delicate sketches of MM. Romberg, Heins, and Van Bastelaer; the dry-points of Fernand Khnopff; the “interpretations” of celebrated works by MM. Dause and Bernier and Mddles. Dause and Wesmael; the interesting colour-printings of MM. Titz, Schlobach, Coppens, and Evenpoel; and lastly, the remarkable display by the Liège artists, MM. Rassenfosse, Donnay, and Maréchal.

The exhibition of recent work given by the painter, J. Middeleer, at the Rubens Club, was keenly appreciated by public and artists alike.

F. K.

PARIS.—Jules Chéret, like Willette, is a decorative artist who lives all in fantasy. In a sort of fairy world, where a playful summer lightning is not unknown, his airy figures of women and children float in space, and so gracious are they as types of happiness that they seem to live in an irradiation. For the villa belonging to Baron Vitta, at Evian, Jules Chéret has painted some large decorative panels, all instinct with the freshness and the grace that give so much interest to his talent. Last year, at the great exhibition in Paris, the stall of the *Magasin du Printemps* sparkled with Chéret's love of fantasy; none knows better than he how to play with such a gamut of joyous notes of colour as seem actually to sing in their harmony.

G. M.

REVIEWS.

Imperial London. By ARTHUR H. BEVAN. With sixty-four illustrations by HANSLIP FLETCHER. (London: J. M. Dent & Co.)—Although the author devotes two chapters to an account of London in the past, his volume chiefly consists of a description of the London of to-day, its palaces, churches, and public buildings, and its official, commercial, and social aspects. The various phases of this great subject have been grouped together in a series of chapters of considerable interest, not only to the citizens of the metropolis itself, but also to those who desire to know something of the aspect and condition of the greatest city in the world. Mr. Fletcher's numerous illustrations, some of which are reproduced in photogravure, add greatly to the value of the book. A prize winner in THE STUDIO competitions for his excellent pen-and-ink drawings, this young draughtsman shows in his work promise of a successful future.

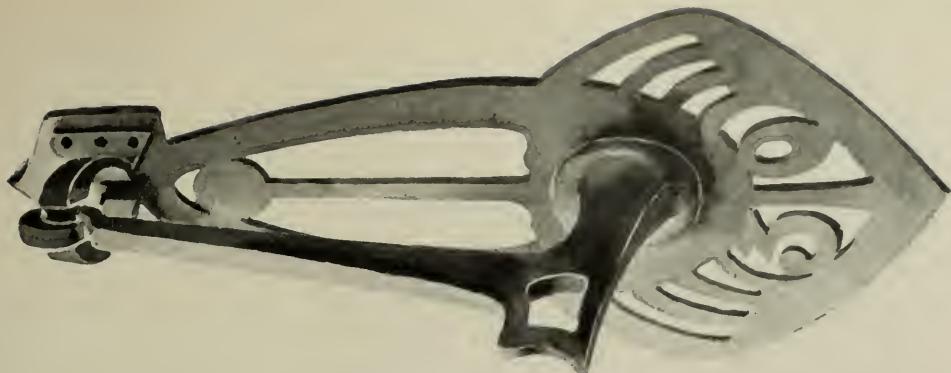
Wall and Water Gardens. By GERTRUDE JEKYLL. (London: George Newnes, Ltd.) Price 12s. 6d. net.—The amateur gardener in these days finds no lack of books to aid him in the development of his hobby. And it is a pleasant thing to note that most of the publications which are appearing upon the subject at the present time are something more than merely utilitarian. By the aid of photographs of beautiful, well-planned gardens, the public is being brought in touch with the artistic side of the subject, with the result, it may fondly be hoped, of a general elevation of taste in the exterior adornment of the home. Miss Jekyll's book is full of useful information upon terrace and wall gardening, and upon the treatment of plants in and around ponds and pools. The illustrations consist of photographs of existing examples of gardens at home and abroad, and they have been selected with admirable judgment. The volume is one which cannot fail to give pleasure to those interested in the subject.

Naples, Past and Present. By Arthur H. Norway. With forty illustrations by Arthur G. Ferard. (London: Methuen & Co.,).—We congratulate the author upon this most delightful work. It is written in a whole-hearted sympathy with the subject that is as rare in volumes of this character as it is refreshing and acceptable to the reader. It has no pretence to be a guide-book, but it is, nevertheless, a guide of no mean value, for it will enable the visitor to appreciate the city and its romantic environs to a degree which would be barely possible without its aid. Mr. Ferard's excellent illustrations, we are informed, were originally drawn in water-colours. We can only regret that in these days of improved colour reproduction they do not appear in the volume in facsimile. Pictures of Italy which fail to reproduce its glorious colour are well-nigh unrecognisable.

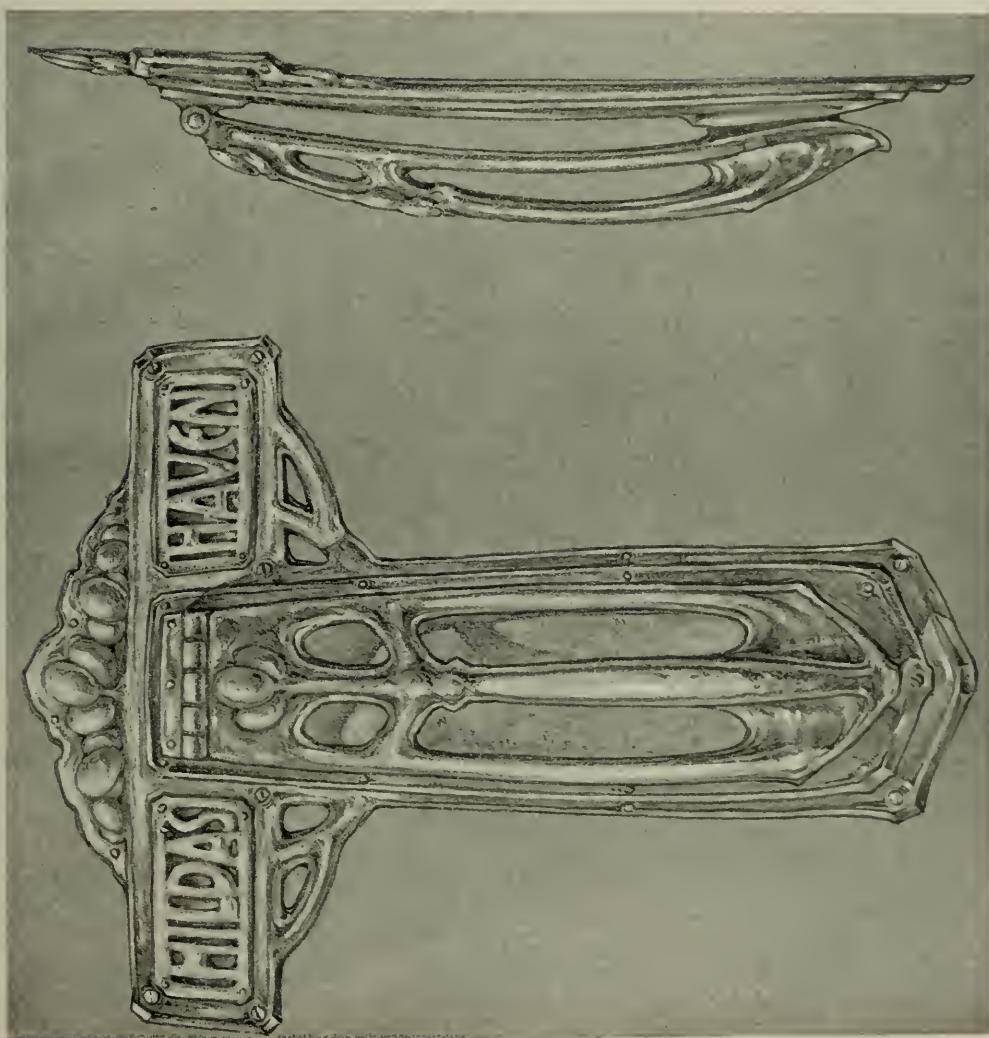
Medailles et Plaquettes Modernes. Edited by Dr. H. J. de Dompierre de Chaufepié. (Haarlem: H. Kleinmann & Co.).—This is a publication issued in parts, and printed in the French and Dutch languages. It deals exclusively, as its title implies, with the modern medal and plaque, and is international in character, the productions of all countries figuring in its pages. The illustrations consist of excellent collotype prints of notable medals, and the work should prove an invaluable aid to the collector of these dainty *bibelots*.

Art: and How to Study it. By J. W. TOPHAM VINALL, A.R.C.A. (London: Reeves & Sons, Ltd.)—This book is written in a workmanlike manner, and art students will find plenty of useful

"TRAIN"
HON. MENTION
(COMP. A XII)



"TRAMP"
HON. MENTION
(COMP. A XII)



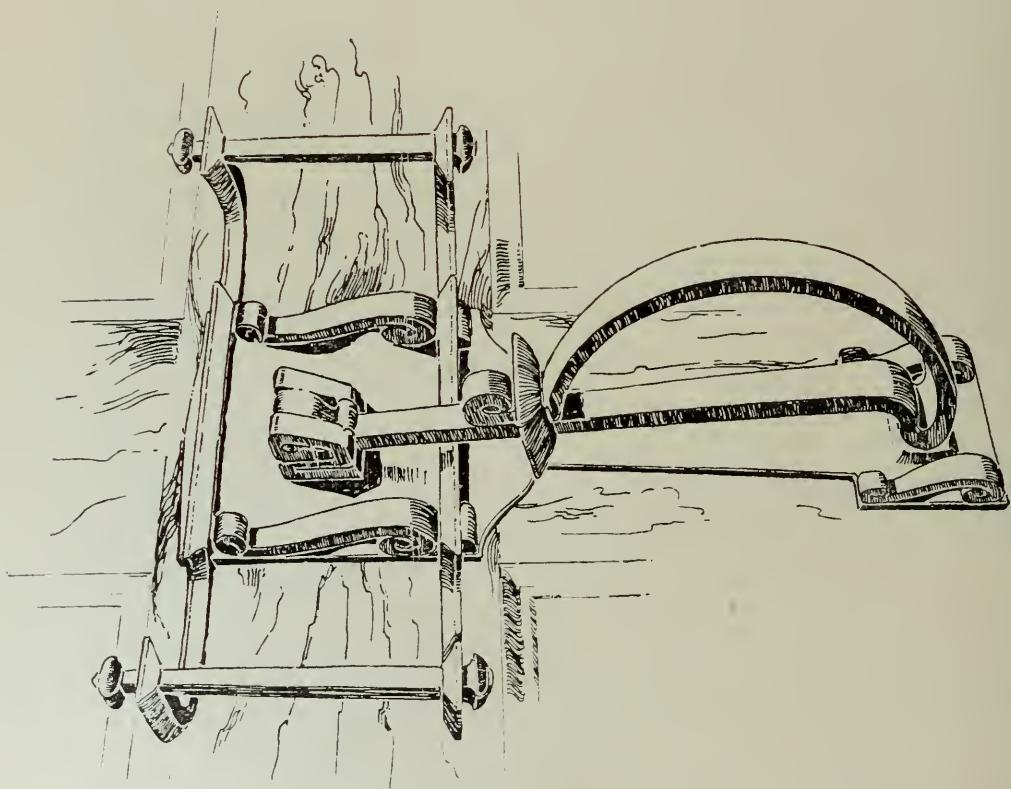
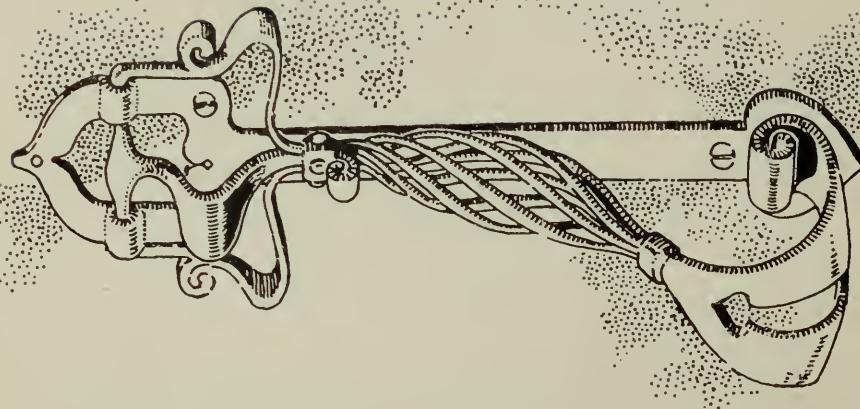
FIRST PRIZE (COMP. A XII)

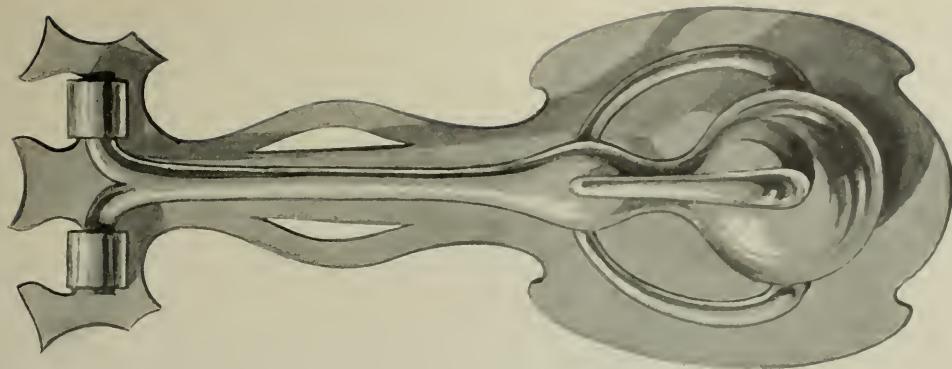
"MARTIAL"

HON. MENTION
(COMP. A XII)

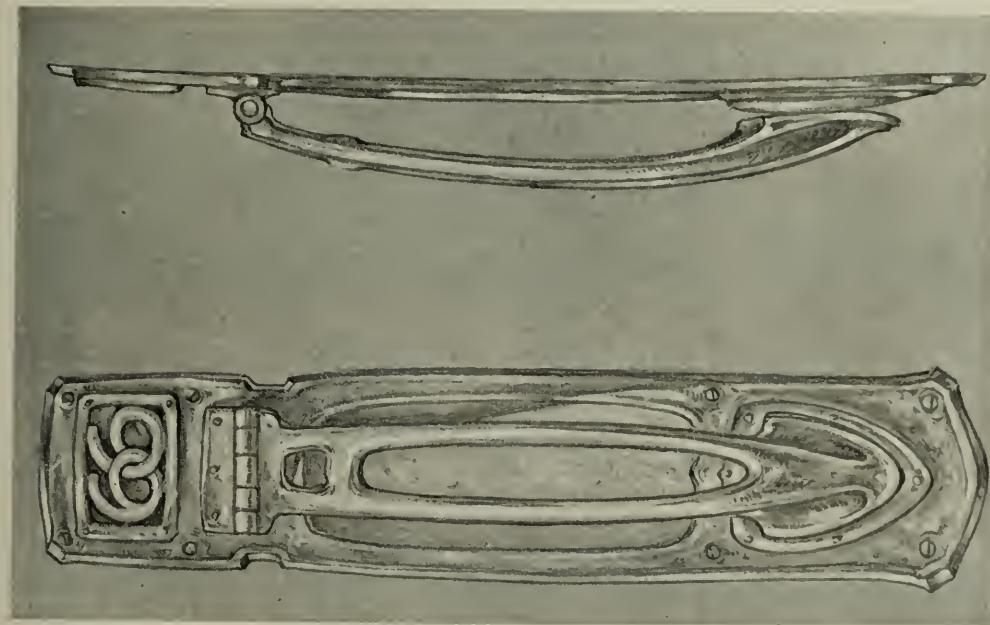
"LIGHT"

SECOND PRIZE (COMP. A XII)

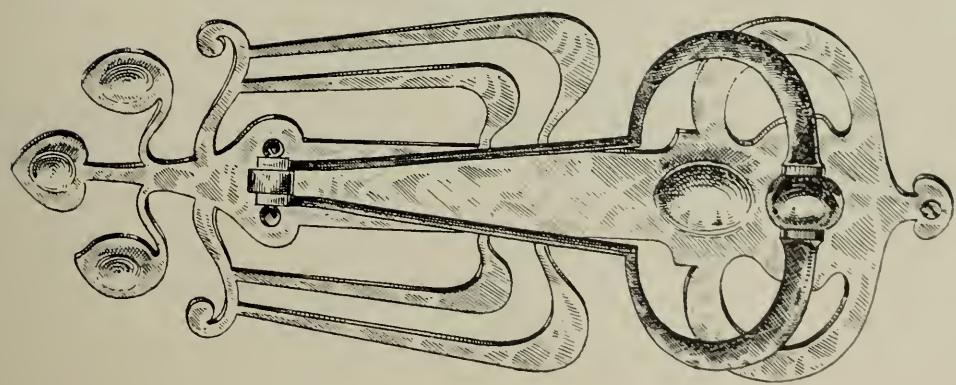




HON. MENTION
(COMP. A XII)
"RAFT"



HON. MENTION (COMP. A XII)
"TRAMP"



HON. MENTION
(COMP. A XII)
"KATT"



SECOND PRIZE (COMP. C X)

"ADELOT"

knowledge in all the nine parts into which it is quite a notable feat for a Western artist, although divided.

One of the most successful modern chromoxylographs which we have seen has lately been executed by Miss Helen Hyde, of San Francisco (Cal.), and published by Messrs. Vickery, Atkins, & Torrey, of that city. The subject, a Japanese mother and child, is treated entirely in Japanese manner, so much so, indeed, that it is difficult to realise it is not a native production. In this fact there lie both a merit and a fault. The successful imitation of the Japanese spirit and method of drawing is



HON. MENTION (COMP. C X)

"INVICTA"

Awards in "The Studio" Prize Competitions

R. Turner, 13, Drakefell Road, St. Catherine's Park, London, S.E.).

Honourable Mention is given to the following competitors :— *Craft* (Fred White); *Tramp* (David Veazey); *Simplex* (Gerald Cogswell); *Elsinore* (Wilfrid Thomas Jarratt); *Nan* (Annie Dickson); *Kiti* (B. Smith); *Ludo* (Louisa Mary Dickson); *Trix* (E. Walker); *Bon Accord* (William Lawrie); *Martial* (J. Housez); and *Jerje* (James John Purdey).

CLASS C. PHOTOGRAPHS FROM NATURE.

A RIVER SCENE.

(C X.)

The FIRST PRIZE (*One Guinea*) is awarded to *Dolphin* (Mrs. Norman Boase, Rathalpin, St. Andrews).

The SECOND PRIZE (*Half-a-Guinea*), to *Adelot* (Edouard Adelot, Avenue de la Couronne 244, Brussels).

Honourable Mention is given to *Vrai Foi* (William Roy-Boswell); *Poum* (Henry Dabry); *Ap Maelgwyn* (General H. S. Gough); *Cousin* (Miss F. Musgrave); *Ethram* (Ctesse. Marthe de Villeneuve-Bargemon); *St. Mungo* (Robert Gray); *Italy* (Percy W. Crane); *Legia* (Lucien Scuvie); *Fennia* (M. C. Jahn, Finland); *Mousse* (Mdlle. A. Guder, Switzerland); *Invicta* (Harry W. Witcombe); and *Lummenkukka* (A. Rundberg, Finland).

FIRST PRIZE (COMP. C X)

"DOLPHIN"

But there is much merit in Miss Hyde's dainty production.

AWARDS IN "THE STU- DIO" PRIZE COMPETI- TIONS.

CLASS A. DECORATIVE ART.

DESIGN FOR A FRONT- DOOR KNOCKER.

(A XII.)

The FIRST PRIZE (*Two Guineas*) has been won by *Tramp* (David Veazey, 27, Rectory Place, Woolwich).

The SECOND PRIZE (*One Guinea*), by *Light* (Sydney



HON. MENTION (COMP. C X)

"LUMMENKUKKA"

THE LAY FIGURE ON INTERNATIONAL COURTESY IN ART.

"It has been said," remarked the Critic, "that civilisation advances always, but on spiral lines. The saying seems deep, but is it as deep as it seems? May not the progress of civilisation be compared to a see-saw? When it rises in one part of the world, does it not usually sink in another?"

"That question 'sets my genius,' as Alan Breck would say," murmured the Reviewer, tapping the bowl of his pipe on the foot of the Lay Figure. "It applies even to the scattered advances of civilisation along special lines of feeling and thought. The see-saw movement is to be noticed, for example, both in art and in literature."

"You have touched the very point to which I was feeling my way," said the Critic. "Quite recently, in a thoughtless letter written to *The Times*, several English artists recalled to mind the queer ups and downs of international courtesy in art."

"I remember the letter almost word for word," the Journalist put in. "Its want of good-will struck me as being one of those little farces tinged with spite which the æsthetic temperament enjoys when misled by jealousy. The writers of the letter, speaking dolefully in chorus, rebuked the authorities at South Kensington for accepting Mr. George Donaldson's gift of modern French pottery, glass, and furniture. Whether the furniture is right or wrong in design I do not know; but I have noticed for some time that a certain set of English artists are jealous of the decorative work done abroad, in France and in Germany."

"Does that matter?" asked the Reviewer. "If a certain number of men detest originality, and pride themselves on their tame modifications of old styles, I think we ought to be glad when they court ridicule by writing to the newspapers."

"Not in the case under discussion," said the Critic. "At a time when British artists are received well in all countries, it is very regrettable that a lack of fair play should be shown by Englishmen to Continental painters and craftsmen. Not very long ago, when England was powerfully influenced by French art, many Frenchmen believed that nothing good in painting or design could be done by Englishmen; and now that this error has passed away, a section of the English public becomes hostile to French artists. The see-saw of progress dips here on our side. Let us cry out for toleration, the friend of reason and courtesy."

"I agree all the more readily," said the Art Historian, "because the examples of French work at South Kensington are well worth studying. They have faults, no doubt, some pieces of furniture being weak in constructive design, others unfortunate in their ornamental details; but the actual workmanship is good and thorough, and even the imperfections are historic, for they may be found in much of the furniture belonging to the best periods."

"As an example," cried the Reviewer, "take the 'Ribband' chairs of Chippendale. Will any purist in design contend that wood ought to be used as though it were tape or ribbon, a thing to be interlaced or twisted into knots or bows? Could anything be more unstructural?"

"Then there is Sheraton," said the Critic, "who in his later books, published in 1807, speaks with pride of 'a chair composed of a griffin's head, neck, and wings, united by a transverse tie of wood, over which is laid a drapery.' He talks also of lions, dromedaries, camels; and we have chairs 'whose front is composed of a dog's head and leg, with shaggy mane joined by a reeded rail.' These absurdities turn chair-making into a grotesque study of zoology."

"Yes," said the Reviewer, "the very worst vagaries of the modern tendencies of design are sometimes eclipsed by Sheraton, by Chippendale, and by other great old master-craftsmen. Yet the French work at South Kensington, though very good in some respects, seems a terrible danger to those brave writers in *The Times*! The harm it may produce on English art fills them with anxiety! They are prophets of gloom, and they warn South Kensington that the modern style 'represents only a trick of design, which, developed from debased forms, has prejudicially affected the designs of furniture and buildings in neighbouring countries.' Shades of Sheraton and the dromedaries, what say you to that?"

"Perhaps, after all, it is a thing to be laughed at," said the Art Historian. "The modern movement in decoration is quite strong enough to resist the enemies made by its individuality."

"For all that," replied the Critic, "the letter appeals to me as a serious mistake, as a breach of international courtesy. Besides, the aim of a great public Museum is to show us the history of art, art in all its phases, so I hope that the authorities of South Kensington will soon add to their French experiments some other examples of modern craftsmanship, not forgetting the British."



“THE TEMPTATION OF ST. ANTHONY”

FROM THE PAINTING BY

DOMENICO MORELLI.



Domenico Morelli

THE ART OF DOMENICO MORELLI. BY ISABELLA M. ANDERTON.

ITALY is gradually losing her warrior-artists—the men who fought to free their country from the stranger, who painted patriotic pictures that came near sending them to prison, who craved for artistic as well as political liberty, and struggled free of the trammels of the pseudoclassicism with which the *Accadémie* of the earlier part of the century bound their students. Filippo Palizzi has passed away, and his lovingly studied scenes of country and animal life remain to mark his protest against conventionality; Telemaco Signorini, the restless, versatile painter of Old Florence, with its Ghetto and its Mercato Vecchio; Stefano Ussi, whose *Expulsion of the Duke of Athens* aroused the enthusiasm of patriots bent on the expulsion of the Austrian, and whose oriental sketches put the seal to the independent temper of the man; and now, full of honours and glory, the aged Neapolitan Senator Domenico Morelli.

Domenico Morelli was born to poor and obscure parents in 1826, and reached the age at which youthful enthusiasms are strongest at the very time when a fervent struggle after a new ideal in politics and in art was breaking down social barriers and bringing the most capable men of all classes to the front. And young Morelli, to an enthusiasm whose impetus alone would have carried him well to the fore, added a power of poetical conception, a nicety of observation of artistic methods, a tenacity of purpose in the adoption and development of such methods as most appealed to him, which have ensured and justified his position as one of the greatest of recent Italian artists, and inspirer of the modern school at Naples.

"Our new school," writes Morelli in his commemoration of Filippo Palizzi, "sprang from the mind, more reflective than imaginative, of a man (Palizzi) seated in the open air, his colour-box and palette on his knees, and a sheep or a cow before him, diligently analysing effects of light and colour, seeking to imitate the surface exactly as he saw it on the model. These canvases he showed, in his



"COUNT LARA AND HIS PAGE"

Domenico Morelli

studio, to a second painter (Morelli himself) more imaginative than reflective, and from the fusion of the two issued the beginning of a school which, little by little, attracted the men of greatest promise, and was recognised first by us Neapolitans, and, after the Exhibition at Florence, by artists from other parts of Italy. Thus was begun a reform which combated the academic conventionalism so antagonistic to the scrupulous search after absolute truth."

Morelli speaks of himself as "more imaginative than reflective." He looked upon Palizzi's researches, his studies of animals and trees, not as an end in themselves, but as a means to an end—as materials from which to compose the organic work of art, warm with the imaginative life of the conceiver. "We fought the Academy," he says, "because we wished to fight mediocrity in art; and it is a mistake to think that every painting executed with taste, and with truth of light and colour, is art, and has sprung from this reform. Middling talents think this, and fill the exhibitions with studies which few understand and in which

no one takes interest. The search after truth in execution has led cultured intellects to penetrate their conceptions more deeply, to present truly the idea they have imagined or the situation of a historical fact or legend."

The first important work in which the young painter embodied his artistic tenets and his patriotic aspirations was the well-known *Iconoclasts*. Fra Lazaro, the unfortunate artist, stood in the painter's mind for one of the patriots; the brute who tramples on the picture, for an Austrian emissary. The King seems to have divined the secret, for he remarked that there was "a thought in that picture." But his attention was called off elsewhere, his words were not understood by those about him, and Morelli escaped the danger. Although a historical picture, the *Iconoclasts*, like Ussi's *Expulsion of the Duke of Athens*, differs from the Academic work of that time in that the figures are studied from the living model, and a vigorous effort has been made to render the movement free, natural and expressive of the passions to be presented.



"CHRIST MOCKED"

BY DOMENICO MORELLI

PORTRAIT OF DOMENICO MORELLI
AND HIS GRANDCHILD

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

(From a photograph by Alinari, Florence)





Domenico Morelli

Other pictures illustrative of this period of Morelli's art and inspiration are *Count Lara and his Page*, *Tasso Reading his Poem to the Three Eleonoras*, the *Vespri Siciliani*, the *Bath at Pompeii*. They are pictures which show the careful union of the realistic and academic method; and, however admirable, strike one, especially in view of the painter's later art, as cold and lacking in spontaneity. Morelli was by this time Professor in the Academy of Naples and very much under the influence of Palizzi, who had been named Director; he was working, more reflectively than imaginatively, to close the breach between the Realists and the Academy.

But new wine will not be confined in old bottles. The fire that burned behind the glowing black eyes that look so straight from the artist's likeness of himself, painted for his brother-in-law and fellow-patriot, Senator Villari, leapt the bounds of the rigid containing outline which to Palizzi was a *sine qua non* of art, and itself fashioned the figments of the poet's imagination in glowing colours and luminous shadows. There is something truly magnificent in the way in which Morelli flings his very soul on to the canvas when he is inspired by subjects from the life of Christ or, as in the *Temptation of St. Anthony*, by the fanaticism of early Christianity. The broad silences of the desert or of the sea live with their own life, and yet are dominated by the power that emanates from the single figure of the Christ or by the tragic interest that breathes from the small group, or groups, contained in the immensity.

And in this Morelli differs substantially from his friend Ussi, for whom deserts and inhabitants formed almost an organic whole. A comparison of Ussi's *Arab Encampment* with Morelli's *Christ Tempted in the Wilderness*, or of the two pictures entitled *Prayer in the Desert*, the same subject so differently conceived and executed by the two men, at once reveals, in most interesting fashion, the fundamental distinction between their characteristics as artists.



"ARAB IMPROVISER"

BY DOMENICO MORELLI

“THE MARIES GOING UP TO CALVARY”
FROM THE PAINTING BY
DOMENICO MORELLI





“JAIRUS’ DAUGHTER”
FROM THE PAINTING BY
DOMENICO MORELLI



"THE SICILIAN VESPERS"

BY DOMENICO MORELLI

An inspection of the *Christ Walking the Waves*, *Christ Tempted in the Wilderness*, *Christ Calling the Disciples*, and *The Maries Going Up to Calvary*, gives a good idea of the Master's inspiration. To this group of pictures, full of religious pathos or passion, belong the *Jairus' Daughter* (a comparatively early work), the *Christ Mocked*, with its bold chiaro-oscuro and the stroke falling from outside the picture; and the terrible *Temptation of S. Anthony*. Of this last subject Morelli has given us two versions. In one, the Saint is in his cell and stands rigidly looking down at the couch from which he has sprung in horror. In the second, that reproduced in this article,

the Saint is alone among the rocks and trees. He has crouched at the foot of a precipice in a perfect frenzy of terror, his crissed fingers (rather suggested by the play of light and shade than distinctly drawn) clutch at his cloak and hold it tightly round him, his eyes are fixed, savagely fixed on the Heaven whence alone he expects aid in liberating himself from his obsessions. His obsessions are certainly very beautiful, and, as befits the theme, they are rather indicated than painted with apparent care. Morelli seems to have dipped his brush in light to paint the vision which has finally driven the saint from his mat; and the mocking faces which peer through the trunks in the distance (in the photograph they close right in on the spectator) are tantalisingly elusive.

Far removed from the fierceness of St. Anthony is the harmonious suavity of the *Madonna of the Golden Stair*. The original was painted for Prof. Villari on his marriage with Donna Linda, the English authoress who has translated his

works, and who was already at one with him in her enthusiastic furthering of the cause of Italian liberty. It now hangs in Madame Villari's drawing-room, between Morelli's portrait of the Professor and that of himself, near a sketch for a seated Madonna, admirable for the breadth and sureness of its colour-massing, and three delicate pen-and-ink sketches of Arabs, one of which evidently suggested the picture (*Arab Improviser*) here reproduced. The Madonna is superb in conception and execution. The stairway which she is descending (light gold-coloured, with barely a touch of pink in a couple of scattered roses at her feet) leads the eye without interruption

Professor J. M. Olbrich

to the horizon, and absolutely enters the heavens whence the high-held, wide-armed Babe has come. The sky, which alone with the upper stairs forms the background to the Madonna and the Child she holds up, is of an intense, jewel-like blue; yet it is dusky, too, and, trailing over the upper two or three steps, it half hides them with a transparent, neutral-tinted veil. Thus their continuance is suggested and the symbol brought home to the spectator. The Madonna's robe and mantle are faceted by the brush-strokes, like gems; they have the spontaneity of a sketch, and yet are highly finished. The drooping head with its drooping eyelids is of a dusky pallor, as though full of an awful, inexpressible emotion. And everything—stairs, sky, the Madonna herself—culminates in the wide-armed Child, whose brightly golden hair, dominating the whole colour-scheme, is as if a flake of fire had fallen from Heaven to crown Him. The frame of the picture is of Morelli's own

designing, and the whole forms a work of art which appeals to all one's faculties.

The last work connected with Morelli's name is the fresco painting for the tomb of Giacomo Leopardi in the church of S. Vitale, in Naples. The cartoons are from the Master's hand, but the actual painting has been done by his son-in-law, Prof. Paolo Vetri. They were finished just a few days before the death of their conceiver.

It is doubtless in his religious paintings, alive with a passion which renders possible audacities of conception that would have damned a smaller man, that Domenico Morelli will go down to posterity. The influence of Palizzi and the resolute schooling to which he subjected himself in his earlier days gave him a solid basis from which to work, and, modifying and restraining the impetus of his imagination, kept in the region of the pictorial an art which might, if left unguided, have become too purely literary or symbolic.

Morelli's art, truly individual as it is, is the legitimate issue of the period of *Sturm und Drang* in which his youth and his prime were passed.

ISABELLA M. ANDERTON.



DOOR

DESIGNED BY J. M. OLBRICH
From "Olbrich Architektur" (Berlin: Ernst Wasmuth).

THE WORK OF PROF. J. M. OLBRICH AT THE DARMSTADT ARTISTS' COLONY. BY W. FRED.

EXCEPT for the house of Prof. Peter Behrens, completely designed, erected, and arranged by that artist, with which we dealt in our last issue, the architecture of the whole exhibition originated with Prof. J. M. Olbrich. In addition, he has completely arranged seven dwelling-houses, a theatre, a "representation house," and many exhibition buildings—three entirely—and has designed numberless models of furniture and fittings of the most various kinds.

The plenitude of his ideas and fancies is the most remarkable fact that strikes one on first viewing the works of Olbrich in the exhibition. We soon observe that the ability of the man lies in

Professor J. M. Olbrich

the art of transforming an artistic idea into details, of utilising it to its last shred. Herein, however, lies the chief fault in his manner, for, like almost all artists, he has the defects of his qualities.

Very often Olbrich's houses, more especially his interiors, suffer from a superabundance of ideas and details. Thus it will happen that they sometimes lack repose, and lose the uniformity which should never be absent from a constructive design. But it must be admitted that Olbrich has shown considerable improvement in this respect. Any one knowing his work of former years must be aware how he has devoted himself latterly rather to the simple and the constructive than to the decorative.

Passing through the gate of the Colony, and proceeding down the street past Behrens' house, we arrive at an open space, with a slight downward gradient. On the top, in the centre of the site presented to the Colony, stands the Ernst Ludwig House—so called after the Grand Duke, the creator and protector of the Settlement—and beside it the artists' common working and "representation" building. The House extends lengthwise, and, dominating the other buildings, forms the middle portion, the intellectual centre of the whole. The Ernst Ludwig House has two storeys, of which, however, only the upper one—looked at from below—is fully seen in the façade, as, owing to the fact that the house has been built on a gradient, it has been found possible to extend the ground floor at the back as a full, high storey. The house has a flat roof. The façade receives its character from the portal, which, placed in the centre, is reached by an open flight of steps. It is broadly constructed and flanked by two heroic figures of a man and a woman, by Ludwig Habich, the sculptor of the Colony. Some gold ornamentation employed for

the decoration of the doorway contrasts well with the white of the plaster applied to this as to all of Olbrich's houses. The interior of the house has, in the upper storey, a central hall, intended for small exhibitions, and to the right and left the studios of the several colonists—two rooms for each member, placed one behind the other, and separated towards the façade by a corridor. By this arrangement good light is provided from above as well as from the sides, and the artist is able to vary his distances, as he has the whole depth of the building at his disposal.

The lower storey contains living rooms for the bachelors, commercial rooms, as well as the general fencing, gymnastic and recreation rooms for the artists.

Right and left of the Ernst Ludwig House the colony spreads out with the dwelling-houses of Glückert, Christiansen, Keller, Habich, and Deiters,



HOUSE

DESIGNED BY J. M. OLBRICH
From "Olbrich Architektur" (Berlin: Ernst Wasmuth).

HOUSE AT DARMSTADT

DESIGNED BY

PROFESSOR JOSEPH OLBRICH

(*By permission of Mr. Ernst Wasmuth*)





Professor J. M. Olbrich

all built by Olbrich, and all white and well-lighted. Some roofs are sloping, others flat and verandah-like, in the style of southern Italy. Opposite to the Ernst Ludwig House is an exhibition building for paintings, and to the right the theatre. Behind the Ernst Ludwig House there is a large refreshment building, and distributed about the grounds are various small pavilions for flowers, catalogues, &c. All this is the work of Olbrich, whose dwelling-houses are light, cheerful and graceful, and harmonise admirably with the mountainous landscape scenery around. But they are houses which would not be very desirable in winter; storms and snow would deprive them of all their charm. The custom of building in brick and covering the façade with white plaster, no doubt excellent for country houses, has, as may be seen, its disadvantages. Moreover, in a house one likes the impression of solidity, of durability.

Plain brick or stone buildings are often very effective. There is hardly ever any outward ornamentation on Olbrich's houses. This gives

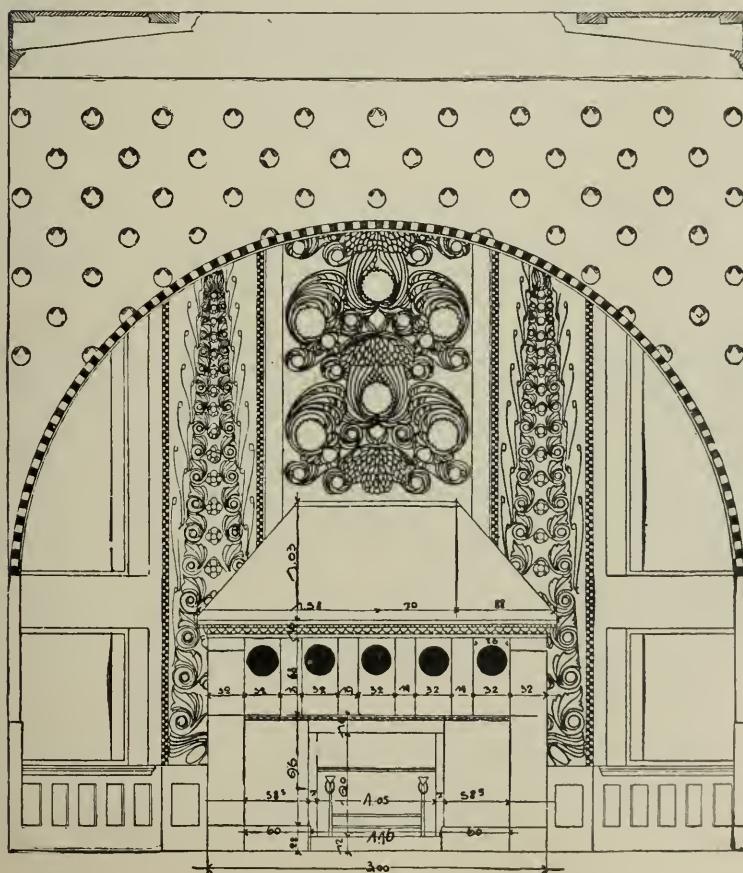
them the charm of simplicity and uniformity, and renders them greatly attractive.

Olbrich has used frontal ornament only for his own house, this consisting of glazed tiles in the façade up to the first storey. Probably this is his special fancy; at least, I know of no constructive authority for this decoration.

New architecture, such as that of Olbrich, demands close consideration. In many ways it is open to criticism, but we should not forget how much of positive excellence, how much that is capable of development, is to be found in each of those houses. How finely, for instance, has the chimney stack, which usually protrudes stiff and immovable, been joined to the face of each house, and never twice in the same manner! How much, too, has been effected by changes in the level, and how much has been done in the interior for comfort! Olbrich's aim is all in this direction. He desires that men artistically disposed should feel comfortable in rooms which correspond to their individuality, and that others should become more

cultivated by living in artistic interiors. Education by means of art-handicraft, not by dilettantism, but by the daily use of artistic household furniture and utensils, is the special desire of those who, in Germany and Austria, are fighting for the new art.

The greatest scope for the free exercise of his plans was, of course, afforded to Olbrich in his own house. Here every room has its own special note. Here every detail is harmonious, every trifle ingenious and suggestive. The endeavour to stamp perceptibly upon the exterior of each object a plain relation to its purpose is one of Olbrich's chief characteristics. There is something of the poet in him in his effort to produce harmony. In this way he often (by his colour schemes, for instance) obtains excellent effects, but,



FIREPLACE

From "Olbrich Architektur" (Berlin: Ernst Wasmuth).

Professor J. M. Olbrich

of course, he is sometimes betrayed into impossible forms.

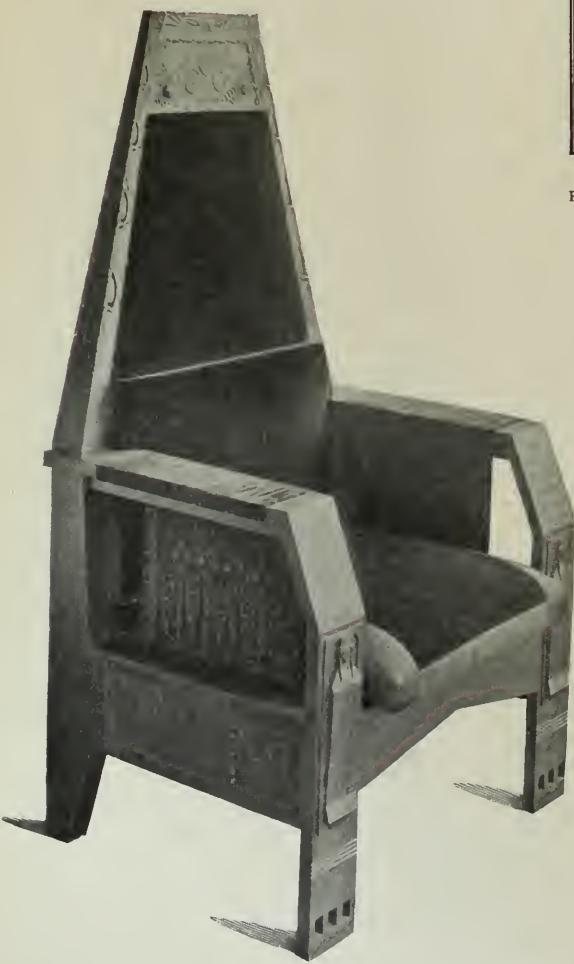
A small flight of steps leads up to Olbrich's house. We find ourselves on the piazzetta, which, in accordance with Italian custom, is half room, half open space. To the right a door leads into the dining-room, and on the left into the hall, the living room of the house. The dining-room is bright throughout, the walls white, with delicate golden ornaments—well-modelled blossoms crowded together in pyramidal form. The furniture is of cherry wood, highly polished, and of plain design. The sideboard, the principal piece in the room, is adorned with intarsia work and small plaquettes boldly modelled in tinned iron. The light—candles throughout—comes from the walls. The



ROOM

DESIGNED BY J. M. OLBRICH

From "Olbrich Architektur" (Berlin: Ernst Wasmuth).



ARMCHAIR

BY J. M. OLBRICH

room gains its principal character from a marble fountain, whence issues a continuous stream of water.

The great hall to the left of the entrance serves for the social intercourse of the household. The room is intended also to produce effect by its height, extending as it does through two storeys. It is but sparsely furnished. The stove in the centre—bronze-green oak forming the border for a powerful structure in stone, ornamented with cornelian—is the most attractive feature, and is altogether highly effective. Another bright feature of the hall is a richly-worked curtain, concealing the entrance to the adjoining studio, the walls of which, covered in grey *moiré*, impart a quiet tone to the room, the large window throwing a full light upon the rich colouring which enlivens the interior. The other colours used are very simple—a green tone for walls and ceiling and a warm lilac for the carpet, the purely geometrical decoration of which is interesting. One observes that Olbrich now frequently employs the simplest linear decorations for wall hangings and tapestries—sym-

Professor J. M. Olbrich

metrically disposed triangles or squares, which have an exceedingly quiet effect. The hall is further brightened by copper receptacles containing flowers, as well as by the lighting from the ceiling, which allows the warm and mellow light to pass through opaque globes. A peculiarity in this room, which I consider excellent, is the placing of the piano. Olbrich is a live artist, and this characteristic appears to be indispensable in the modern architect of interiors, who has not only to satisfy common requirements, but to meet the secret, unexpressed, and delicate desires of highly sensitive men and women. He has very often observed how the pleasure of persons listening to the piano is lessened by looking at the player. He has consequently placed his piano on the level of the first floor, on a projection over the boarding of the entrance door. If we are seated below in the hall, we hear the pure and beautiful sounds come floating down from above, but do not see anything of the technical side of the playing.

On the first floor—it seems as if the small and narrow stairs cannot as yet be avoided, but to me they appear great defects in these houses—are the living-room and Olbrich's bedroom, as well as a visitor's room. The colouring of the room, blue and white, is,



ROOM

DESIGNED BY J. M. OLBRICH

From "Olbrich Architektur" (Berlin: Ernst Wasmuth)

no doubt, very good. But the form of the furniture, like the ornamentation, is somewhat too stiff, too straight, too linear. A clever expedient is the distribution of the blue ornamentation on walls, doors, &c., in such a manner that it covers those parts which in their frequent use are exposed to touches by the hand, under which white, of course, would have suffered.

The chief colour in the bedroom, which adjoins, consists in the yellow tone of the Sorrentine silk of the bed hangings.

If Olbrich's own house must be looked upon as an example of a dwelling of artistic pretensions, only suitable for a particular individuality, the other two houses (Haus Gluckert and



CASKET

DESIGNED BY J. M. OLBRICH
EXECUTED BY BOYSEN

Professor J. M. Olbrich

Haus Deiters), erected and arranged by him, furnish evidence that he is well able to provide for the artistic needs of ordinary men. Herein lies, in my opinion, a good deal of the importance of the Darmstadt Artists' Colony, which by exhibiting these houses has furnished the fullest proof that the so-called modern art handicraft is fit for ordinary men and women, that its principle and its aim are not merely extravagance and peculiarity, but the discovery of new forms, more in accordance with the life of our time, the changed conditions of life, than the bad copies and variations of historical furniture with which we have been in the habit of surrounding ourselves.

Deiters' is a small house, erected at a low cost, and is chiefly noteworthy for the way in which the ground-plan problem has been solved. By avoiding every gangway or corridor, every dead angle in the whole house, the rooms, notwithstanding the small area, have become large. Even the ante-room has been made into a living-room by brown-tinted furniture, built into the walls. The living-room, placed in the outermost left wing, receives its light through a window of three bays,

placed obliquely across two fronts, and by this arrangement has been formed into a large interior, in which green furniture, embellished by plain tarsia-work, lightly but broadly designed, produces a very good effect. The dining-room is quite bright, and furnished with natural, unstained, polished wood. Adjoining is a small smoking-room. The first floor contains bedrooms, and the basement, as in other houses, kitchen, bathroom, and laundry.

It would lead us too far to deal in detail with the rooms in Glückert's house. The direction of Olbrich's artistic peculiarity is probably fully demonstrated. A few words, however, should be added regarding the piano, because it is a model of entirely novel construction. In the first place, it does not stand upon the conventional, uncouth, screwed-on feet, which always convey the impression that they will break down the very next moment under the weight they are supporting. Here the idea is very well carried out that, in constructing a piece of furniture, due regard should not only be paid to a physical law, whether the piece will be able to stand, but also that it is necessary that a



DINING-ROOM IN PROFESSOR OLBRICH'S HOUSE

DESIGNED BY J. M. OLBRICH



(See article on *G. Dupuis*.)

“THE WAYFARER”
BY G. DUPUIS

tranquillising impression of perfect safety should be imparted to the beholder. Thus, the piano rests upon broad, benchlike supports. Another advance in its construction is the thoroughly symmetrical arrangement, which enables us to open the top in any way we please, and thus to regulate the tone of the instrument. The piano (a grand) is of maple, stained blue and decorated with tarsia-work.

The above remarks will have demonstrated Olbrich's abilities. His principal effects are drawn from colour harmonies. Some of the illustrations in the text are derived from an edition of large plates (published by E. Wasmuth, of Berlin) showing Olbrich's colony works in detail.

W. FRED.

(*To be continued.*)

A NEW FRENCH DESIGNER— M. G. DUPUIS. BY GABRIEL MOUREY.

EXACT, keen, expert at finding out the pathetic or the ironical side of things, and at seizing its essential features clearly, intensely, and fancifully ; endowed with a fine sensibility exercised daily by observation, and dominated by an ardent love of truth — such is the nature of the young artist, M. G. Dupuis, whose talent reveals itself at once fresh and full of strong endeavour. To learn at once to see for oneself, and not through the eyes of others—this, for the modern artist, is the first victory worthy of the name to be achieved. Afterwards he who can see and feel for himself will succeed in expressing, in translating plastically in a personal fashion, his impressions and his ideas. Official art education, fostered by Government, is based on an altogether different principle : it begins at the end ; it teaches its pupils to speak correctly, without blemish of any sort, according to the strictest rules of syntax and with all the refinements of the most adroit rhetoric, although in most cases the pupil has nothing to say. It turns out what may be called artistic advocates, able to treat without conviction all sorts of subjects, able to discourse brilliantly on any given theme ; it trains all temperaments, however diverse, by the same blind and rigid discipline ; in a word, its aim is to crush out character and to reduce individuality to nought. Sound the minds of the majority of the young people who, in every country where there are schools of Fine Art, attend these artistic cookery classes, and in these brains you will find, with very rare exceptions, no object more noble than a longing for success and money, nothing but a love of

official distinctions, medals, travelling scholarships, state commissions, decorations, and what not—the things whereby Governments patronise art, which is recognised as of public utility, like the Societies for the Protection of Animals, or the Leagues against the abuse of tobacco and alcohol ! Artists of this kind have functionaries' souls. They paint pictures just as a Government official draws up his reports ; that is all, for it is all they have been taught, all it was possible to teach them. What else could they learn ? To have a soul sensible of the beauties of form and colour ; to be moved to tears before the soft splendour of the effect of sunlight through the mist ; to have every pulse stirred by the quivering of a woman's body ; to feel the intense despair even the greatest artists feel at their impotence to produce more than a fixed and motionless image of all these sublime manifestations of Nature ? Could they teach them this ? Can it be taught ? In default the pupils are taken to the galleries, where the smile of *La Joconde* is explained to them, where they are invited to admire the modelling of the breast in a Titian, the chiaroscuro of *The Night-Watch*. The pure profiles of Raphael's virgins, the clear flesh tints of Rubens' women, the golden glories of Tintoret are dissected and analysed—what other lessons indeed can be read to them ? One cannot teach the melancholy of twilight, the limpid poetry of the dawn, the captivating character of a face, the delightful *imprévu* of a woman's gesture, the play of light on animated forms, the *finesse*, the infinite variations of atmosphere, according to the volume, the substance of the matter it envelops. In fact, one can teach nothing of that which, to the really sensitive artist, is most delicious and most tantalising !

He who shapes himself, on the other hand, knows at first only the laws of his own ability, is slave to none save Nature. The emotions he feels in beholding the beauties of the external world are truly his own, and he prizes them as a treasure won at great cost. His feelings are himself ; he knows it is so ; and they are his most precious possession ; they are the garment woven of silk and gold, and studded with diamonds and pearls, wherewith, *for his eyes alone*, Fate has reclothed the exterior of things ; they are the sole veil of his illusion ; the *Zaimph* which shall bring him victory. Thus at the outset he seeks, before all else, to learn : to live and to look—and that which he lives, that which he sees, he tries to fix to the best of his power, in order that he may make others feel its beauty. He hesitates, he feels his way, like one wandering at night in unknown places,



"A STUDY OF MADNESS"
BY G. DUPUIS

with trembling hands, and eyes wide open, in vain seeking to pierce the darkness. This may last for a long time, but then the day breaks ; he finds his way, walks straight towards the light ; he recognises himself—in short he understands. The artist who shapes himself—and the majority, if not all, of those who while still young succeed in giving a strong and original expression of things are self-made—has doubtless more trouble than others in acquiring a knowledge—a technical grasp—of his art ; it will take him longer to become possessed of an adequate means of expressing his vision ; but when he *does* succeed he will find himself fully prepared to become a great artist at once. And even before this period arrives, before he is in full possession of his powers, there is a certain charm in his very faults, his very failings—a savour which may well excuse many an error, for all that he does will be sincere and fresh and original ; his impressions will at least be fresh and his experiments bold.

In my opinion M. Dupuis possesses these fascinating qualities. Moreover, his executive capacity, although not yet quite so individual perhaps as he would wish, is already considerable, and one may reasonably form the highest hopes as to his future. A lucky chance, in the shape of his illustrations of Guy de Maupassant's posthumous work, "Dimanches d'un Bourgeois de Paris," brought him before the public; but his talent was as great two years before; it was only the opportunity that was lacking. As it turned out he made a remarkable start—one which strongly impressed all those who are in close touch with modern French draughtsmanship. Amid all the mediocrity, the lack of imagination and originality which mark the greater part of the work done by the regular illustrators, the purveyors of cheap vignettes which help the publishers to dispose of their goods, these drawings by M. Dupuis made a great and immediate effect. And how much greater would this have been had the drawings—instead of being engraved on wood—been faithfully reproduced direct by mechanical process, leaving all their keen and vigorous flavour! If only—as might have been done—they had been relieved by the bits of colour which the artist has so happily distributed,—additions full of charm and creating a real atmosphere around every scene! The young artist, indeed, gives proof here of possessing a very bold idea of illustration. Having obtained a thorough mastery of the text, and sounded the depths of the author's ironies—now bitter, now comical—the artist set himself to create

a strangely real set of types and personages—bourgeois, minor officials, employés and other humble figures—which enable the reader to gain a most broad and intimate perception of the people and places depicted by the novelist. The day before this book appeared M. Dupuis was unknown ; the day after he was in a way celebrated. Successful authors, publishers who, six months before, would on no account have entrusted him with a book to illustrate, so alarmed were they at his audacity and unconventional view of things, now came imploring him to work for them. Thus one may well congratulate the publishers of "Dimanches d'un Bourgeois de Paris" on having so warmly welcomed on his sheer merit, and all question of notoriety apart, an artist of such ability.

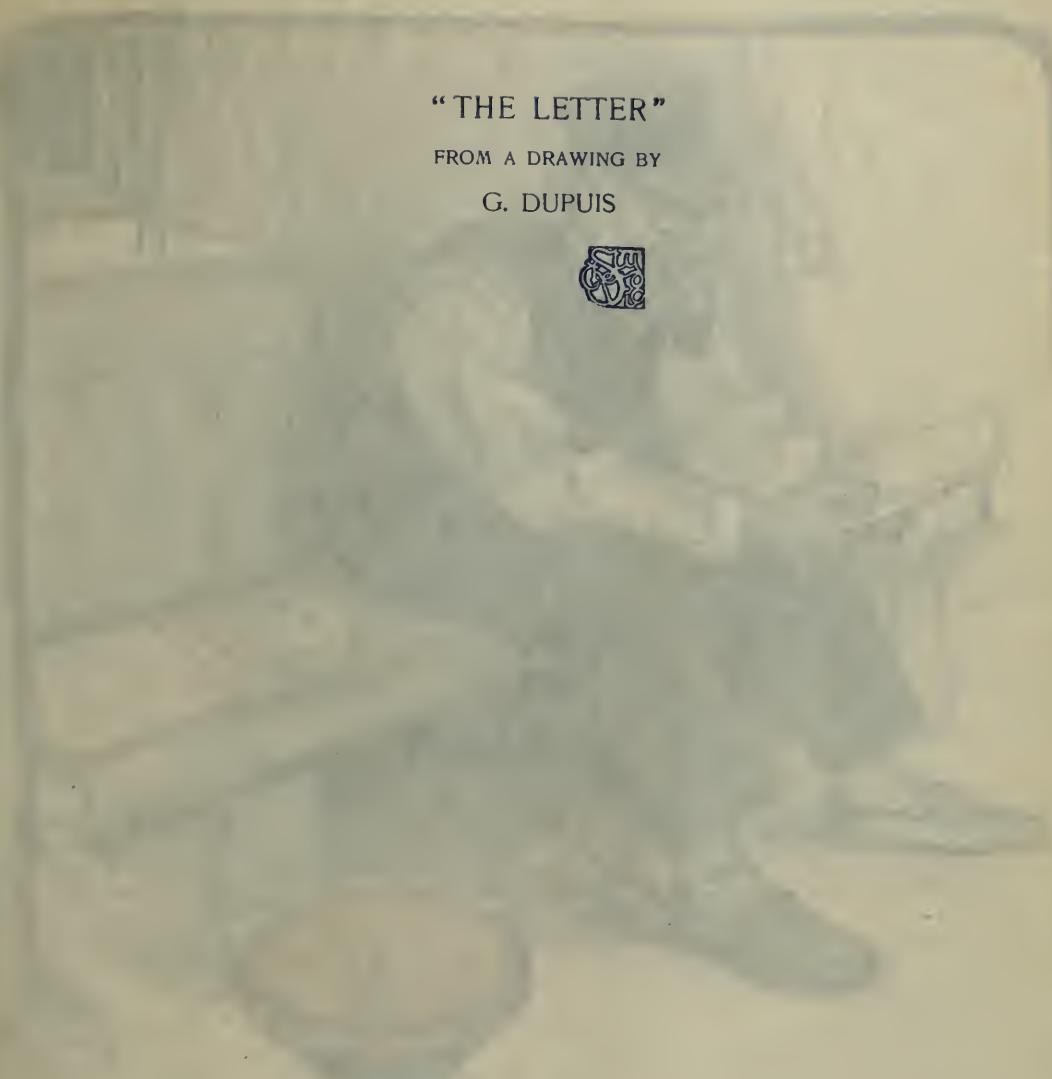
There is no one who knows M. Dupuis but rejoices at his success, for he has thoroughly deserved it. His friends know the difficulties, the material obstacles against which, almost from his birth, he has had to fight ; and he is now twenty-seven years old. While still a tiny urchin, as soon as his fingers had power enough to hold a pencil, he began to draw everything and everybody around him—his parents, his school mates, dock labourers, sailors and others. Naturally his lessons suffered, to such an extent indeed that his father soon cut them short by apprenticing him, the good man thinking that by condemning his son to hard manual labour he would kill the germ of art in the child. Happily such was not the case ; but the lad had to undergo many bitter hours. Chance came to his aid. Having the tooth-ache, young Georges went to a dentist who happened to be fond of art, and to him he confided his woes. The dentist became so much interested in the boy that he employed him to assist in the mechanical part of his business, and, instead of having to shift heavy packages, Dupuis was soon busy preparing wax for impressions, and fitting the gold in the cases, etc. His spare time was spent in perfecting his drawing.

In this way two years passed. Then one day M. Dupuis met one of his old schoolfellows on the pier at Havre, whither he had gone to make a twilight study. The friend had come from Paris to spend the holidays with his family. He wore a pair of baggy trousers, tightened over the boots, a high-collared coat, a magnificent velvet waistcoat, and, despite the heat, a wonderful Toréador's cloak ; while his head was covered by a large soft felt hat. From head to foot he was the very type of the *rapin* who flourishes in the neighbourhood of the Place Pigalle or the Boulevard Montpar-

“THE LETTER”

FROM A DRAWING BY

G. DUPUIS





OTTAWA
100 YEARS OLD & BETTER
1871-1971





“OUTDOOR RELIEF”

FROM A DRAWING BY

G. DUPUIS





1884

G. Dupuis

nassee. "Why can't I dress like you?" exclaimed the dental apprentice. "It rests with yourself alone," replied the painter. "Take me to see your father, and I guarantee I'll persuade him to let you come to Paris."

The Toreador cape and the velvet waistcoat, together with the persuasive force which naturally comes to the wearer of such a costume, overcame all opposition, and six months later Dupuis took the train for Paris, in charge of the young man with the soft felt hat. He was then just seventeen.

During his first year in Paris he attended the classes at the *École des Arts Décoratifs*, but the consciousness of the futility of his work, added to his growing love for the real life around him, soon caused him to discontinue his studies here. Meantime he had to live. For a period of four years, thanks to stray work for unknown publishers—illustrations, book-covers, and vignettes—he managed to make both ends meet; but he frankly admits that the things he did were commonplace enough. This joyless work soon produced a feeling of deep discouragement. Better to give up art and try business. Accordingly, with the 2,000 francs he had contrived to save he bought a stock of artists' materials, which he sold to his friends, thus enabling them to paint their pictures, while he was waiting for the opportunity to do his own. At Salon time he also had the opportunity of assisting his customers to finish their canvases, and this brought him in more money than he could earn by working on his own account. He passed his nights nailing canvases on to their frames, grinding colours, and cutting rolls of drawing paper; while on Sundays he would go away into the country, out into the open air to drink his fill of Nature and of light, becoming an artist once again for a few hours each week.

At last fortune smiled on him. His offer to illustrate the "*Dimanches d'un Bourgeois de Paris*" was accepted, and, as we have seen, he at once claimed attention. Since then—that is to say, during the past few months—M. Dupuis has been in a position to work as he pleases, and to be what for twenty years he had striven to be—an artist, with the right to say what he has to say in his own fashion. In the two works which he is at present engaged in illustrating—"Florise Bonheur," by M. Adolphe Brisson, and a new edition of M. Jules Claretie's "*Amours d'un Interne*"—we shall be able to see the progress made by his supple and forceful talent.

The first-named of these two books afforded the artist an opportunity to study more closely than he had hitherto done, and with a definite object in view, the popular and working-class centres of Paris; while the second brought him into contact with the unhappy creatures who drag their soulless bodies through the gardens and rooms of *La Salpêtrière*. How fully he has succeeded in realising the various dolorous types of imbecility may be judged by the drawings now reproduced, which form part of the series. The artist's technique is steadily broadening, and daily becoming more and more free from all contemporary suggestion. With delightful frankness M. Dupuis admitted to me how greatly he had been inspired by the work of Steinlen.

"I hope," he added, "to rid myself entirely of his influence. This does not mean that my admiration of this great artist, to whom I owe so much, will be in any way lessened; but I want, by dint of patient, conscientious study and careful observation, to be absolutely and entirely myself."

I then inquired who were the artists for whom he had the greatest reverence.

"Among the modern men, Daumier first of all, for he is the master of us all, the master of all those who endeavour to express the realities around them, to depict the manners of to-day. Among the ancients I most admire the 'primitives'; they have told everything in perfect form, and with unequalled expression."

Such are M. Dupuis' opinions, but he did not express them so categorically as I have done, for he is sincerely modest, one may almost say diffident. As for his contemporaries, he knows very little about them. He avoids private exhibitions and salons alike, not because he despises them, but because, being still young, he is afraid his enthusiasm might bring him under some foreign influence. Thus there is no vanity in this voluntary isolation, he is simply waiting to be more certain of himself before mixing freely in the modern art world. Far be it from me to condemn this well-considered resolution. Really powerful work is produced by the artist in solitude.

M. Dupuis has but little to show as yet, but all the work signed by his monogram—black and white and coloured drawings, and painted studies—bears the impress of a real personality, of which a great deal should be heard in the future.

GABRIEL MOUREV.

Historic English Drinking Glasses

HISTORIC ENGLISH DRINKING GLASSES. BY PERCY BATE.

MAN is a collecting animal, a distinction which he shares with the magpie, the squirrel, and the caddis worm. But while the two latter would not seem to collect for the sake of the pleasure afforded them, but rather for the benefit accruing in the way of food or protection, the magpie certainly does gather together its miscellaneous hoard from sheer delight in its possession. Indeed, collecting might have been described by Mr. Meredith, and not so unjustly, as the magpie habit—in fact, in its primitive and uncivilised forms, such as the purchase and display of diamonds, the analogy with the crudely unsophisticated taste of the bird is complete; for diamonds are bought and worn for the same reason that magpies assume unto themselves such things as bits of tin and broken mirror glass, simply because they glitter, and glitter more than any other substance. Men are getting fairly civilised by now, and diamonds are discarded by them, or by all except the vulgarian from whom barbaric tastes have not been entirely eradicated; but as to women, one doubts if civilisation will ever really take much hold on the race as a whole, for the meretricious glitter of paste or diamonds (the same thing to the cultured eye) has still an attraction

for them far beyond that of the highest art. Offer to nine women out of ten a diamond bracelet, or an intaglio by Pyrgoteles himself—there is no doubt at all which they will choose.

But the acquisition of diamonds and similar gew-gaws having been discarded by man, the taste being recognised as a magpie taint, a relic of savagery, the collecting impulse still remains, and must be gratified; whether the gratification take the form of the hoarding of bank-notes or postage-stamps, fossils or autographs. Of course those who are impelled to collect because they possess an artistic taste, and seek to acquire only that which has æsthetic grace or beauty, claim that they display the habit in its highest manifestation; doubtless a disputable proposition, but one with which I am not concerned at present, except in so far as to explain that one of the attractions that the English glasses of the eighteenth century possessed for me was the frequent simplicity and beauty of form to be found among them. The other reasons that prompted me gradually to accumulate these glasses were two, the first being that they are not so expensive as to be without the reach of the possessor of a slender purse; while the second was the fact that at the time I started my collection there was nothing in print to act as a guide. One picked up one's knowledge *en passant*, and found the history and sequence of



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JACOBITE GLASSES

Historic English Drinking Glasses



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HISTORIC GLASSES

the specimens gradually unfolding itself as the collection increased. Since then, of course, the magnificent monograph of Mr. Albert Hartshorne has appeared, and all that is yet known of Old English glasses is therein recorded.

Gradually I found that besides the archaeological and artistic interest attaching to our old drinking glasses as a whole, an occasional specimen cropped up that possessed a distinct and individual interest of its own, some historic or personal association that took it out of the region of the general into that of the special; and it is a selection of these historic glasses that forms the basis of this article.

An interest at once romantic and pathetic belongs to a lost cause, to any cause for which gallant gentlemen have given land and life in vain; and there is a certain gentle melancholy, as of "old, unhappy, far-off times, and battles long ago," which attaches itself to that most touching of lost causes, the Jacobite. The fragile glasses in which "the King over the water" was toasted have outlasted by a century the cause itself; they remain as frail monuments of the devotion of the followers, and the mingled charm and incapacity of the leaders. These were the glasses that belonged to the various Jacobite clubs and societies that existed up and down the country; and though some remain which are of the date of the "45," the majority are later, and simply bear witness to the length of time the Jacobite sentiment lasted. Of the more elaborate ones, with portraits of the Pretenders or lengthy inscriptions engraved on the bowls, I cannot speak here, for it has not been my good fortune to find any examples in the market, excepting always forgeries. Those illustrated bear various

national badges—rose, thistle, or oak-leaf (Nos. 2, 4, and 8)—associated with the Jacobite emblem of the radiant sun and the mottoes "Fiat" (Nos. 1 and 5) or "Redeat" (No. 3). Jacobite glasses are, of course, rare, but not by any means so very rare as to render the search for them hopeless; indeed, from the number of these relics that remain to-day (a comparatively large number, considering the fragility of the material) we may judge that Jacobite sympathies were very widespread indeed during the latter half of the eighteenth century. Whether these sympathies were merely sentimental, or whether they were based on a real political conviction, we can scarcely decide; but if the feeling was a living and active one, it is easy to see that

the House of Hanover had at that time but little real hold on the nation, and that had either of the Pretenders been strong men, leading a united party, their hopes might have had an ample fruition. It almost seems that there was a singular readiness on the part of the men who should have been the soul of the movement to utter, on slight provocation, the lament—



9

THE KING'S CHAMPION GLASS

Historic English Drinking Glasses

"Now all is done that man can do,
And all is done in vain."

Of course, if the Jacobites pledged their rightful King in the old toast—

"God bless the Pretender, and God bless the King!
But which is the Pretender and which is the King?
God bless *me!* that's quite another thing!"

and drank also to the little gentleman in the velvet jacket (the mole that made the hill against which the horse of William III. stumbled, throwing the King, and causing his death), their political opponents were not backward; and we find glasses inscribed "The Immortal Memory," which were used by men of Orange proclivities to drink to the memory of William III. of England as the bulwark of national liberties. The little glass (No. 6) bearing the Union Jack surrounded by the Garter would almost seem to have pertained to some association pledged to support the union of England and Scotland, in opposition to the Jacobites. The duplicate of this glass in the British Museum is labelled as having been used at a coronation, but though it is heresy of the deepest dye to venture to suggest that the authorities of that national institution may be in error, I fear that this is the case. The glass is of about A.D. 1785, and there is no royal symbol to denote any association with a coronation; nor does it relate to the union with Ireland at the beginning of the nineteenth century, for there is no cross of St. Patrick in the Jack, and no

shamrock, though both rose and thistle are on the bowl.

A glass which really is associated with a coronation is illustrated as No. 9. This bears the figure of the King's Champion, the holder of the Manor of Scrivelsby in Lincolnshire, as he rides in full armour into Westminster Hall during the coronation banquet, to throw down the gage of battle on behalf of the newly-crowned sovereign. His perquisite is a golden goblet of wine, and this he is figured as holding in his hand; and as the date, July 19th, 1821, is also inscribed on the bowl, there can be no doubt as to the correctness of this attribution. Other glasses with royal associations bear such mottoes as "A Health to King George," while there is a very curious glass in existence which may be associated with this group as a monument of disloyalty. It is a tumbler, on one side of which is the word "Tinker" and on the other the word "King," and concealed in the ornaments below the latter are a number of holes, so that if the person drinking chose the tinker as his toast the liquor arrived at its proper destination, but if in loyal custom he toasted the King, the ale would pour through the holes, not only failing to reach his lips, but drenching him into the bargain.

No. 12 is a glass with a very beautifully engraved figure of Britannia, a purely patriotic emblem, and I associate with this a decanter of about the same date, A.D. 1790, which bears the



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HISTORIC GLASSES

Historic English Drinking Glasses



15
GLASS WITH PORTRAIT
OF ADMIRAL KEPPEL

words "The land we live in," a sentiment to which few Britons would ever take exception. Another glass which betrays a political feeling is the old cider glass, No. 13 (it must have been strong cider in those days, judging from the small size of the glass), with the motto "No Excise." Although these specimens are rare, the feeling of which they were the expression, that customs and excise duties, and all thereunto pertaining, were utterly *anathema*, was never very uncommon; indeed, one can scarcely say, remembering the "Queen's Pipe," that it is extinct to-day!

There is a glass in the British Museum which is partly political, as it very likely commemorates an election, being inscribed "Sir I. Pole for Ever, 1754," but this one falls better into the group which is devoted to hero-worship. A later one, No. 16, inscribed "Wellington for Ever," with the cavalry sabre (the dove and olive branch on the other side perhaps allude to the Peace of Paris), speaks for itself, as does No. 15, with the portrait of Admiral Keppel. The gallant admiral was not a handsome man, as we know from Reynolds' portraits of him, but the poor glass engraver has made him a monstrosity. Such a glass as this can be dated almost exactly, for it is a relic of the wave of hero-worship, of which Admiral Keppel was the idol, that passed over the country after his trial and acquittal in 1779. He was made a viscount in 1782, and the glass must obviously have been made between these two dates; and this fact enables us to place in their proper chronological

sequence other tumblers which bear the peculiar cross-hatched and scalloped ornament which decorates the lip of this specimen. The names of other naval men are recorded on an ale glass known to the writer—"Duncan, St. Vincent, Howe, Nelson," runs the inscription; but this particular piece is of later date than the heroes commemorated, and would appear to have been used for the daily silent toast of some patriot to the memory of the great leaders, dead and gone, whose names adorn it.

Still another class of naval healths are those in which the ship was toasted and not the sailor. Some of the glasses on which these inscriptions were placed were loving cups, used probably at the launching of the vessel, such as one inscribed "God Bless the Ralf and Robert!"; but others were ordinary ale or wine glasses. I have one of the former inscribed "Success to the Renown," while another (No. 18) is engraved "Success to the Eagle Frigate, John Knill, Commander." This does not appear to have been a King's ship, and is a little puzzling until the inscription on No. 17 is read, "Success to the Lyon Privateer," and then the circumstances become clear. Privateering was a highly risky but very profitable speculation, and both these vessels were probably equipped by Bristol merchants and sailed under letters of marque, and, since nothing can be done by Englishmen without a dinner, it is not unlikely that the venturers would meet to dine on



16
WELLINGTON GLASS

Historic English Drinking Glasses



17

18
SHIP GLASSES

19

the occasion of the vessel's sailing, each perhaps taking a glass home as a souvenir. No. 19 has been placed with these privateer glasses because it bears the familiar ship and castle of the Bristol arms, though unheraldically depicted.

Another group of inscribed glasses consists of those which belong to club and social life, and first and foremost among these come the Masonic glasses. It is not any breach of Masonic secrecy to state that such specimens as No. 7 are "firing" glasses, constructed with specially massive bases so as to stand being struck on the table after being emptied to a toast. They frequently occur with the familiar square and compasses, and less often, perhaps, with the symbols of the Royal Arch degree. The example figured, however, has a further and personal interest, inasmuch as it is known to have been possessed by one Mr. John Boulderson, a member of a very old Falmouth family. Sometimes specimens of similar associations occur engraved with agricultural emblems, and such a motto as "God speed the plough," the pious aspiration of the farmers ordinary in the market town of a hundred years ago; and I possess a curious example (possibly a club glass) adorned with a figure of a cat seated in a chair, and playing the bagpipes—of all instruments!—from a music-book spread before it. The association between this quaint figure and the motto, "Honour and friendship," is now not quite obvious; doubtless to the initiated long ago the meaning was perfectly plain. The only other example in this class in my collection is the noble specimen figured as No. 20, which dates from about A.D. 1760. The arms and

motto, "By faith I obtain," are those of the Turners' Company of London; possibly the glass was a present to a retiring Master from his admiring fellows; but, of course, this is only a conjecture.

One more group consists of those glasses which simply carry the name or coat of arms of the owner. No. 11 bears the name and arms of Beckford (not the "Caliph" Beckford of "Vathek" fame, however); and Nos. 21 and 23, dating possibly from 1740, with the violin and the name of "P. Tate," tell their own tale of the jolly fiddler of long ago (otherwise utterly unknown to fame, and untraceable), whose name and tastes are thus immortalised, though only as long as these frail



20

GLASS OF THE TURNERS' COMPANY

Historic English Drinking Glasses



21

22

23

GLASSES WITH PERSONAL INSCRIPTIONS

objects escape destruction. The sweet little specimen figured as No. 22 was made for a grandfather of a friend of the writer, and bears his cypher, associated with the figure of Mercury, and various emblems, together with the motto, "As we travel through life may we live well on the road," a silent toast that few will quarrel with.

I have left to the last the three choicest pieces in my cabinet, for they form a fitting pendant to the example last described. Nos. 24, 25, and 26 are very early specimens, and may possibly belong *circa 1730*.

They are of singularly fine metal, and the engraving is excellent. Each has a motto associated with the emblem in the panel; to the representation of bees hovering over flowers is appended the line, "Hence we gather our sweets"; "I elevate what I consume"

relates to a heart tried by fire; while the palm tree growing on a rugged rock seems to say, "I rise by difficulties." Each is what old Quarles called a moral emblem, the sentiment of all is unimpeachable; but the man for whom these glasses were made had the brain of a subtle humorist under his periwig, for the mottoes not only refer to the pictured symbols, but also bear a less obvious relation to the glass, the wine, and the drinker. The first may be taken as the wine-lover's allusion to the sweets to be imbibed from the glass; the second to the action of raising the glass in a toast; the third might surely be understood, without undue straining, as referring to the condition of the drinker after numerous libations, and be read, "I rise with difficulty!"

One word in conclusion. This article cannot be taken as in any way exhaustive of the interest and charm of the historic drinking glasses of the eighteenth century, or as in any sense a complete *résumé* of the subject. It simply illustrates some of the specimens which have been acquired at various times by the author, with a view to acting as a pointer to would-be collectors, showing what they may expect if they embark on the gathering of a very fascinating group of historic relics. But



24

25
GLASSES WITH MOTTOES

26

Paul Kersten's Leather Work

let the intending collector beware of forgeries. The miscreant who imitates old objects of art, and palms his productions off upon a gullible public as genuine, is just commencing to devote his unpleasant attention to old historic glasses, and there are many things to learn before a definite judgment can be pronounced on any individual piece. The style of engraving on inscribed glass must correspond with the date of the example ; the metal, too, must follow certain rules ; and these are things that can be learnt only through the eye, and through careful comparison of authentic specimens. Uninscribed glasses are as yet, however, scarcely worth forging (though I have noticed a few specimens) ; let the student begin with them and learn the sequence of the forms and styles ; later he can venture on the acquisition of historic specimens, armed with a little coherent knowledge with which to checkmate fraud.

PERCY BATE.

PAUL KERSTEN'S DECORATIVE LEATHER WORK. BY OCTAVE UZANNE.

THE decorative arts have assumed considerable importance of late years in Germany, and during the recent Paris International Exhibition it came

somewhat as a surprise to find, in the German sections of goldsmith's work, pottery, furniture, etc., evidence of real progress in industrial art on the part of those who hitherto had certainly not been distinguished for good taste and decorative harmony.



BOOKBINDING

BY P. KERSTEN



BOOKBINDING

BY P. KERSTEN

Germany now takes a foremost place among the nations who are striving to create new forms of decorative art designed to embellish life by means of the ornamentation of the dwelling-house and its furniture. The advance made in respect of pewter-work, jewellery, faience, and porcelain was well known and generally recognised, but the Germans were held to be behind England, France, Belgium, and certain Scandinavian centres in the matter of artistic binding. All we knew was that interesting and curious experiments had been made by Voigt and Collin, of Berlin, by Graf at Altenbourg, and by Scholl at Durlach ; but in none of these instances was there evidence of actual novelty, of ornamental initiative likely to be crowned by success. There seemed in all this work to be too much heaviness, too much of the past, too great a confusion of styles, too little spontaneity and invention. These productions were rich, but laboured, and overcharged with ornament, and despite their admirable

Paul Kersten's Leather Work

workmanship, which was absolutely perfect from the technical point of view, the touch of real art was invariably lacking, and they remained bastard art at best, bereft as they were of the penetrating beauty, the original and captivating grace inseparable from work inspired by genius from within.

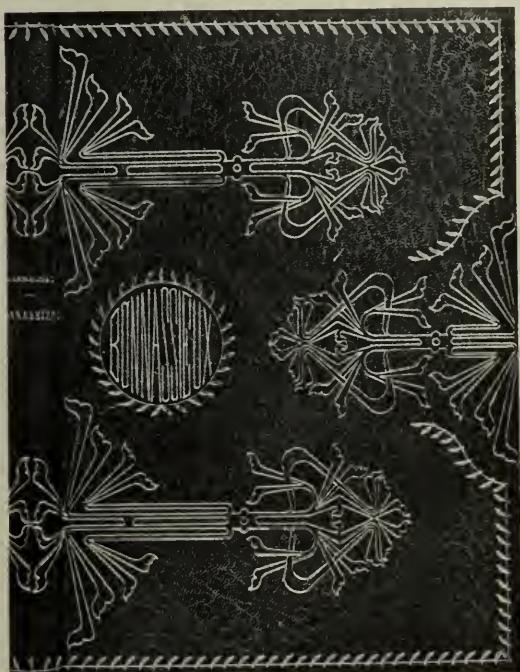
Since then, schools of binding, ornamentation and gilding have been established in Germany, notably those of Otto Horn, Wilhelm Patizelt, and Alfred Kullmann. Here intelligent and devoted teachers inculcated to hundreds of hard-working students the principles of art as applied to leather; they taught the aesthetics of binding, expounded the difficulties of gilding on morocco, and aroused a sense of curiosity as to new decorative motifs, always going straight to Nature for inspiration, and carefully considering the demands of the space to be ornamented; finally they were careful to insist on the irreconcilable difference between true art



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at the new schools. Thus a steady renovation set in, which, young as it is, cannot be overlooked; and there can be no doubt that ten or a dozen years hence German art binding will command universal admiration, if, as there is every reason to hope,



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BY P. KERSTEN



BOOKBINDING

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binding and the Paccotille morocco work, which too long burdened the German market with its exaggerated floral graces and lavish gilding. Gradually an improvement was apparent in the productions of the leading binders, who had taken advantage of the practical knowledge acquired by certain students who had distinguished themselves

Paul Kersten's Leather Work



BOOKBINDING

BY P. KERSTEN

students of the highest ability continue to appear as rivals of the existing master-binders of England and France.

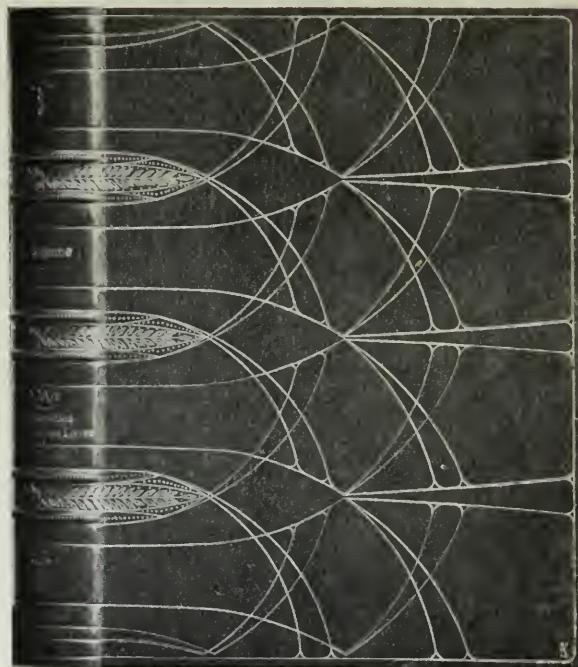
Truth to tell, it is not at the present moment the French binders—the Rubans, the Marius-

Michels, or the Charles Meuniers—who appear to be influencing their German *confrères*. The symbolical styles of the French craftsmen, and their mosaics, aiming at pictorial effect, are rarely copied; the methods of Cobden-Sanderson,



BOOKBINDING

BY P. KERSTEN



BOOKBINDING

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Rivière, Zaehnsdorff, and Miss E. M. MacColl appear to have struck the fancy of the German morocco workers. These are largely based on the style of the Italian masters of the sixteenth century, with supple and elegant interlacings, infinite in their combinations. This return to the primitive fashion is very fascinating, the maximum of effect being often obtained by means of the fewest possible *motifs*.

The bindings of Mr. Paul Kersten, who has been established for a short time at Aschaffenbourg, and displayed some very fine examples of his work at the recent International Art Exhibition at Dresden, are the most striking manifestation yet made by the young German school of binding. He shines especially as a gilder. After a long course of work for a big firm at Leipzig, under the management of M. Sperling, for whom he did his earliest bindings, Paul Kersten was confident enough to start on his own account, in order to bring his name before the public and do justice to his signature.

Paul Kersten's Leather Work

He should have no cause to regret this act of independence and legitimate pride, for it is to be hoped German bibliophiles will all go to him; and doubtless France and England will demand from him specimens of his masterly productions. He is now on the high-road to success, and it is only right that attention should be drawn to his curious and restrained method of decorating morocco.

Mr. Paul Kersten is not only a most skilful practitioner of his art, but a subtle theorician thereon — one might say an apostle. I remember to have read a few years ago in some German magazine a certain "Causerie d'un spécialiste," by Mr. Kersten, which showed that he possessed a very clear and very acute sense of his subject. After having plainly and concisely demonstrated the proper method of making an artistic binding, which should combine the double result of technical beauty and æsthetic harmony, Mr. Kersten endeavoured to show that German binding was in no way inferior, either decoratively or as sheer workmanship, to French bind-

of contemporary binders well known in Paris and in London. At any rate, he was absolutely honest in his conviction. Having dealt with the technical side of the question, Mr. Kersten, in the article



BOOKBINDING

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BOOKBINDING

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already mentioned, treated of its historical aspect from the fifteenth cen-



BOOKBINDING

BY P. KERSTEN



BOOKBINDING

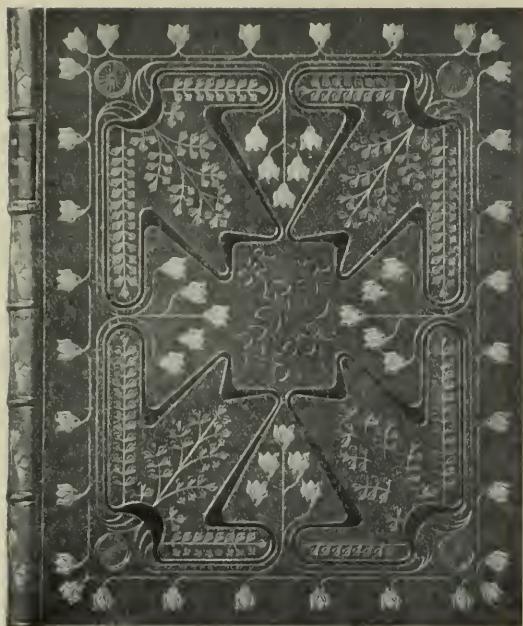
BY P. KERSTEN

ing. I cannot go so far as to say his demonstration was conclusive; he seemed to ignore much of the work

by learned German monks such as Mutianus Rufus, of the monastery of Georgenthal, who sent to their native country many admirable books wholly bound. In any case, the cradle of German, or, to be more exact, of Saxon binding, was the University of Wittenberg, founded in 1502 by the Elector Frederic the Good.

Having awarded full praise to the heavy leathern

Paul Kersten's Leather Work



BOOKBINDING

BY P. KERSTEN

covers of the *bouquins* of the seventeenth century, Mr. Kersten has to admit that the eighteenth century produced nothing but copies of French bindings; and, further, that if German bindings attracted any attention in the course of the nineteenth century, soon after 1840, it was solely due to the binders, Purgold and Trantz, men of German origin, living in Paris, and to Kalthoefer and Zaehnsdorff, who were established in London. As a matter of fact, try as one will, it is impossible to deny that Germany, during the centuries in question, was very poor as regards art binders, and this fact makes its recent efforts to achieve celebrity in this direction all the more meritorious. Mr. Paul Kersten had few predecessors, and when he talks of Trantz and Kalthoefer he must mistake the facts connected with these artists. They did no work "at home"—that is, in Germany—but were "outsiders," who cannot be taken into account on the present occasion. Mr. Kersten himself is one of the foremost German exponents of his art, and he may without vanity be proud of the eminent position he holds.

I have not had the opportunity of handling any of the volumes clothed by Mr. Paul Kersten, but have simply seen them in show-cases or in photographs, and on that account am somewhat ill-qualified to discuss them from the point of view of workmanship. Careful bibliophiles will be

able to appreciate all the various points which constitute fine binding, but that which demands our attention here is rather the work of the decorator and the gilder, and here we find remarkable achievement—ornamentation at once sober and varied, admirable in taste and style.

I have before me now in reproduction a large number of bindings executed from the unpublished designs of Mr. Paul Kersten, and not one can I find in which there is anything defective in the composition or which lacks harmony of *ensemble*. In each case the skilful gilder has sought to complete a decorative theme with great simplicity and breadth of touch, and everywhere he has succeeded in creating a striking field of decoration, without having recourse to loud effects or exaggeration of any sort.

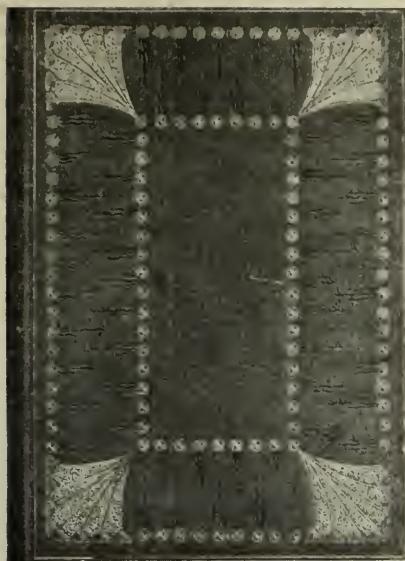
Look at some of the reproductions accompanying this text—at the "Julius" of Count Tolstoi (p. 115), for example, with its delicate, curved, parallel lines, forming a heart-shaped figure, leaving space for the title in graceful palm-leaves; or at "L'Art dans la Décoration extérieure des Livres" (p. 114), in which the sides and the back of the book are, as it were, involved in a wide, spider-like web of beautiful threads; or, again, at the "Paris" (p. 115) so minutely



BOOKBINDING

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The International Society



BOOKBINDING

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adorned with airy branches executed *au petit fer*. There is no apparent effort, no conscious elaboration about all this, yet how striking, how delightful it is to the eye! One feels that M. Kersten has only achieved these effects by a process of elimination, beginning with complication and ending with the most vigorous simplicity. This is sane, restful, temperate decoration, the lines showing up to perfection against the rich tone of the ground colour.

It is to be hoped M. Paul Kersten will make up his mind to exhibit the greater part of his bindings soon in London as well as in Paris; he has been hitherto, perhaps, rather too much absorbed by his native country; and every true artist nowadays should have his success consecrated by Paris and London. In America, too, he would be no less appreciated, on account of the brightness, the variety, and the logic of his designs. He is the kind of man to stand universal renown; and our modern binders should strive to deserve it by reclothing in new and magnificent garb the fancies of the great writers of all lands—Hugo, Swinburne, Tennyson, Goethe, and Macaulay, Balzac and Dickens, George

Sand and George Eliot, Ibsen and Alexandre Dumas.

The age demands that merit shall no longer be confined at home. Progress requires stimulus, and no records are broken by remaining in the stagnation of self-content, whether it be private or national. The "bibliodrome"—if I may venture to coin the word—wherein decorative artists compete—tends to become more and more international, and it is necessary to know one's rivals over the border, and to strive against them in all the marts of civilisation.

OCTAVE UZANNE.

THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY. BY OSWALD SICKERT.

THE International Society is in a curious position. Its present exhibition of pictures (the third) is less interesting than the second was, and the second fell a considerable way behind the first. And yet the Society can hardly in fairness be blamed for this deterioration. The president and the executive committee cannot be accused of betraying a good cause, nor even of failing to reach the high aim with which they first appeared before



PORTRAIT OF MRS. MORIES

BY GEORGE HENRY

The International Society

the world. The worst that disappointment could find to say is that they never at any time had a very definite cause for which to fight, and that now for the first time the Society clearly recognises what its aim must be, and has settled down to reach it without casting regretful glances upon the past. It would be more interesting—and better for the reputation of the art of painting—if other reasons could be brought forward to explain the superiority of the two earlier exhibitions; if one could discover that success had made the Society proud, or that lack of appreciation had moved the authorities to descend to the level of the public eye, or that faction had used its dark influence to exclude the beautiful work that adorned the walls at Knightsbridge. But not success, nor failure, nor any influence is responsible for the fact that in the galleries of the Institute this year there is no *Execution of Maximilian* and no *Spanish Beggars*; that there is nothing to be compared with the rehearsal of the ballet by Degas, with the drawing of a woman drinking, by Menzel, with *The Present* of Alfred Stevens, with the little girl

by Mr. Tom Graham, or Renoir's lady standing near a window; with the girls at the piano, or the ship in the Thames, or the etchings of Amsterdam, by Mr. Whistler. They were the contributions that made the International Exhibitions wonderful, and they had one quality in common, they did not belong to our day—they were the work of thirty years ago.

It would be well that visitors who go to the present exhibition in Piccadilly with a grateful remembrance of what the Society once showed them in Knightsbridge, should be quite clear upon the point. They should remember that it was not the work done in the nineties that most delighted them in the Society's exhibitions in '98 and '99, and lent the glamour that still clings in their recollection to the name of the International. And if they pause for a moment to reflect, they will, further, acknowledge that they cannot, and should not, expect from the Society a constant supply of any such masterpieces as made the two earlier exhibitions memorable. It would, no doubt, have been possible for the



"SPRING IN LONDON"

BY D. Y. CAMERON

The International Society



"UNE RECLUSE"

BY FERNAND KHNOFF

authorities to have sent out once again to this or that collector, and borrowed a Degas here and a Manet there; but this is not really their business. The reason for the Society's existence does not lie in its power to borrow from the past. It must in the end, and in the main, depend for its success, as the Academy and the New English Art Club depend, upon the pictures of the year; and it is to the credit of the Society that it has this year more thoroughly acknowledged its true position.

So far, then, from quarrelling with this third exhibition because it is not equal to the first and second, the reasonable man should rather stifle his grateful recollections, and deplore the merits of the former exhibitions because they helped to prepare a disillusion for him. Welcoming a beautiful picture wherever he sees it, and caring not particularly about dates and such things, he found the first International exhibition admirable. It was the best exhibition he had ever seen, better even than the Grafton of '93. Moreover, he understood that the Society had been formed under the leadership of Mr. Whistler, and he knew of Mr. Whistler not only as the first among living painters, but as a crusader, as a fighter who had fought against the bad painting with which others were satisfied. Therefore the visitor to the first exhibition of the

new Society looked forward to the miraculous appearance of a body of painters who should have pictures to show that were different from, and better than, anything he had seen. In a gallery that



"A GIRL OF THE SIXTIES"

BY MISS BESSIE MACNICK

The International Society

offered masterpieces to his eye he naturally did not peer round and ask himself where the painters of the different and better pictures were to come from. He may now for the first time begin to see what distinctly, and freed from all illusions, was the material available for the formation of the new Society, and what was the significance of Mr. Whistler's presidency. If Mr. Whistler in the past has stood apart, and protested against the painting of contemporaries whom he kept at arm's length, such work as he shows this year remains, for those who care to listen, a protest against the painting of the successors who crowd in under his presidency. The protest is all the more significant since the fights that he fought—fights connected with the appreciation of his own superb work—have been won long ago.

Mr. Whistler's contributions (the two pastel drawings, the *Gold and Orange*, and the *Purple and Gold, The Great Sea*) hang as a protest alike against the stupidity that is satisfied to continue

with the first best clumsiness that comes to the brush, and the cleverness that cultivates such clumsiness into a style; they protest against unreasonable simplification, and all else that tends to exonerate the painter from his attitude of devotion before Nature and to slacken the hand from striving to approach her appearance; they protest against spots and squares, against streaks and rockiness and chalkiness. They are nervous and acute amidst insensibility and bluntness. The artist, it is curious to remark, who has the really great name among all that exhibit here, has also, in his painting, the least parade and self-importance. So many among the rest, whose reputations, one would imagine, hardly matter, seem to have worked with but half their thoughts and eyes upon the absorbing race that had to be run with paints and Nature, thinking all the while of the public who should see the exhibited canvas, a public before whom they must make as presentable and imposing a fall as possible.



"NIGHT ON THE CLYDE"

BY J. WHITELAW HAMILTON

The International Society

It is true that Mr. Whistler, as is his custom, protests directly in words as well as in paint. In the pages of the catalogue he champions, not on his own behalf, but in connection with the work of two pupils, "the low in tone," the "grey," the "quiet in colour," which was once found so vexatious in his own pictures. But that was many years ago. The position he maintains has long been won for him.

A whole generation has followed him into grey and low tones, as if that were all, and, looking round upon its works, one sees how little it matters. Of the work shewn by his two apprentices, it is to be said that the little doorways and shop-fronts are reminiscent of a very exquisite thing—the little doorways and shop-fronts of the master. Whether this close repetition, not merely of a method, but of one particular story among the many that genius found to tell, is a good beginning—on the question, namely, that most calls for an answer, who will venture a judgment at a time when apprenticeship is unfamiliar and all doctrine is up by the roots? As for the pupils' portraits, *La Fine Fleur* and *Monsieur le Massier*, they have at least one distinction over the other canvases in the galleries: what is incompetent in them has, after patience and striving, modestly been left to look—incompetent. I doubt whether there is another square inch of confessed incompetence to be found on the walls.

Indeed, in reviewing the pictures of the painter who have exhibited here, the spectator is most struck by the complacency, the positive and pleased assurance, with which they have accepted some more or less advanced form of technical rudeness. They are all masters, they have all arrived. You may see a picture by the artist who has painted for years with taste and ability, and is yet no nearer to the possession of a subtle and expressive language; you may see another by one who has arrived at an end after a shorter beginning. Both are satisfied. The ability of the one has turned out to be rather adaptability, and he has spent the years during which he has turned out pictures which, certainly, we would rather have seen than not, in listening to the echoes of other voices



"THE NEIGHBOURS"

BY J. MCNEILL WHISTLER

rather than in developing a voice of his own: the other has pulled up at a more elementary stage on the way that leads out from the schools with all the airs and circumstance of a traveller who is going to stay. And the spectator, in his innocence, is disappointed that the one, with his ability and his taste and his many considerable pictures behind him, should be satisfied, at this hour, to build up out of his knowledge a wall of other people's paint between himself and nature; he is surprised with the other, who has left on the canvas not a sign of that indecision which suggests the possibility of an advance.



"A VILLAGE"

(By permission of J. Staats Forbes, Esq.)

BY HENRI HARPIGNIES

No one will deny Mr. Bertram Priestman, for instance, ability and taste. He has painted pictures which were more than pleasant, landscapes that stick in the memory. He had a landscape at the New Gallery in '96, admirable in the black and green of thunderclouds above a grassy dip of bare country. There were signs of weakness, perhaps, the paint was certainly sticky and not elegant; but he was nearer to Nature in one of her moving aspects—and, surely, no further from the possession of an expressive technique—than he is here in the wavy sweep of the easy brush that has knocked *The Lock* and *The Bend of the River* on to the canvas. During the five years that separate the two pictures the artist's colour has grown warmer and his paint more fluent, not to the end that he might become capable of greater delicacy, not that he was approaching nearer to the point where the brush may move out skilfully to meet a first-hand vision of Nature, but tending towards another and quite an unindividual ideal—the picture that the dealer loves. For somewhere in the realm of ideals there is the Dealer's Landscape. I do not know if any painter has actually incorporated the ideal in oil paint; but his period, if he existed, can be fixed with a fair amount of certainty. He must have flourished somewhere between the end of the Barbizon School and the fashion for the un-

varnished and cold productions of the square brush. Perhaps when the style first came out, in the hands of the original master (for whose lost work the dealer still ransacks France and Holland), perhaps then it had a sense, perhaps it was a profound development, fit to express something that its master saw. Now it is anything but profound, it is a manner by which the able painter may achieve an impressive landscape at the expense of all intimacy and sensibility.

Of the other painters who lean towards the dealer's ideal, Mr. Alfred Withers has gone furthest in his *Lynn Mill*, which is of a very handsome deep brown, richly broken into here and there with romantic plums of colour, and Mr. Oliver Hall, who is freer, has still some feeling left in his pleasant *Yorkshire Uplands*.

The painter who approaches the dealer's landscape is advanced, he has reached a stage where he may stop, his landscape is final of its kind, there is no reason why he should go further. Miss MacNicol's is a good example of the painting that stops and settles down at an earlier stage. One is surprised, not because it is surprising that the struggle with the unmanageable medium of oil paint should be given up at this, or indeed at any stage, but because the painter reveals no quiver of inability anywhere in her picture—why, then, has

The International Society

she chosen to stop? The sky, as everyone has experienced who has drawn the outline of a branch of a tree with the background instead of upon it, is apt to project in front of the leaves. Miss MacNicol's sky has not come out in spite of her efforts, she likes it so; she has pulled it out between the leaves in cakes. What matters, however, about it, is not that the sky precedes the leaves—that is a matter of taste—but that the way of pushing the sky in and out among the leaves makes for ugly quality. Subtlety is not possible with such painting, and without an effort to reach a greater subtlety it is not likely that the quality of paint will grow finer. Miss MacNicol is still a realist, and if she remains one, it seems hardly necessary that just the fear of confessing anywhere to a little weakness, or lack of capacity, should keep her technique where it now stands. It is different with Mr. Hornel. He has thrown over realistic pre-occupations, and raised the patchwork painting to the pitch of an art by itself. It says much for the power of the decorative movement in painting that Mr. Hornel's canvases do not astonish us, do not seem particularly extravagant. One argues that, after all, a patchwork quilt, such as one used to find on country beds, was often quite a pretty and amusing thing, and Mr. Hornel has kindly added to the prettiness and amusement by cleverly fitting figures into his pieces, figures of children that may be made out quite easily.

Mr. Lavery does the art which he professes the honour of refusing to claim, by the cultivation of any trick, decorative or otherwise, that clumsiness is a merit, or can be petted into a merit. There are those who find Mr. Lavery's painting "strong" and "honest," and they are not so wrong as they might appear at first sight to the more critical

mind. The epithets, indeed, are not properly to be applied to his painting, but they would both have a sense if they were used in praise of his character as an artist.

Mr. J. W. Morrice is interesting as well as pleasant, because his *Pont-Royal*, and even more clearly his picture of the beach at St. Malo, give the impression that the painter is at the point of hesitating between two roads—the road that leads to sophistication, and therewith also to the certainty of being able to turn out any number of presentable pictures, and the road that certainly does not exclude the probability of many failures and confessions of weakness, but meanwhile permits the possibility of that cultivation which brings greater skill to the hand. He has begun to say, "It is well; it is what I meant," with his brush; he



PORTRAIT OF MRS. BROWN POTTER

BY JOHN LAVERY

The International Society

has given an extra touch to the clouds on the horizon with an eye, not to some subtlety in nature, but to the spectators, who, if he did not give his painting this little extra weight, might say, "You have left your sky very thick—but I suppose you are going to take it home and finish it."

The fear of confessing to the weakness that paint has troubled you, the desire to throw up a manner, any manner, between yourself and the charge that you have not done all that you wanted to do, has led to curious results in Mr. F. Howard. There we see the square touch trembling to compromise itself and fainting at the edges. But it is a manner, there is no doubt about that—a complete manner; not even those whom it fails to please could call it the natural fumbling of a painter who was not yet able to draw.

There is one picture in the exhibition against which Mr. Whistler's work (the little pieces shown and the achievements they recall) enters no protest. Mr. C. H. Shannon's *Rose and Blanche* is gracious all over—it would appear so wherever it hung. And here the word that first suggests

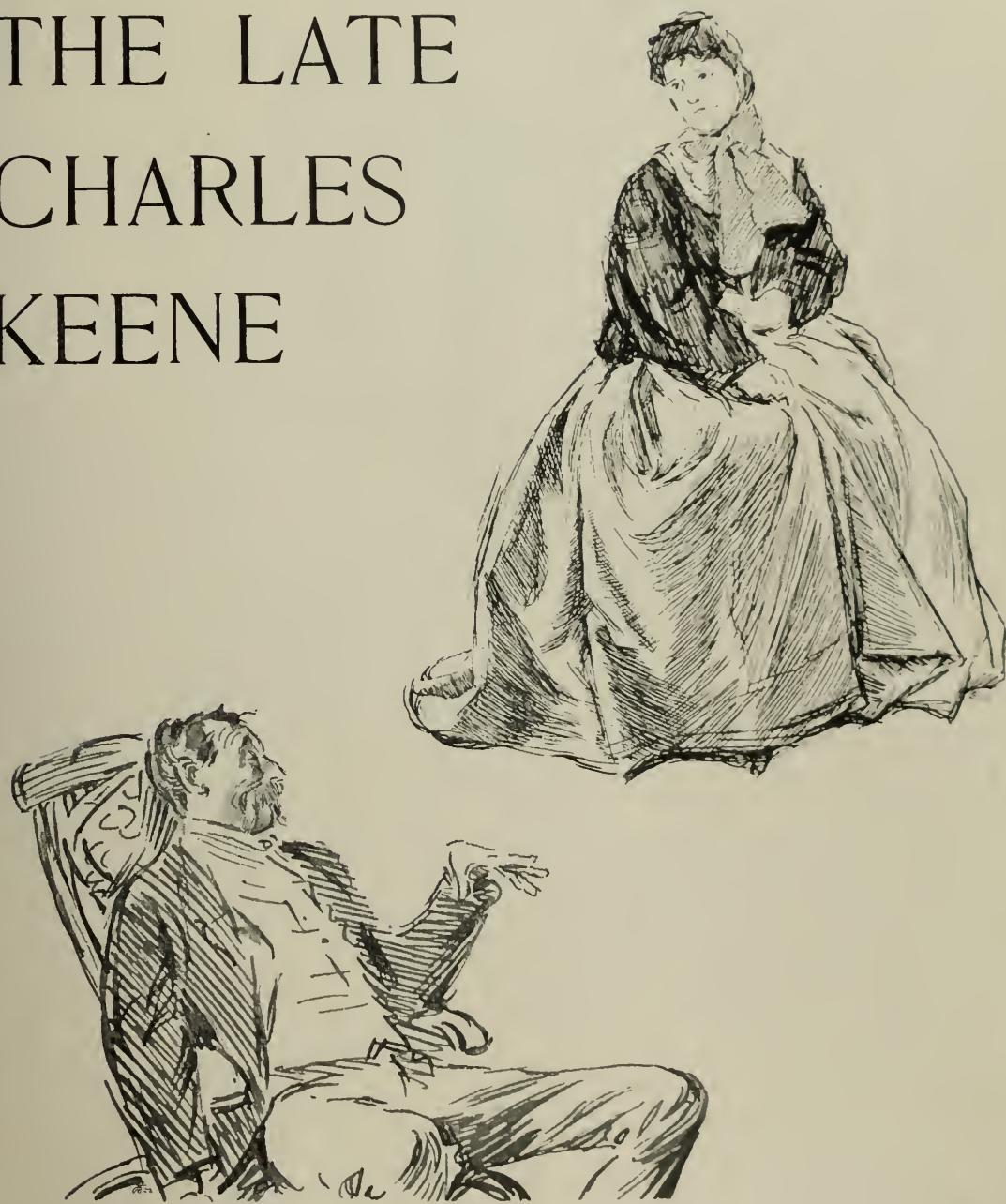
itself to describe Mr. Shannon's painting is "reasonable." There is nothing wilful or exaggerated in it, nothing but the use of a means to an end. He has cultivated his medium far beyond the monosyllabic stage of streaks or squares—cultivated it till it has become a pliable language, capable of expressing delicate differences in colour and fine distinctions in drawing.

It would seem a mistake that any notice of an exhibition which bears the title of "International" should pass without mention of the foreign contributions. The international plan has a fascination when it is suggested—the idea of keeping in touch with what is doing in France, and Germany, and Holland, and Italy, and Spain, and Russia, and America; but this exhibition reveals, I think, that it is rather an illusion. The show of foreign painting is too fragmentary, necessarily fragmentary, to form a record. One feels that it is a shifting item. It may remain an interesting fringe: but in the end the Society will have to depend for its life upon the pictures that come in naturally, year after year, from English painters.



"A VISION OF SPRING"

LEAVES FROM THE
SKETCH-BOOK OF
THE LATE
CHARLES
KEENE













STUDIO-TALK.

(From our own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—Portraiture is to most sculptors what steam is to machines, for it sets them in motion and it keeps them going. They would soon be idle for want of it. But even if the great majority of them can turn out attractive portrait busts, it does not necessarily follow that art gains much thereby. Indeed, there are many who contend that art loses much, for it is a rare thing to meet with a sculptor who can satisfy his sitters and their relatives and yet produce such good work as commands admiration both by the freedom of its style and by the subtle and fearless truth of the character revealed by it. Without these qualities of art a portrait bust is not worth much more attention than a good photograph. That most English sculptors are apt to give insufficient attention to this fact is well known, and hence we find pleasure in illustrating any portrait work in sculpture that breaks away from those courtier-like flatteries that render the arts servile to those who patronise them. The portrait bust of Lord Overtoun, illustrated on this page, when studied in this connection, is a notable piece of fine character, treated in a manner as simple as it is energetic and masculine. It shows that Mr. Derwent Wood works with a free intelligence, and that he is not afraid to keep his modelling square in its constructive planes.

It has fallen to the lot of Mr. Garth Jones to be more widely known in France than he is in his own country. This is due to the fact that for several years he has been chiefly occupied in bringing to completion, in *La Revue Illustrée*, a singularly fine series of pen-drawings, to the charm

of which the pleasant stories written by M. Dou et have owed not a little of their attractiveness and vogue. These drawings are all touched with imagination, and anyone who studies them soon perceives that their author has the two gifts most useful and necessary in the art of illustration; he not only draws both freely and with vigour, but he sees, with a dramatist's eye, the whole of the story which he has to make real on paper, without suggesting the least hesitation of purpose. Owing to these gifts, his work shows no trace either of looseness in conception or of bungled experiment in his methods. To Mr. Garth Jones all imaginative ideas are stern facts, and it is always in a dispassionate manner that he calls them up into pictorial presence, and makes them dramatic in their virile directness of appeal. This dispassionate



PORTRAIT BUST IN BRONZE OF LORD OVERTOUN

BY F. DERWENT WOOD

Studio-Talk

method of work, apparently so cool in all its mental processes, has no doubt in art, as it had in the prose works of Swift, a tendency to make us feel that the artist puts a check upon himself; that he is afraid, in his touches of pathos, of being as sympathetic as he could be; that he dreads the elation caused by a recent discovery, and sets too much store by his excellent qualities, distinctness of vision, clearness of expression, and virility of sentiment. For all that, the real duty of every artist is to be true to himself.

When once the inborn tendency of Mr. Garth Jones's mind is understood, the fact that it should have been drawn towards Dürer seems not less natural than that the mind of the elder Dumas should have been drawn towards Homer. We all love to find our inner and stronger selves aggrandized in the imaginative world that we delight in most of all.

Whenever anyone studies "what he most affects," as Shakespeare advises, it is for that, his inner and stronger self, that he looks for, consciously or unconsciously. Natural inclination brought Mr.

Garth Jones into kindred touch with the masterful conviction and poignancy of Dürer's prints; and that he has learnt much thereby is clear to a large section of the French public, and surely it must be no less evident to any one who has seen the drawing by which he was represented in *The Studio's* special number on "Modern Pen Drawings: European and American."

The drawing in question represents *Love, Youth and Death*, and the realisation of this story is a lesson to those pen-draughtsmen who try to suggest so much colour and so many qualities of texture that they lose the essential charm of pure line-work. They wish to be painters in pen-and-ink, and not simple draughtsmen proud of their craft. But it is fair to add that Mr. Garth Jones sometimes errs in another way, and that is by neglecting to show the peculiar quality that speaks to us of the pen's point. Some of his most striking illustrations suggest wood engraving rather than pen drawing.

In his pencil work Mr. Garth Jones is true to the means of expression that he has made really



"THE CURMUDGEON"

(*Drawn expressly for "The Studio."*)

FROM A PENCIL DRAWING BY A. GARTH JONES



"THE NOTE." FROM A
PENCIL DRAWING BY
A. GARTH JONES

(Drawn expressly for "The Studio.")

his own ; but the accompanying illustrations prove that his style is softened by the tenderer medium, and also that it is capable of expressing more homely ideas than those which are so boldly realised in the drawing of *Love, Youth and Death*.

THE STUDIO has felt called upon more than once to draw attention to the art of making statuettes, for it does not receive from contemporary sculptors even half the respect that is due both to its charm and to its usefulness. Subjects admirably suited for it may be found everywhere, in all walks of life : and we may say with truth that, while the purchasing public for statues is but a tiny one, the number of art-lovers who would be glad to buy attractive statuettes may be reckoned by hundreds in every town. A few English sculptors of the younger school, like Mr. Derwent Wood and Mr. Gilbert Bayes, have indeed hit upon some charming subjects, and have worked them out with much fancy and with great cleverness of execution. But, for all that, the statuette market—to put the matter in plain commercial English—is still chiefly profitable to dealers in second-rate Italian work, weakly round in form, and detestably sweet in homeliness of sentiment.

To be really great in character, a statuette must have that peculiar merit which makes a perfect short story from a literary critic's point of view. It is a little thing complete in a big way. Its note of excellence is always clear and well defined ; that is to say, it is always *very* something—very tragic, or very pathetic, very graceful, very humorous, very rustic, or very homely. If a statuette is not satisfying, if it suggests a scheme for a larger work, then it is nothing more than a sketch for a larger work ; just as Mr. W. S. Gilbert's short stories are often "patented"

ideas, to be carried out in his librettos for comic operas.

So it must not be thought that the art of making statuettes is an easy one. On the contrary, it requires much study and much self-restraint. Very particularly is this the case when a sculptor aims, in a statuette, at a full-length portrait ; for here, besides conquering the usual difficulties of the art, he has a given personality to make real in a few inches of modelled clay. It is clear, then, that Mr. Louis R. Deuchars, in his statuette of Mr. G. F. Watts, has attempted to do a very difficult thing. Yet we have no doubt that his miniature portrait will be widely appreciated.



STATUETTE OF
G. F. WATTS, R.A.

BY L. R. DEUCHARS

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—In a characteristic preface to the catalogue of the first annual exhibition of the Northumberland Handicrafts Guild, Mr. Godfrey Blount put in a plea for "decorated useful things, instead of useless decoration." It

was, perhaps, inevitable that much of the work from local centres recently affiliated to the Guild should demonstrate that decoration had received a larger measure of devotion than utility. On the whole, however, stiffened by loan exhibits from kindred agencies, from sympathisers and from the Board of Education, the exhibition was an excellent beginning. Mr. George Frampton, A.R.A. and Mr. Godfrey Blount were the judges, and the Merit Shield, presented to the Guild by Mr. W. A. Watson-Armstrong, was awarded to the wood-carving display of Lucker—a small village in North Northumberland.

Among local associations, the exhibit of the Newcastle-on-Tyne Handicrafts Company calls for particular mention. It included several beautiful examples of embroidery, enamelling, bronze and silver work, and cabinet-making. The fruit bowl,



FRUIT BOWL

DESIGNED BY R. G. HATTON
EXECUTED BY THE NEWCASTLE
HANDICRAFTS COMPANY

in silver and enamels, an illustration of which is here given, stands 5 inches high, and is 8½ inches in diameter. Around the lip is a broad wire upon which mouldings are turned. Similar mouldings enrich the base, which bears four plaques of cloisonné enamel. Between the plaques are alternately moonstones and labradorites, the colours harmonising delicately with the silver. Another important work of the Handicrafts Company is the Volunteer Challenge Shield in bronze overlaid with copper. The inscription, and most of the ornament, is embossed. In the upper part is a representation of St. George and the Dragon, with the motto of the Northumberland Fusiliers, "Quo fata vocant." On either side, in cloisonné enamel, are the red and white roses side by side, as worn by the Fusiliers on St. George's Day. Above, also enamelled, is the flaming fusil, the badge of that famous regiment.

C. W.

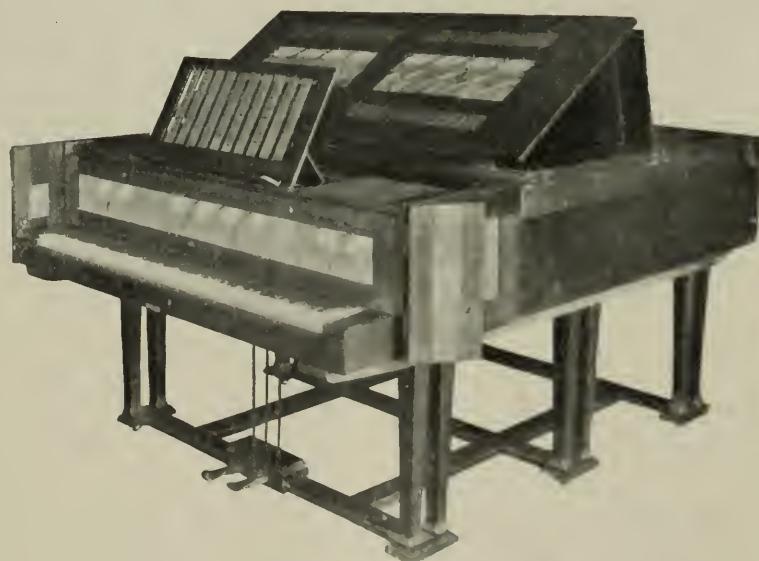
LIVERPOOL.—In the construction of the grand piano an erroneous impression appears hitherto to have been prevalent amongst designers and manufacturers that the harp or ogee-shaped frame and sound-board were alone practicable, and that the oblong shape used for

the harpsichord and for some grand pianos a hundred and fifty years ago could not be retained for the modern instrument. Consequently any satisfactory treatment of the design of a grand piano case, from the architect's and decorator's point of view, has long been a difficulty.

Mr. T. Myddelton Shallcross has essayed to meet certain definite requirements of piano construction, so that the case may be more conformable with other decorative objects in a well-designed room, and in this endeavour he has been very ably seconded by Messrs. Broadwood & Sons, whose careful experiments have led to the production of their Steel Barless Oblong-Grand Pianoforte.

Our illustration shows an oblong-grand Piano, designed by Mr. Shallcross and made by Messrs. Broadwood, the case being chiefly of oak stained green and Hungarian ash stained blue, with interior panels of white holly painted with conventional designs by Mr. F. C. Varley.

The metal work of the piano frame is silver-grey enamelled, the hinges of the top are hammered iron, with the natural colours produced by the forging retained. Owing to the oblong shape the top may be hinged either upon the treble side or the bass side of the instrument, whichever may best suit the acoustics of the room. The sides



OBLONG GRAND PIANO

DESIGNED BY T. MYDDLETON SHALLCROSS
EXECUTED BY MESSRS. BROADWOOD AND SONS

Studio-Talk

and top are brought to the front to cover the keyboard, but, by hinging part of the sides, the performer is permitted free use of his hands for the full width of the keyboard. The music rest and candle brackets are made adjustable to the positions most convenient to the performer. The stand of this piano is a separate piece of framing, apart from the case; this secures great rigidity when the two are fixed together by screws and dowels. The attempt Mr. Shallcross has made may possibly attract the attention of those who desire to see improved design upon the lines of the oblong-grand piano.

The thirty-first Autumn Exhibition is certainly equal to any of its predecessors. Notable pictures are not less numerous than in former years, and there is evidence of great care bestowed upon the hanging. Much interest has been shown in the display of foreign works including M. Constant's portrait of the late Queen, and pictures by W. A. Bougereau, Jules Adler, Edmond Van Hove, Joseph Bail, and others.

Local artists may be congratulated upon holding a very good position in this exhibition. Portraiture is ably represented in the several contributions of R. E. Morrison, G. Hall Neale, W. B. Boadle, J. V. R. Parsons, Frank T. Copnall and others; an especial success is achieved in the portrait of Dr. R. Glynn, by R. E. Morrison.

Robert Fowler's rendering of his aesthetic and poetic fancies, *Springtime* and *The Lament of Autumn*, charms us as usual. A very sincere landscape is John Finnie's *Firs*, and J. Hamilton Hay's moonlight scenes attract particular notice. Richard Wane's *From Mona to Erin* is a clever marine painting of wave motion, atmosphere, and rich colour. In contrast with this is the tender harmonious colour in a small picture, *Apple Blossom*, by A. E. Brockbank, and in an admirably rendered snow-scene, *The Silent Forest*, by W. Follen Bishop. Joseph Kitchingman depicts valleys and gorges and

mountains in Savoy, while Thomas Huson, R.I., glories in rich and mellow autumn foliage.

A meritorious painting on an ambitious scale is *The Age of Innocence*, by R. G. Hinchcliffe. In fullest sympathy with fisherfolk and their craft we find Miss Mary McCrossan's *St. Ives*, and



PORTRAIT OF ROBINSON GLYNN, ESQ., M.D.

BY R. E. MORRISON

a *Fishing Village on the Zuyder Zee*, by J. M. Dawbarn, both excellent in treatment; while favourable mention must be accorded to *Feeding the Calves*, by Harold Swanwick.

A strong contingent of local artists appear in the Water-Colour Rooms, where prominent positions have been deservedly accorded to Geo. Cockram, Isaac Cooke, John McDougal, Albert Proctor, Talbot Kelly, J. Kirkpatrick, J. Towers,



"DAWN"—PLASTER RELIEF

BY J. CROSLAND MCCLURE

and W. Follen Bishop. Drawings of lesser size and of good quality bear the names of Hampson Jones, C. O'Neil, Edmund Phipps, Creswick Boydell, J. T. Watts, Peter Ghent, Miss Georgina Laing, and Miss B. A. Pughe.

The Sculpture Room contains a fair proportion of work from local studios. The busts of Principal Oliver Lodge, Wm. Rathbone, Esq., and Mrs. Dowdall, by Charles J. Allen, are each of high quality of merit. *Dawn*, by J. Crosland McClure, is a relief plaster panel of interesting design. Another plaster panel designed for metal *repoussé* work is by H. Bloomfield Bare.

Miss C. E. Martin's *Eve* and plaster statuette of a *Boy*, Miss Caroline Jackson's *Innocence*, and Miss C. A. Walker's altar panel *St. Catherine*, are deserving of mention.

H. B. B.

DRESDEN.—On September 28th and 29th about 250 men from all parts of Germany assembled here for the purpose of discussing a plan of art education on a grand scale. As is often the case in this country, the idea was started in a quarter generally supposed to be extremely conservative and bureaucratic, to which here, however, the majority of progressive movements are due. Several of the officials at the principal museums have long regretted that the fine arts are not as important a factor in the every-day life of the general public, as they should be, and they convened this meeting in order to discuss what steps might be taken to create a change for the better.

A first convention of this kind is hardly in a position to map out any distinct plan. Two

hundred and fifty men, even if they really are the representative men from all districts, cannot hope to discover within the space of two days a method by which to raise the culture of over fifty millions. Yet even if no practical results are apparent at first sight, the convention has done an enormous amount of good by bringing itself and its aim prominently before the public, and by interesting the schoolmen, old and young, in their endeavours. For naturally the schools are the *non-plus-ultra* field for such work.



PLASTER BUST

BY CHARLES J. ALLEN

Studio-Talk

Simultaneously, we hailed the first appearance of an undertaking similar to the Fitzroy Society and the Art for Schools Association. If Germany has not been first upon this occasion she has at least profited by experience and distanced her rivals. The pictures of the Fitzroy Society are excellent enough in many ways, but they are photo-mechanical (photo-lithographical) reproductions, and the unnaturalistic character of the work makes it difficult for the general public to come into touch with it. Some of the publications of the Art for Schools Associations, such as Strang's *The Ploughman*, are simply above praise. But what have collotypes after unimportant portraits of Queen Elizabeth or Cromwell, with long biographical explanations, to do with art for schools? They are simply an aid to lessons in history.

The German enterprise is launched by two Leipsic publishing firms, B. G. Teubner and R. Voigtländer, who have secured the advice of competent authorities, and they are carrying out a very excellent programme. The pictures are to be executed on a scale suitable for hanging in large school-rooms. They will all be lithographs in colours, with no reproductive work of any description, and the artist who designs the subject will draw, prepare and supervise the printing of each stone.

Thus we get in the end purely original work, true art—something to be looked at and enjoyed aesthetically, not something to be used as a vehicle for conveying instructive information.

More than a hundred pictures are in course of preparation; about twenty have already been pub-

lished. They are the work of the best artists of our day, and the two examples here reproduced were chosen from among a number of equally good ones.

Large editions are printed and ridiculously cheap prices asked—from three to six shillings for pictures a yard and a quarter by a yard in size. It is to be sincerely hoped that they will soon find their way into every school and into a great number of homes. They will serve better in the good cause of art-education than thousands of pamphlets and weeks of lecturing. The forming of our taste is not done consciously. Our taste is no more than our knowledge; and if, especially during childhood,



"A SWABIAN TOWN"

FROM A CHROMO-LITHOGRAPH BY ADOLF LUNTZ



"THE PLOUGHMAN"

FROM A CHROMO-LITHOGRAPH BY WALTER GEORGI
(See *Dresden Studio-Talk*.)

we see none but good art around and about us, we will without an effort reach a stage of culture that no professed teaching can lead us up to.

H. W. S.

VIENNA.—The art of carving is inborn with the Tyrolese. One sees it in their rude figures of the Virgin and Saviour, which are so much *en évidence* in travelling through their land, and in the carved quaint forms, often very artistically carried out, which can be bought in every Tyrolean village for a mere song. Though born in Mühldorf, Bavaria, Gustave Gurschner is of Tyrolean descent. As soon as the boy had completed the necessary school course, he went to Bozen, in South Tyrol, to study in the well-known schools of art and industries there. Visitors to Bozen will remember the shop under the old arcades, and wonder at the richness of conception, variety of design, and originality of ideas shown in the work of the students, often simple peasants, there exposed for sale or exhibition. Gurschner soon proved his master mind, for not only did he show great power of imagination, but a remarkable facility in carry-

ing out what he created. Vienna was his next resting-place. Here he attended the Imperial Arts and Crafts Schools under Prof. Kuhne, and was successful in carrying off many prizes. Munich, too, sheltered the young student; in that city he worked entirely alone, and from there, naturally, he went to Paris. Here his remarkable gifts were soon recognised, for at the Exhibition in the *Salon du Champ de Mars* in 1893, when the artist was in his twenty-first year, his bronzes there shown at once brought him into public notice. One of these, a door-knocker, the original of which was bought for the Museum in Salliera, has already been reproduced in *THE STUDIO*. And at the Paris Exhibition, 1900, Mr. Gurschner gained a bronze medal for his designs and a silver one for his bronzes. In the early part of his career the young sculptor devoted himself to monumental groups and portrait busts of which one, of the Archduke Ferdinand Karl, has an honoured place in the Berg Isel Museum, Innsbruck. But he soon abandoned these for small figures—women, tall, slender, and full of grace. Mr. Gurschner seldom fails to combine the beautiful and the practical,

Studio-Talk



PORTRAIT BUST

BY GUSTAVE GURSCHNER

and this, no doubt, he owes to the complete technical training which he has gone through. Everything he conceives is carried out from beginning to end in the workshops behind his *atelier*. Here, under his own guidance, his designs are made living things; every stage in their development he watches over as a father a dearly-loved child, but he never risks bringing them to perfection by that over-indulgence of fantasy which is the fault of so many craftsmen. Mr. Gurschner was the first to use those large mother-of-pearl shells for electric lamps, and many of his designs and productions are full of grace and beauty.

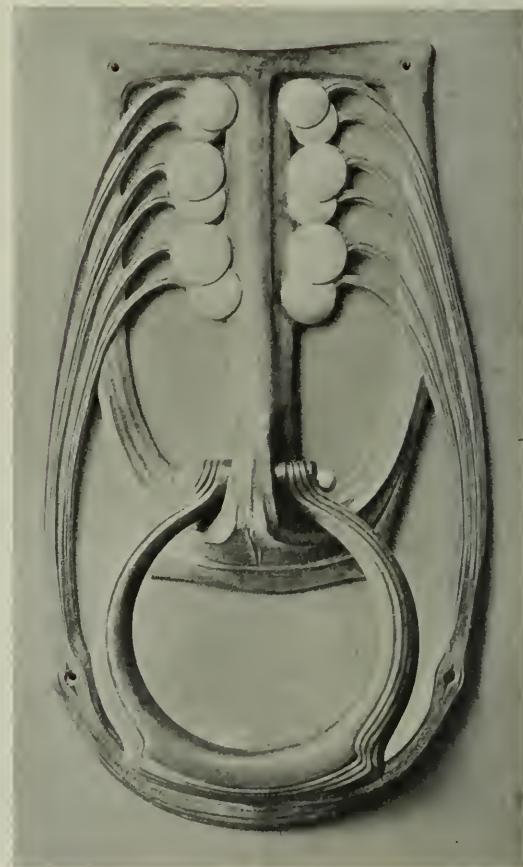
Among the busts the most recent are those of Gurschner's pupil, Mario Segantini, son of the celebrated artist, and Frau Dörmann-Littitz (Countess Bubnitz), a well-known actress. Both of them are characteristic of the artist's method of designing and modelling, and are both executed in bronze.

He has just completed a large group, *Love and Envy*. Mr. Gurschner has also designed and manufactured many articles of jewellery — brooches, clasps, etc.; and he also designs articles of furniture, which are afterwards "built" in his own ateliers under his personal supervision.

Mr. Gurschner has exhibited in the Munich Secession, Palais des Beaux-Arts and Salon du Champs de Mars (Paris), Monte Carlo, Vienna Secession, and other exhibitions, and his work has won universal praise, his ideas being full of poetical feeling, while he never stoops to mere trickery.

A. S. L.

PARIS.—Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec died recently at the age of 35. By his exceptional gifts, by the rich originality of his vision and of his technique, by the keenness (sometimes amounting to cruelty) of



BRONZE DOOR KNOCKER

BY GUSTAVE GURSCHNER



HAND MIRROR

BY GUSTAVE
GURSCHNER

(See Vienna Studio-Talk.)

his observation, and by his absolute sincerity, he won a high place in the French art movement. His influence was greater than people seem to think on the young generation of *dessinateurs de mœurs*, many of whom are so delightfully or so curiously gifted. Portraits, lithographs, posters, illustrations, and a great number of original drawings—such is his achievement. He loved truth and perfection; he was bold, and had strong convictions, but even in his most audacious essays he had the gift of style, which is too often wanting in the work of our modern draughtsmen. In everything bearing his signature one finds a rare sense of beauty, not the conventional traditional beauty inculcated by the academies, but that special beauty which lies in truth strongly felt and strongly expressed.

The American painter, Childe Hassam, inaugurated the art season at Durand-Ruel's with a display of ten canvases. They represented landscape scenes in Naples, Paris, Rome and Brittany, and were remarkable for their bright colouring and delicate execution, the atmosphere being most happily suggested in each instance. I like particularly the *Rue de l'Pont Aven*, all bathed in light, and the *Promenade apres-midi*, showing two women in summer dresses walking in a garden, with the sun shining through the leaves. Mr. Childe Hassam has an eye for grace, and his brush is full of refinement. Evidently he owes much to the noted impressionist, Mme. Morizot, MM. Renoir, Pissarro, and Monet. To mention this fact is by no means to disparage Mr. Childe Hassam.

G. M.

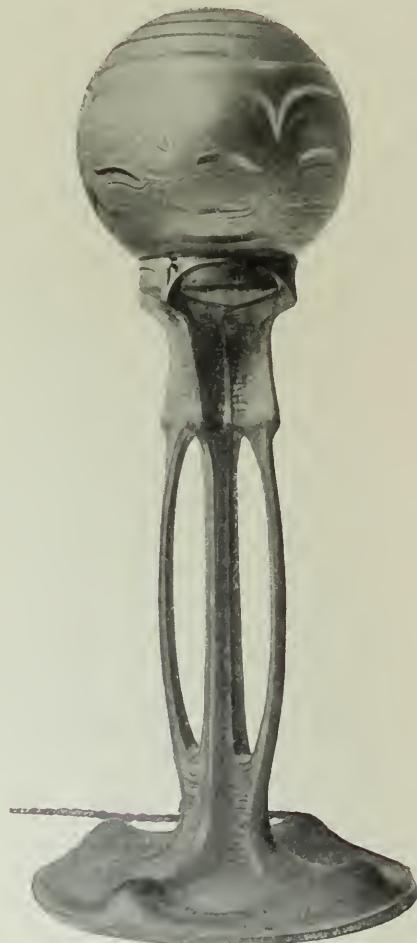


BRONZE ELECTRIC LAMP BY GUSTAVE GURSCHNER

(See Vienna Studio-Talk.)

TORONTO.—The School Art movement inaugurated at Toronto about three years since has continued to grow apace. Nineteen different organisations have been formed in as many school districts in the city, and a lively interest is perceptible in these committees, resulting so far in the gathering of funds by various methods, such as art loan exhibitions, lectures, concerts, &c., for the purchasing of standard reproductions of works of art and the redecorating of the interior of the schools.

The results of these efforts, especially at this primary stage, in the dissemination of art knowledge, must bear fruit in the near future, and will produce, if persisted in judiciously, a much higher average of intelligence throughout the city in art matters, and that by a quick and



BRONZE ELECTRIC
LAMP

BY GUSTAVE
GURSCHNER



BRONZE ELECTRIC BY GUSTAVE
LAMP GURSCHNER

enduring medium, that is to say through the public schools.

This important movement will be dealt with at greater length in a future number of *THE STUDIO*.

J. G.

MELBOURNE.—The Victorian Artists' Society has recently made an important alteration in its constitution. Hitherto any layman who paid an annual guinea became thereby a full member of the society. The practice was a financial help, but it robbed membership of any artistic significance. To remedy this defect, the council passed a resolution on the 30th of May, that the Society "shall in future consist of academicians, associates, and subscribing members," and at the same meeting the following six "academicians" were forthwith

created:—Messrs. J. Ford Patterson (president), Arthur Loureiro, John Mather, F. M'Gubbin, C. Douglas Richardson, and W. H. Withers. Other academicians may be elected from the associates, but the number of academicians is limited to 12; the associates are to be chosen from time to time by the exhibitors.

The creation of "academicians" may make it necessary, for consistency, to revert to the original title of the "Victorian Academy of Arts," under which name the grant of land and the annual subsidy was first made by the Government many years ago. The present title arose out of a secession and a re-union. The seceders exhibited for several years under the title of the "Australian Artists' Association," and the new title was a compromise between them and the old Victorian Academy, when they returned to the fold.

J. L.

REVIEWS.

Early Renaissance Architecture in England. By J. ALFRED GOTCH, F.S.A. (London: Batsford), 21s.—In England, a small and very interesting library is being built up, with, of late years, increasing momentum, in which some of the younger critics bring to bear upon the facts of English architecture of the past their own fresh judgment, and consider them in the light of to day's knowledge of their historical value and correlation. The "Gothic Architecture" of Mr. Prior, the "Renaissance" of Mr. Reginald Blomfield, to say nothing of Messrs. Belcher and Macartney's folio illustrating the "Later Renaissance," and Mr. Gotch's own previous volume, are all examples of either historical records, or appreciation and criticism.

Mr. Gotch's present work is intended to fill up the gap between the latest of the national English or Gothic work, and the manifestations in England of those Renaissance, or—to use a better word—those Italian principles that shewed themselves here, as all over Europe, from the sixteenth century onwards. It treats of, and illustrates the slow death—more protracted in England than elsewhere—of Gothic principles in architectural design, of the gradual inroads made upon them by this foreign element, and follows this modification from its first appearance in details of carving and ornamentation, till the Vitruvian traditions began to obtain full sway. Especially interesting is the portion of the book which traces the development of the plan of the English house from Gothic times until it, also, lost all its own charming national

characteristics, and modelled itself upon Italian forms. The chapter upon sixteenth century house-planning is illustrated by facsimiles of the architectural drawings in the Soane Museum, attributed to John Thorpe, which show us, direct from the hand of the architect, his ideals of a Jacobean or early Renaissance house.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti: An Illustrated Memorial of his Art and Life, by H. C. MARILLIER. Second Edition (London: Bell & Sons.) Price £2 2s. net. Although it is twenty years since the great poet-painter passed away, and the world has had time to judge dispassionately of his work, it cannot be said that the estimation in which that work has been held has in the slightest degree suffered. Critics are not wanting who rail against the painter's technique, and who find real and fancied defects in his draughtsmanship. We are told, moreover, that his mediævalism is out of date. But the fact remains that the poetic spirit of romanticism has taken a new hold upon the intellectual public, and it is to the works of Rossetti that the revival is in a great measure due. The decorative instinct displayed by him appeals also forcibly to modern sympathies, and we may safely assume that his influence will tend in the immediate future, at least, rather to gather in strength than otherwise. A cheaper edition of Mr. Marillier's most painstaking and thoughtful work is therefore opportune, and the care with which it has been produced, so characteristic of all Messrs. Bell's publications, will not fail to be appreciated by those who may become possessed of it.

Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons have this year produced some remarkably beautiful Christmas and New Year Cards, and those who are in search of such things would do well to inquire for their hand-coloured engraved cards, "Classic Art." Certain of the designs which the publisher entitles *Secessionist* are also quite distinctive. The large card, *The Nativity Panel*, from a drawing by H. M. Bennett, is a fine example of chromolithography. Mr. E. Mortimer, of Halifax, has also issued a series of decorated complimentary cards, among which are some of unusual interest.

We have received from Messrs. L. & C. Hardtmuth samples of their "Koh-i-Noor" tracing cloth and British graphite drawing pencils. The tracing cloth is of fine texture, highly transparent and of uniform clearness. The pencils are of hexagonal section, and have a core of compressed lead which works smoothly and does not break in sharpening.

Awards in "The Studio" Prize Competitions

WARDS IN "THE STUDIO" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(A XIII.)

The FIRST PRIZE in this Competition (*Two Guineas*) is awarded to *Vathek* (Tom Petrie, 32 Dudhope Crescent Road, Dundee, N.B.).

The SECOND PRIZE (*One Guinea*) to *Craftsman* (George Wilson, 61 Provost Road, Dundee).

Honourable mention is given to the following:—*Craftsman* (George Wilson); *Morden* (T. Frank Green); *Bloom* (Thomas A. Cook); *Light* (Sydney R. Turner); *Ymer* (S. Olsson, Stockholm); *Barn-Owl* (Alick Horenell); *Ajrose* (A. Wilson Shaw); *Peony* (Roger Deverin, Paris); *Greek* (T. Gordon Jackson); *Auld Reekie* (W. Davidson Lillico); *Spider* (Ernest George Webb); *Brush* (Percy Lancaster); *Ainsworth* (W. A. Wildman); *Orpheus* (C. L. Normandale); *Severity* (J. Ednie); *Inchape* (W. C. Main); *Trebور* (E. R. Brewer); *Halbar* (H. C. Bareham); *Tabby* (E. C. Willmott); and *Salte* (C. H. Smith).

(C XI.)

The FIRST PRIZE (*One Guinea*) has been won by *Claverhouse* (K. L. Bilbrough Winton, Strawberry Hill, London).

The SECOND PRIZE (*Half-a-Guinea*) by *Athos* (W. E. Dowson, 10 Mapperly Road, Nottingham).

Honourable mention is given to the following:—*Légia* (Lucien Scuvie, Liège); *Norge* (S. Watson); *Alpina* (Mlle. A. Guder, Chêne Bourg, Switzerland); *Hogband* (N. Hagman, Finland); *Lois* (Ethel Slatter); *Orleans* (Gerard Altmann); *Perros* (Arnold F. Jones); *Runnymede* (F. W. Bartlett); *Valtournanche* (Guido Rey); *Athos* (W. E. Dowson); *Aquarius* (Agnes B. Warburg); *Fors Clavigera* (Maurizio Rava); *Little Tats* (Mrs. Delves Broughton); *Instow* (W. H. Elwes); *Sweet Pea* (Miss P. Rochussen, Switzerland); *Lac* (André Callier, Ghent); and *La Haye* (L. de Bluye).

SCHEME FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF ART IN ADVERTISING.

(A XI.)

SECTION 1.—The Prize for the Best Full-Page Design (*Twenty Guineas*) has been awarded to *Minnehaha* (Miss Farnsworth, 1114 Mount Curve Avenue, Minneapolis, U.S.A.).

The Prize for the Best Half-Page Design (*Ten Guineas*) to *St. Lawrence* (George Quested, 18 New Clive Road, West Dulwich, London, S.E.).

The Prize for the Best Quarter-Page Design

(*Five Guineas*) to *Isca* (Ethel Larcombe, Wilton Place, St. James's, Exeter).

Honourable mention is given to the following:—*Clio* (Amy Heap); *Tim* (Helen Stratton); *IV-xie* (Winifred Christie); *Chewed Cheek* (Marie P. Webb); *La Petite* (Helen M. Hounsfeld); *Pussy* (Arthur Watts); *Eon* (Jean C. Hadaway); *St. Lawrence* (George Quested); *Habakkuk* (Janet Proctor); *Sonata* (Percy Jenkins); *Alige* (Alice E. Newby); *Orthodoxy* (Claire Murrell); *Carnegie* (E. Richards); and *Iduna* (Emil Laage).

SECTION 2.—The PRIZE for the Best Full-Page Design (*Twenty Guineas*) has been won by *Archer* (Archibald English, 89, St. Paul's Road, Kennington, London, S.E.).

The PRIZE for the Best Half-Page Design (*Ten Guineas*) is awarded to *St. Dunstan* (Florence K. Noble, 65 St. Dunstan's Road, West Kensington).

The PRIZE for the Best Quarter-Page Design (*Five Guineas*) to *Isca* (Ethel Larcombe, Wilton Place, St. James's, Exeter).

Honourable mention is given to the following:—*O. B.* (Oscar Binder); *Carnegie* (E. Richards); *St. Lawrence* (George Quested); *Undine* (May A. Watson); *Salte* (C. H. Smith); *Clio* (Amy Heap); *IV-xie* (Winifred Christie); *Devon* (Margaret E. Lloyd); *Black Arrow* (Lilian Bell); *Altiora* (A. G. Henderson); *Indie* (Roy Gill); *D. P.*; *IV.* (Dorothy P. Ward); *Pan* (Fred H. Ball); and *Autolycus* (Alice O. Faraday).

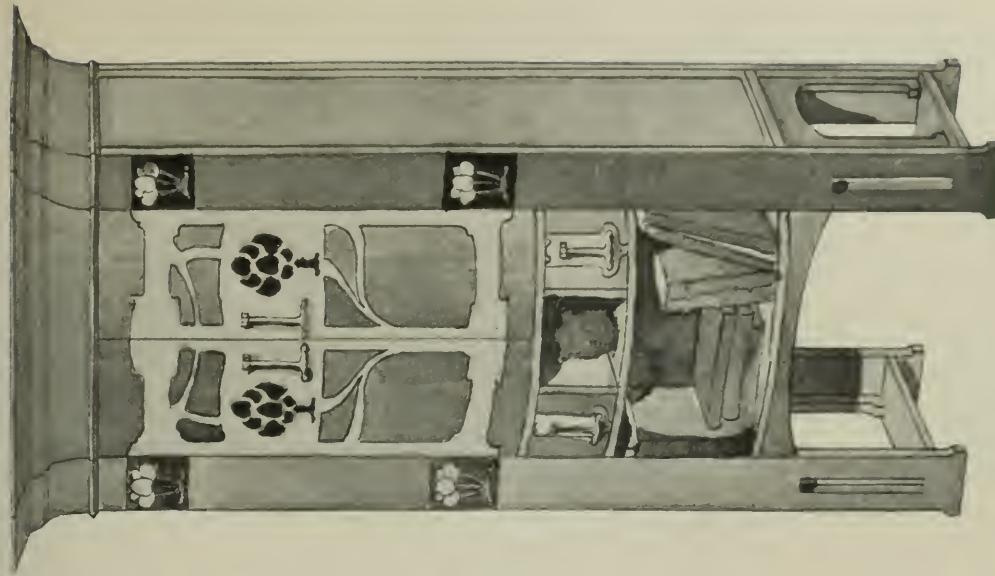
SECTION 3.—The drawings in this section were not considered by the judges to be of sufficient merit to warrant an award. The prizes, however, are not withdrawn, but are offered again for competition. (See announcement on Advertisement page ii.)

SECTION 4.—The PRIZE for the Best Full-Page Design (*Twenty Guineas*) is awarded to *Trafena* (Marguerite Ballard, 5 Ostade Road, Elm Park, Brixton Hill, London).

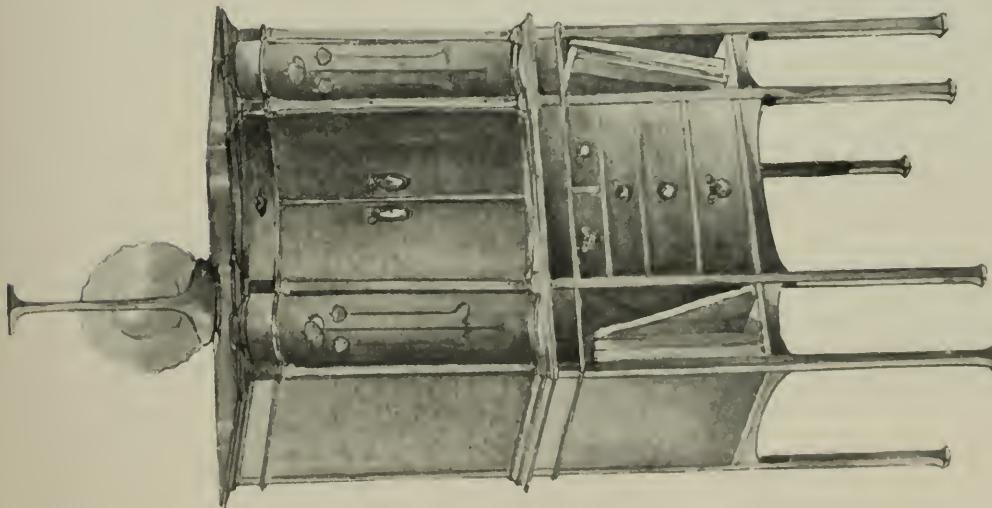
The PRIZE for the Best Half-Page Design (*Ten Guineas*) to *Safran* (J. M. Canneel, Rue du Cadran, 10, St. Josse-ten-noode, Bruxelles).

The PRIZE for the best Quarter page design (*Five Guineas*) to *Nemo* (Edward H. Rouse, 33 Chesholm Road, Stoke Newington, London, N.).

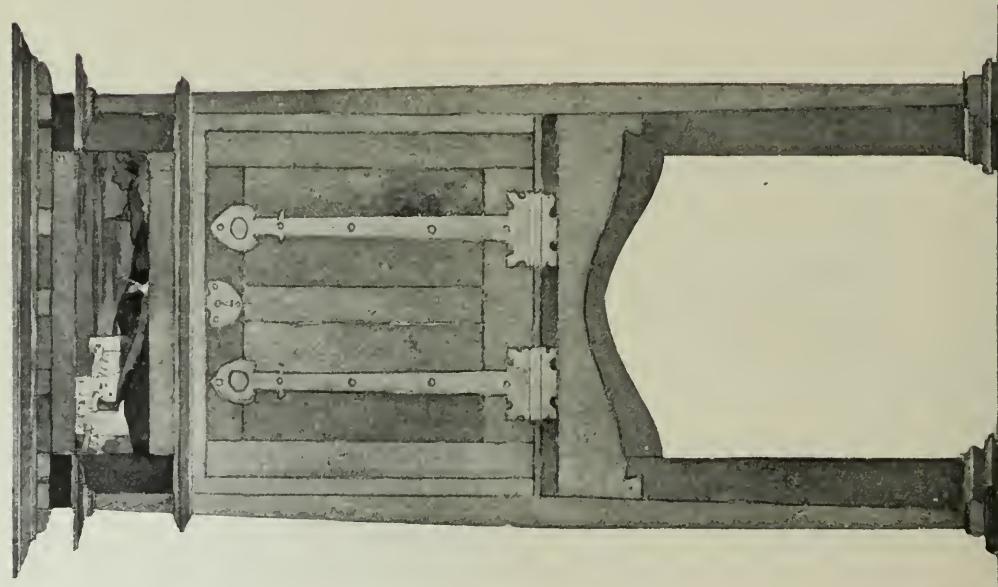
Honourable mention is given to the following:—*Ali Shardie* (Alexander Gascoyne); *Trebور* (E. R. Brewer); *Pussy* (Arthur Watts); *Isca* (Ethel Larcombe); *Eon* (Jean C. Hadaway); *St. Lawrence* (George Quested); *Chat Noir* (A. Leete); *Nova* (Edward R. Clarke); *Pelican* (Ralph Knott); *Habakkuk* (Janet Proctor); *Nelson* (C. E. Roe), and *Karnak* (Allen Collier James).



SECOND PRIZE (COMP. A VIII)
"CRAFTSMAN"



FIRST PRIZE (COMP. A VIII)
"VATHIER"

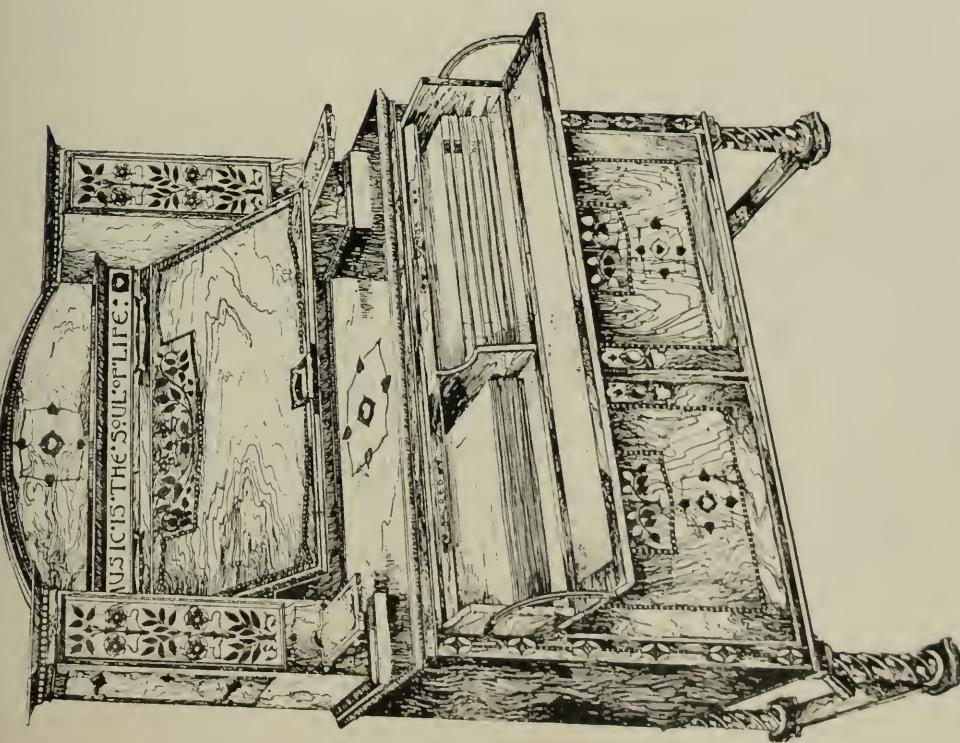


HON. MENTION (COMP. A XIII) "MORDEN"



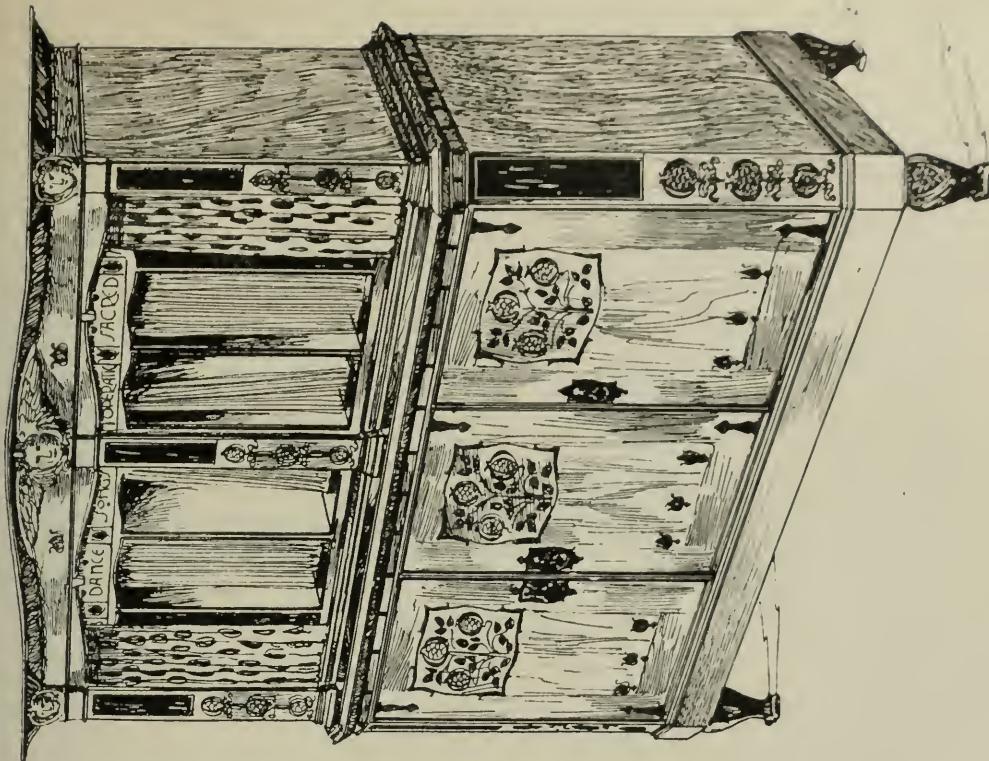
HON. MENTION (COMP. A XIII)

"BLOOM"



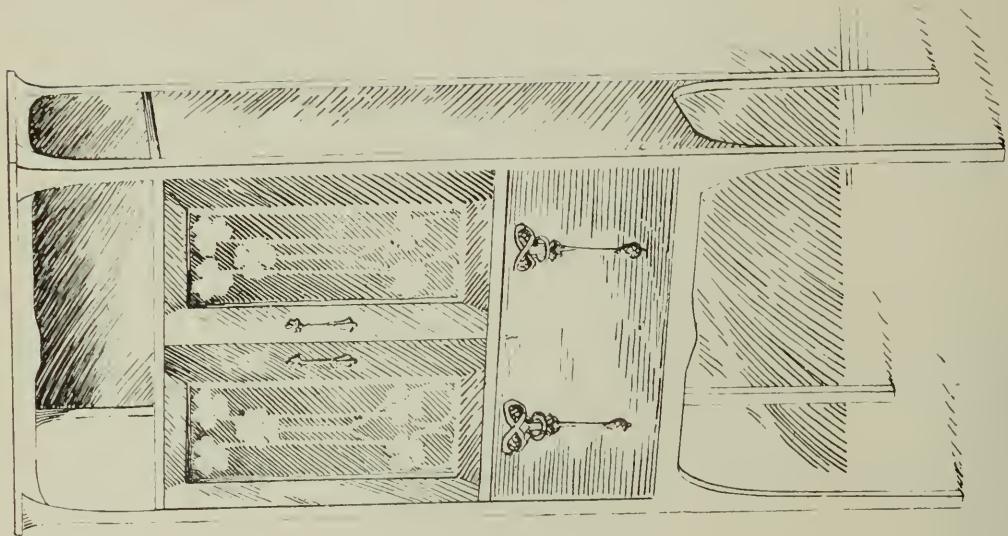
HON. MENTION (COMP. A XIII)

"LIGHT"



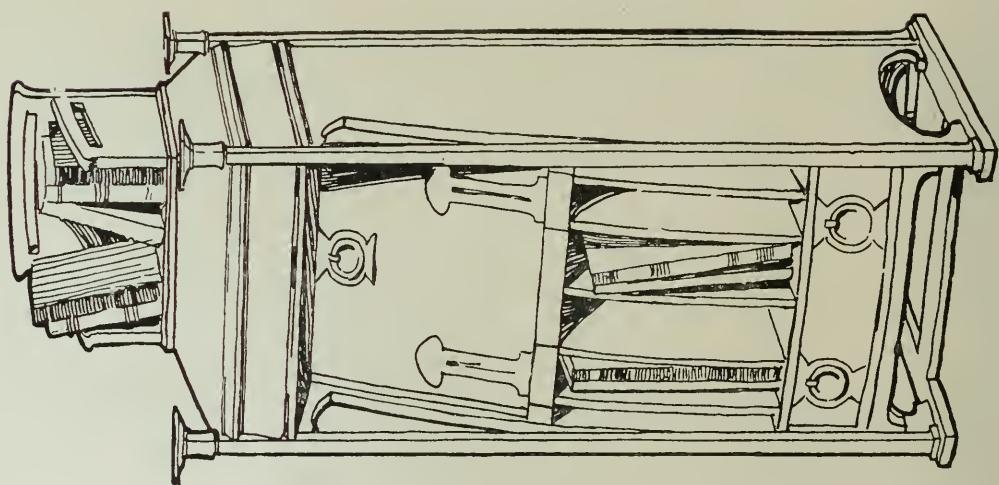
HON. MENTION (COMP. A XIII)

"LIGHT"

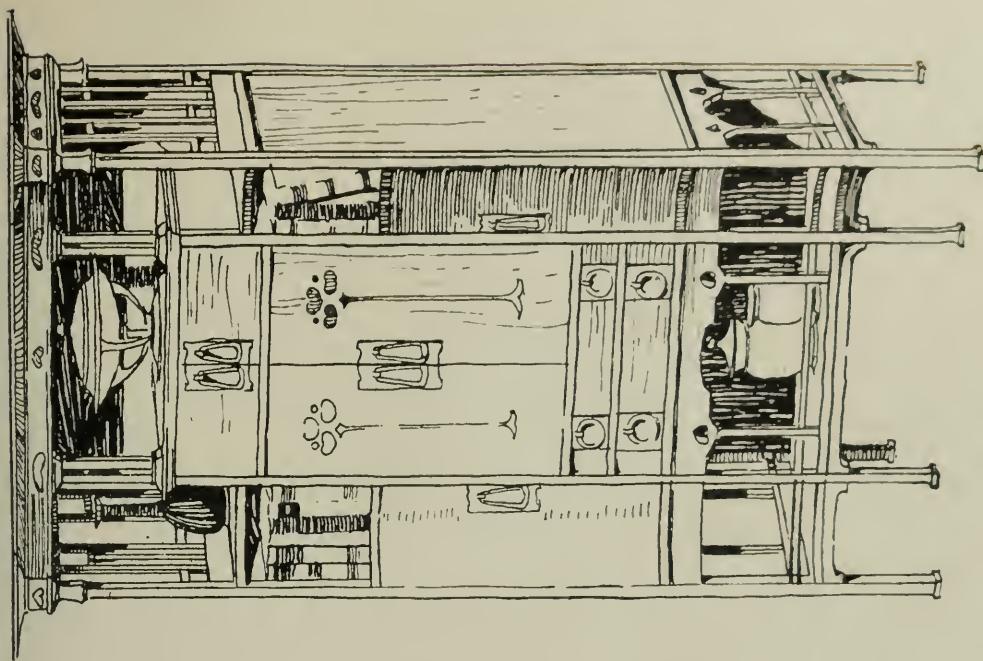


"YMER"

HON. MENTION (COMP. A XIII)

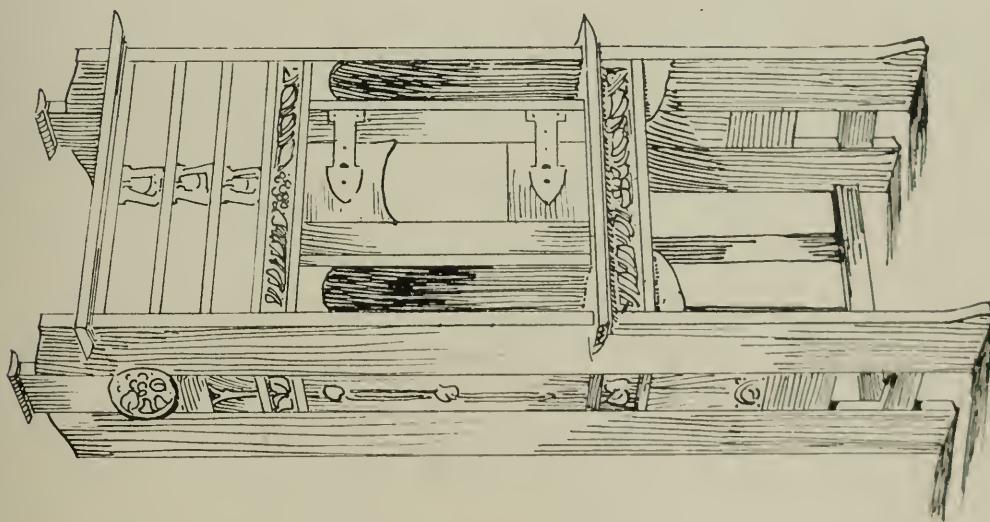


HON. MENTION (COMP. A XIII) "CRAFTSMAN"



HON. MENTION (COMP. A VIII)

"CRAFTSMAN"



HON. MENTION (COMP. A XIII)

"BARN OWL"

FIRST PRIZE (COMP. C XI)
BY "CLAVERHOUSE"





SECOND PRIZE (COMP. C XI)
BY "ATHOS"

THE LAY FIGURE ON THE DISCIPLINE OF GERMAN ENTERPRISE IN THE APPLIED ARTS.

“A FEW weeks ago,” said the Journalist, “I enjoyed a thoroughly good time, spending a short holiday at the great manoeuvres of the German army. Daylight and champagne! what a panorama of men I saw—clean men, young and fresh, ruddy of face, well-knit, strong-chested, happy, splendidly promiseful of many a new generation fashioned in their likeness! When I got back to my hotel, and tried to set in order my impressions, I could not but ask myself whether that German discipline of conscription were not as good for the average brain as it is for the average body? Is it not more than probable that German enterprise, not in manufactures only, but also in those very necessary arts which enrich manufactures, may be in great measure due to a military education in patience, in obedience, in co-operation, in method, and in self-respect?”

“Quite an essay, to be sure!” cried the Art Historian, sneeringly. “Give a lecture, my friend; cry aloud your faith in conscription, and season your remarks with panic!”

“I don’t praise conscription,” replied the Journalist. “It is the results of it that interest me. Conscription is nothing more to me than an array of figures forming an immense total. I neither praise nor blame the array of figures; it is the total alone that sets me thinking. And I speak of that total because it concerns a matter that is of real importance to everyone.”

“Out with it, then,” said the Art Historian.

“I refer to the discipline of German enterprise,” said the Journalist, “especially in those applied arts which have become needful weapons of defence in the international warfare of trade. To pass through Germany to-day is to feel that almost every artistic trade movement is rapidly becoming a quite national thing, closely knit together by a system of routine that seems electric with the intelligent enthusiasm of those who direct its course. There’s very little amateurish fussiness; method reigns almost everywhere, and I take off my hat to it!”

“You don’t exaggerate,” remarked the Critic, thoughtfully. “Who has not been struck by the same evidences of a quite martial temper of co-operation in the art enterprises of German commercial life? The great war of trade which the nations of the world have to fight out steadily, with unflagging intelligence, to the ruin of some—this gigantic refutation of Cobden’s theories, please

note, is understood in Germany. That is why German craftsmen and designers are always keenly on the alert for new ideas. Not only are they eager to cultivate new ideas of their own, but they make haste to press into service the discoveries made by designers in other countries.”

“Yes, and other countries must take care,” said the Journalist; “and their manufacturers must learn to realise that the battle of competition, that already tries the strength of some among them, has only just begun. I am ready to wager that in less than two years London will be full of well-made German furniture, and that the price of it will be 25 per cent. cheaper than the British-made of equal merit.”

“To take that bet would be somewhat risky,” the Critic laughed. “The price of good furniture in London is so excessive, as a rule, that Germany is certainly tempted to force one of her scouting enterprises between it and the pocket of the London public. No nation can live and thrive to-day on luxurious prices for such things as are necessities in all homes; and British furniture-makers and dealers will have to sell ably constructed goods for smaller profits than they now deem necessary, or else their business will slowly dwindle away in the international competition.”

“You speak plainly,” grumbled the Art Historian, as though his patriotism were ruffled.

“Certainly I do,” the other answered. “The truth must be told. Is the applied art movement in Great Britain to become what it ought to be a national instrument of defence in trade? If so, then the present custom of using it chiefly for the production of too expensive necessities must be checked by some means or other. Some arts, it is true, are above and beyond the level of these remarks. They belong to the great refining luxuries of society. Few but the wealthy can afford to give them practical encouragement. The greater the need, therefore, that the more democratic arts should be made national in their appeal.”

“Nothing but alertness and common sense seem needed,” observed the Journalist. “If British manufacturers would only begin to think vastly more of pleasing their customers than of using up their ancient stock of unseasonable ideas, a good beginning would be made.”

“No doubt,” the Critic agreed. “But some among them are so fond of recollecting their youthful virtue! They made a spurt of real progress several decades ago, and they think of it still as a new achievement.”



“THE MARQUESA DE LA SOLANA”

FROM THE PAINTING BY

FRANCISCO JOSÉ GOYA



A NOTE UPON THE PAINTINGS
OF FRANCISCO JOSÉ GOYA.
BY S. L. BENSUSAN.

GOYA the etcher is well-known to artists all the world over; Goya the lithographer is highly esteemed, though the lithographs are hard to find; several Spanish chapels proclaim to tourists the painter's qualities and shortcomings as an interpreter of sacred subjects, but Goya the portrait and *genre* painter is almost ignored by collectors outside his own native land. Etchings, lithographs, and paintings on ivory have passed from country to country, while the pictures have remained in Spain, where many are even inaccessible to Spaniards. Yet it is impossible to understand the life and works of the greatest Spanish artist since the times of Velasquez without studying his *genre* works, which preserve the life of his time, with all its picturesque associations now forgotten, and his portraits, which have given us an undying record of the men and women who made Spanish history, both social and political, during the years that preceded and followed the French Revolution. Goya's pictures have not been treated properly, though they evoked a considerable enthusiasm when painted. The times were favourable for the work of a man like Goya, the genuine offspring of the Revolutionary forces at work on the Continent; but the condition of Europe was too unsettled for the pictures to be properly seen. Very many were shown to the public for the first time at an exhibition held in Madrid during the spring of last year. Of these, some had been badly neglected and others had been injudiciously restored. A few were rather the effort of the painter's wildest moments than the deliberate expression of his gifts, and the arrangement and lighting

of the collection might have been considerably improved. The net result of the exhibition was an impression of work that had astonishing inequalities, that exhibited the height of power and the depth of crudeness, the light, fanciful emotion of a poet, the resolution of a strong-willed man, and the gloomy vision of an eccentric not far removed from insanity. It was not like the exhibition of one painter's work, for the walls offered suggestions of many masters; there were Velasquez, Rembrandt, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Watteau, Fragonard, and none can say how many more, and yet underlying them all one felt the brain of Francisco José Goya y Lucientes, perhaps the most startling genius Spain has ever given to the world. Artists find in his work suggestions of many painters, literary men recognise the expression of the faith that was in the writers who brought about the Revolution; he is claimed by the adherents of the most advanced school of thought



PORTRAIT OF FRANCISCO JOSÉ GOYA
(In the Museo del Prado)

BY LOPEZ OF VALENCIA

that accepts the doctrines of anarchy, while agnostics look upon him with pride as the man who helped to kill the Inquisition with a graver's needle. Whether the enthusiastic partisans of many cults are justified of their enthusiasms I do not pretend to know, but the truth remains that Goya's work has certain qualities that appeal to men of all shades of thought and temperament who have nothing in common except an intelligent interest in the phenomena of life.

The pictures here reproduced are a striking comment upon the artist's versatility, upon his strange power of presenting abstractions through the medium of pictures, and conveying an impression so powerful that the ordinary gifts and graces we look for from artists of a smaller power are never missed. Goya, the Spanish apostle of Revolution, turned deliberately from the schools and the contemporary convention of art; he looked straight before him, and set down life as he saw it. Unlike many great painters, his range of vision was unlimited and was impersonal. Some men, whose work has made a profound impression upon their generation, whose paintings are better known and more highly esteemed than Goya's, have limitations so curious and marked that the student knows their canvases at sight—the thoughts that inspired the picture, the handling that gave it birth. The names of Jean François Millet, Puvis de Chavannes, and Burne-Jones appear to me in this connection as I write. They painted life not as it is, but as they dreamed of it; visionaries all, they strove beautifully in their working hours, and our gratitude is their imperishable reward. Goya, on the other hand, had moods in which the gift of clear vision lighted upon him as strength came to Samson in the vineyards of Timnah. In one mood the charm of childhood impresses itself upon him; he paints the portrait of his grandson, which now belongs to the Marquis of Alcañices and is reproduced here. Another time he finds himself inspired by the village festivities; he paints *La Cucana*,[†] and expresses not only the feat that attracted his attention but a little bit of forgotten Spain as well. His *genre* work is full of these reminiscences of customs, manners, costumes; all of which are forgotten.

At times, the court life he knew so intimately is embodied in a portrait. His picture of the Marquesa de Pontejos,* with its curious suggestion of a Gainsborough, is not only the embodiment of a personality but of a type. On one of his country journeys—perhaps in the neighbourhood of “Las Romerias,” the country house on the Manzanares where he entertained all the great men and women of his day—the dainty grace and exquisite bearing of a water carrier attracted him,

* In the collection of the Marquesa de Martorell. The Marquesa de Pontejos was a sister-in-law of Count Florida Blanca the minister of Charles III. and Charles IV.



“LA CUCANA”

(In the Collection of the Duke de Montellano)

BY GOYA

[†] In the collection of the Duke de Montellano.



"COACH ATTACKED BY
BANDITS." BY GOYA

(*In the Collection of the Duke de Montellano*)



"THE MARQUESA DE
PONTEJOS." BY GOYA

(In the Collection of the Marquesa de Martorell)

and the result is *La Aquadora*, which belonged to the late Señor Castelar. Youth, sport, fashion, country grace have complete control over his brush while he is dealing with them, and though Goya the painter is at the back of them all, he subdues his own personality and brings it within proper limits. His pictures are a vivid representation of what he has seen and felt, not an impression coloured by an unvarying mood that limited the range of vision. Some artists see a little and see it accurately, others extend their vision at the cost of its accuracy, but Goya at some periods of his life was able to receive any impression.

His moods were constantly changing. If he was happy, life showed itself in guise of rarest beauty, or, to write more correctly, he saw only the beautiful side of life. I believe that the period wherein everything was *couleur de rose* was the season of his *liaison* with the young and beautiful Duchess of Alba. She was the greatest lady and he the greatest painter of the Spanish Court. Their affection was faced by many difficulties, and in those days to fight was as pleasant as to paint. He triumphed over the troubles, broke away from the Countess Benavente, and followed the lady of his choice into her exile at San Lucar. In the happy days when he was young and popular, with all the money and patronage he needed, Goya saw life as Watteau saw it; the light colour groupings of certain scenes are conveyed in a manner that brings back a Spain that has lain for a century dead.

Revolution came, the flag of the Republic fluttered across the Pyrenees, and flaunted above the Puerta del Sol. Goya felt the intensity of the strife that was around him. Though he held aloof

from politics and remained an artist, he realised every detail of the life that passed before his eyes. His portraits of General Urrutia, and of that strong Admiral Mazarredo who defied Napoleon, sum up for us the people on whom Spain might have depended so largely; his Joseph Buonaparte shows us why Napoleon's Spanish plans collapsed, his Charles IV. tells us how they came to be possible. If Goya hated "Ferdinand the Desired," what greater punishment was possible than the picture hanging in the San Fernando Academy, where every trace of the man's worthlessness stands revealed. In short, the artist saw the period of strife as truly as he had seen the period of peace, and amid the clamour of rival factions he worked steadily on canvas, copper, and stone, even painted for the



"LA AQUADORA"

(From the Collection of the late Señor Castelar)

BY GOYA

Goya

Church whose representatives he hated so heartily. Whatever his task, he performed it with a courage that compels our admiration for a man whose life was in all respects irregular.

Perhaps the devotion to his country proved fatal to Goya. Had he followed Charles IV. into exile, and returned with Ferdinand to Madrid, we should have lost the series of etchings known as *Desestras de la Guerra*, but the painter would perhaps have retained his reason. One cannot avoid the belief that the sights he saw around him were too great for a brain that responded so readily to every impression. He found despair and desolation on all sides; his friends had left him—they were dead or exiled; he was afflicted with deafness complete and incurable, and old age was pursuing him. What Goya saw and felt he expressed with all his might, and in the latter years of his life in Spain he saw Horror personified stalking through the land he had known best in times of peace and plenty. He had expressed the worst side of life before—witness his *Interior of a Madhouse*,* and two pictures reproduced here, *A Coach Attacked by Bandits*,† and *The Plague Hospital*, from the collection of a nobleman‡ who has several remarkable specimens of the painter's work. But in the latter years we find a greater concentration upon the worst side of everything, ceasing only when he had left Spain and taken up his residence

in Bordeaux, where he became once more a painter of portraits and executed the famous lithographs dealing with bull-fighting which had been the subject of the thirty odd etchings of the "Tauromachia" series.

Whatever may be thought of Goya's many-sided genius, the fact remains that he has exercised an immense influence upon modern art. He freed it from binding conventions that made men the slaves of schools rather than the independent interpreters of life, and France hailed him with an enthusiasm of which we find traces in the works of Henri Regnault, while Manet borrows from Goya his treatment of crowds and his handling of portraits.

Goya's influence is strong in Whistler and upon many younger men who have been influenced by Velasquez through Goya. Whether his active influence is at an end with Manet and Whistler, or is destined to impress itself still further upon the history of modern art, is a question upon which few artists seem disposed to agree. Goya remains the last as well as one of the greatest artists of Spain, the interpreter of times, manners, customs and thoughts that survive only in the work of his hands.

S. L. BENSUSAN.

* Academy San Fernando. † Collection of Duke de Montellano.
‡ The Marquis de Romana.

The illustrations in the above article were reproduced from photographs by Messrs. Romo & Füssel of Madrid.



"THE PLAGUE HOSPITAL"

(In the Collection of the Marquis de Romana)

BY GOYA



(In the Collection of the Marquis d'Alcañices)

"PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S
GRANDSON." BY GOYA

A Study in Housing Reform

BOURNVILLE. A STUDY IN HOUSING REFORM. BY J. H. WHITEHOUSE.

THE housing question is daily becoming more widely recognised as being one of the most urgent of the social problems now waiting to be solved. It is a question which directly affects our national well-being, and it would be difficult to overestimate its importance. We are, therefore, glad to be able to give some account of the village of Bournville, where a scheme has been successfully launched which has for its object the solution, in some measure at least, of this great problem.

Bournville, which is situated in the north-east corner of Worcestershire, is, as everyone knows, the home of the great cocoa works of Cadbury Bros., Ltd., which were moved from Birmingham nearly a quarter of a century ago. The present village has been founded by Mr. George Cadbury, as a result of years of practical experience and careful study of the existing social conditions amongst the working classes in our cities. He realised, in common with so many more, that much of the ugliness of modern life was due to the terrible overcrowding existing in all our cities, the frequent result of which is that men, women and

children have to live under conditions of the most repulsive and degrading nature; and he saw that neither moral nor physical improvement could be looked for until the cause of these conditions was removed, and the people of England led from the congested districts back to the country.

He decided, therefore, to make a practical experiment in social reform, and to this end he commenced the foundation of the new village of Bournville, an example which is undoubtedly destined to exercise a far-reaching influence.

At the present time 370 houses have been built, the total population of the village being about 2,000 persons, and he has secured the perpetuation of the scheme by making over the whole of the land, consisting of about 330 acres, with the houses already erected, to a board of trustees. These trustees receive the whole of the revenues from the estate, which are to be solely applied to maintaining it, in building new houses, acquiring fresh land, and generally extending the scheme. The total value of the property thus handed over to the trustees is estimated at about £180,000. It will be seen that the scheme is capable of almost endless development. The capitalist landlord is eliminated, and as no personal gain accrues to anyone, all the profits are at the disposal of the trust.



LINDEN ROAD, BOURNVILLE: A TYPICAL VIEW OF THE VILLAGE

HOUSE FOR MR. J. H. BARLOW

BY

W. A. HARVEY, ARCHITECT





A Study in Housing Reform



BOURNVILLE: THE SOUTH-WEST CORNER OF THE VILLAGE

W. A. HARVEY, ARCHITECT



BOURNVILLE: THE VILLAGE INN

W. A. HARVEY, ARCHITECT

A Study in Housing Reform

We now turn to a consideration of the main principles upon which the estate has hitherto been developed, and the future observance of which is ensured by the terms of the deed under which the trust is created. It should be noted that the scheme is not intended for the benefit only of the work-people of Messrs. Cadbury, but is open, as far as possible, to all who wish to share its advantages. It was the original intention of the founder to give the tenants the option of purchasing the houses on a 999 years' lease, and some were disposed of on these terms; but as it was found that the purchasers frequently resold them at a high profit, this plan has been discontinued for the present, and all the houses are now let in the ordinary way. The average garden space allowed to each house is about 600 square yards, and as far as possible no dwelling will occupy more than one-quarter of the site on which it is erected. Each garden is planted with fruit trees, and a staff of practical gardeners is kept, whose advice and help are at the service of the tenants. Every encouragement is given to the latter to take up practical gardening. Lectures on the subject are arranged from time to time, gardening classes for young men are held under competent supervision, and there are also a

number of allotment gardens available. In addition to the liberal allowance of land to each house, a large proportion of the whole is to be kept for open spaces, and will be formed into parks and pleasure grounds. The trustees have full discretion for the erection of public buildings, including schools, hospitals, baths, libraries, etc.; and the deed provides that the administration of the trust shall be wholly unsectarian and unpolitical, and all influences which would tend to defeat this object are to be rigidly excluded. The trustees also have power to allow any part of the property to be used as shops or factories, and it is provided that the total area occupied by factories shall not exceed one-fifteenth part of the total area of the estate.

The liquor question has not been overlooked, and some discretion in this matter is given to the trustees, but they are charged to remember the founder's wish that the sale of intoxicating liquors shall be entirely suppressed on the estate unless such suppression should lead to greater evils.

It will thus be seen that adequate steps have been taken to secure through succeeding years the maintenance of the principles observed by the founder in inaugurating the scheme. The beauty of the land will always be preserved, and the



BOURNVILLE: TWO OF THE VILLAGE SHOPS

W. A. HARVEY, ARCHITECT

A Study in Housing Reform



BOURNVILLE : COTTAGES IN LINDEN ROAD (FRONT VIEW)

W. A. HARVEY, ARCHITECT



BOURNVILLE : COTTAGES IN HOLLY GROVE

W. A. HARVEY, ARCHITECT

A Study in Housing Reform

general health of the village will be guarded by the preservation of the open spaces already alluded to, and by the prevention of overcrowding in any form.

With regard to the houses themselves, or, as they are modestly termed at Bournville, "cottages"—of which we are able to reproduce some photographs—it should be borne in mind that it was never the intention of the founder to erect big houses for people of means; rather, he sought to provide houses which, whilst being constructed on the most approved principles, and under beautiful and healthful conditions, should yet be within the reach of ordinary working men. The architect responsible for the whole of the building operations is Mr. W. Alexander Harvey, and it will be seen on reference to our illustrations that he has introduced a large variety into his designs, which are very quaint and picturesque and revive the best traditions of country architecture. The cottages are either semi-detached or built in blocks of four. It may be mentioned that the nature and shape of the ground upon which a house is to be erected is always carefully considered when the architect's plan

is being decided upon; there is no indiscriminate adoption of plans which may have been already used. It is perhaps hardly necessary to remark that people who live in small houses usually use one inadequate room as a living-room, keeping a spare room or parlour carefully shut up, which is used on rare occasions only. The result is doubly unfortunate; the parlour is a source of no pleasure or convenience, and its existence means that the living-room is generally far too small to be even moderately healthy. The plan in question is an attempt, and, we believe, a wise and well-considered one, to get rid of an absurd convention. The parlour is abolished, and one large living-room is substituted with the addition of a scullery and the usual outhouses. It is proposed to let these houses at rentals of 4s. 6d. and 5s. 6d. weekly, so that they will be within the reach of the very poorest. It is calculated that the value of the produce of the garden is at least 2s. 6d. per week, so that the rent of a house at 5s. 6d. is reduced to 3s., and at the same time healthy recreation is obtained, which in a town would be sought for in more expensive and less healthy ways.



BOURNVILLE: VIEW IN THE GIRLS' RECREATION GROUNDS

A Study in Housing Reform



BOURNVILLE : COTTAGES IN LINDEN ROAD (BACK VIEW)

W. A. HARVEY, ARCHITECT



BOURNVILLE : COTTAGES IN HOLLY GROVE

W. A. HARVEY, ARCHITECT

A Study in Housing Reform

The size of the living-room is 17 ft. by 16 ft. In addition to a window bay of 3 ft. 7 ins., the room contains a charming ingle nook and a fireside recess for books. Where these houses, owing to the exigencies of the situation, have to face the north, additional windows are introduced on the side of the houses at an angle, thus catching the south-west sun. In the scullery a bath is sunk in front of the range, level with the floor, which, of course, is covered over when not in use. Upstairs three good bedrooms are provided in addition to a linen closet. From the outside these houses present a charming appearance. The woodwork is painted green, and the whitewashed bricks, the black tarred plinth, the long, sloping, tiled roof, and the green woodwork form a most effective combination of colours.

The larger houses contain three or four rooms downstairs, with a similar number of bedrooms, and the addition generally of a bath-room. It is the architect's aim to build all the houses as compactly as possible. He has ignored the usual plan followed in smaller houses of building the rooms one behind the other in a long line, a plan resulting in many of the back rooms being cut off from the sunshine. The kitchens and outhouses are not allowed to straggle away indefinitely from the main building, and the living-rooms are freely accessible to air and sun. Wherever possible the larder faces north and the kitchen north-east. Among other points observed in the building operations may be mentioned the fitting in each room of a Tobin ventilator, the free use of leaded panes, and the substitution of casement windows for the modern sash arrangement. For the most part, the houses are roofed with hand-made tiles of varied colours.

On the estate-shops and on a number of the cottages, Professor B. Creswick of the Birmingham School of Art, and an old pupil of Mr. Ruskin, has executed some carved woodwork and wrought-iron work with considerable effect. Of this work we hope to speak in a later article, and need only now remark that it shows the hand of a master, and is marked by much vigour and originality.

A typical specimen of Mr. Harvey's genius is seen in his treatment of the village inn, here shown. This was for-

merly an old and somewhat desolate-looking farmhouse, but in its transformed state it is quaint and picturesque in the extreme. It is, too, an eloquent example of the old order giving place to the new.

The visitor to Bournville would find it hard to realise, as he wandered about the village, that he was near to a great factory employing a number approaching four thousand workpeople. The site of the works is surrounded by higher ground, with the result that the beauty of the village is in no way marred by its proximity. On the other hand the existing arrangement is a great object-lesson, showing that the presence of a manufactory need not necessarily mean the deterioration of the country around it—a result which in the past has only too surely followed. At Bournville the roads are wide, and in every case are planted on each side with forest trees or shrubs. This plan has greatly enhanced the beauty of the village, and, added to the undulating nature of the land, which is dotted with coppices and bosky dells, and through which a pretty winding stream runs, gives



BOURNVILLE: A BYEWAY IN THE GIRLS' RECREATION GROUNDS



BOURNVILLE: A CORNER IN THE GIRLS' RECREATION GROUNDS.

the special charm that is always connected with old English village scenery.

It is the desire of the founder and trustees to cultivate an enlightened public spirit on the part of all connected with the scheme, and to promote co-operation and corporate enterprise. A tenants' committee, elected periodically by ballot, has already accomplished much useful work. It organises an annual flower show, and has under its management the bath-houses, and a playground reserved for the little children on the estate, where such can play in perfect security.

The secretary of the trust is Mr. J. H. Barlow, who brings to his work a wide and varied experience combined with a facility for organisation and a well-directed enthusiasm for the aims of the trust, for the carrying out of which he will be chiefly responsible.

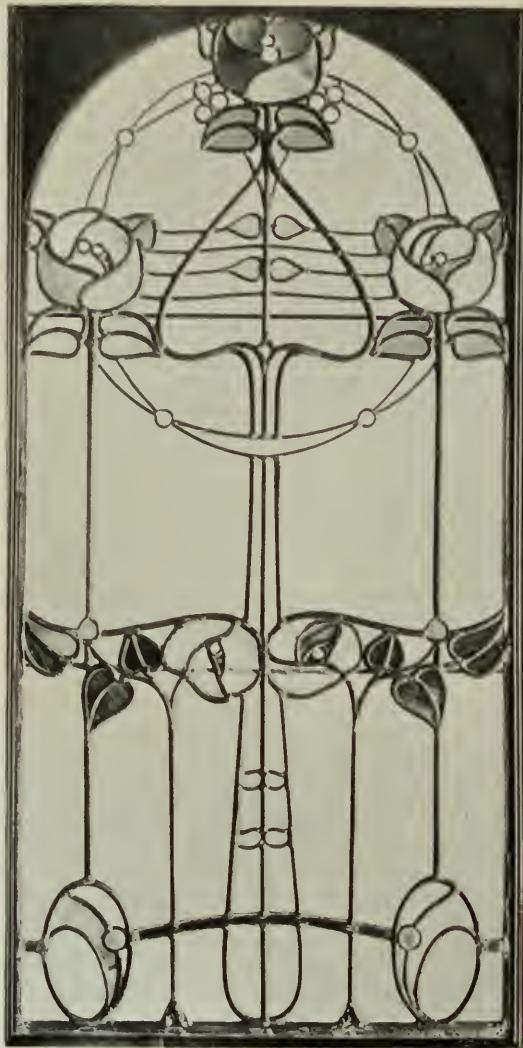
The Bournville Works, and the institutions connected with them, are kept entirely distinct from the Village Trust, which we have been considering. It will, however, be readily understood that a not inconsiderable portion of the interest which Bournville affords is due to the various outdoor arrangements



BOURNVILLE: A COTTAGE PORCH

W. A. HARVEY, ARCHITECT

First International "Studio" Exhibition



STAINED GLASS

BY ALEXANDER GASCOYNE

made by the firm of Cadbury Bros., Ltd., for the exclusive benefit of their own employees. In this connection we reproduce views of one of the recreation grounds provided for the work-girls.

The writer of this article believes that a great future awaits the village scheme of Bournville. It is already exercising an influence upon the councils of reform societies, as well as on the teaching of many earnest writers in the cause of social reform. It is almost daily being visited by large and small bodies of all descriptions. Quite recently, the members of the Garden City Association, including Earl Grey, Mr. Walter Crane, Mr. Bernard Shaw, and many economic experts, architects, and Members of Parliament

held an important conference there, and found a living example confirming them in the practicability of the scheme with which that Society is identified, and to which we wish every possible success.

But to the writer, the most important lesson which Bournville teaches is the success with which individual effort may grapple with the great housing problem. The scheme shows what is possible by well-conceived private enterprise, and we believe the lesson will not be lost upon a country which still produces the philosopher and the poet. For such a scheme is built with broad bases on the living rock, and shall be hereafter amongst those things which remain.

THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL "STUDIO" EXHIBITION. PART I.

AN exhibition of decorative art, inviting designers and craftsmen at home and abroad, and welcoming especially those who combine the work of both in a single personality, serves as a



STAINED GLASS

BY ALEXANDER GASCOYNE

STAINED - GLASS WINDOW

BY

WILLIAM AIKMAN





First International "Studio" Exhibition

test of that new spirit which is challenging the old distinction between "manufacturer" and "artist." No one who knows anything of the production of wares in which the "applied arts," so called, are employed, can ignore the changes of feeling that are now taking place on both sides—among artists in their growing eagerness to work in materials as well as on paper; and no less among those who deal commercially in beautiful wares, and are waking slowly to a sense of the limitations of machinery and its unsuitability for the finer kinds of decorative work. The exhibition held in October, under the auspices of THE STUDIO, at the Holland Fine Art Gallery, Grafton Street, W., was the first of what may become an annual as well as an international series, which will afford an index, supplementary to others, of particular tendencies on the part of worker or patron.

For we have got beyond the stage at which "hand-work" was the one idea of the aesthetic

revivalist; the phrase "hand-made throughout" was the supreme recommendation, and the word "hand-painted" was significant of our loss of all values in words even; so that "manufactured," which naturally meant hand-made, came finally to mean *not* hand-made, but made by machinery. Design at that time was nothing; labour was all. And so the sedentary designer in the background went on spinning his abstruse patterns or copying his literal bunches of flowers; and when brought at last to the point of designing useful furniture, his ignorance of practical affairs made his work, for the most part, needlessly costly, so that only the wealthy could furnish on the "specially designed and hand-made" plan.

Happily, there has arisen among us in this generation that reconciler of imagination with labour, the artist-craftsman,—a less clumsy name is far to find,—the artist working out his own thought in the actual material; breathing a new

spirit into decoration and making it again what it once was and ever should be—the crowning touch of a complete and singly-conceived work; the final blossoming of the right stuff under the right craftsman's hand. In the place of a blind reaction against all machinery, we have learnt a wise acceptance of it as a servant of art, enabling the master by a gain of leisure and a saving of strength to guard all the more jealously the right place of handicraft—chiefly and supremely in decoration. The ideal of machine-finish—of hard mechanical accuracy—has gone, let us hope, for ever. We do not demand of our arts and crafts that they shall be, like the cold beauty satirised by Tennyson—

"Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null."

We demand above all else that they shall be human. Better the natural error of the tool, the ever-so-slight



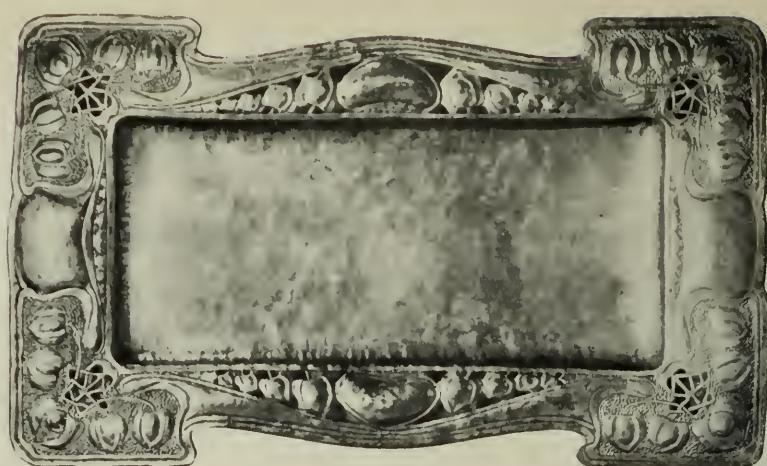
LEADED GLASS PANEL

BY W. AIKMAN

First International "Studio" Exhibition

blemish that tells of a too strenuous movement—an instant's lapse into dreams—than that the individual character be lost in dull perfection; the living personality fail of its sincere and palpable expression.

With the limited space at command for an exhibition necessarily on a tentative scale, it was found impossible in the present case to include anything of an architectural character, beyond examples of flat design and a few light articles of furniture. Textiles, pottery, and jewellery formed the most profuse and striking exhibits; and for metal work of the finer kinds in relation to house-



COPPER TRAY

BY HELEN SMITH

hold fittings there was ample scope, which found full response from the contributors. An intuitive understanding of the material itself grows quickly in an artist as he becomes a craftsman, as he learns to handle metals with tools, with fire, with all manner of fair processes that seem almost magical as one sees colour and form leap forth under the master-hand, and reveal those secrets of beauty which the dull ore kept so well.

In no branch of the crafts is the new decorative spirit so well seen as in the treatment of metal. No other medium has illustrated so happily the ideal of decoration—like that of education—as of something brought out rather than put on; an individual and native charm like the colour developed by hammer or heat; a character not abstractly conceived in the mind of the designer, but suggested by the material itself, only waiting the right touch to call it into life. This, the more humble and patient method, is also the more imaginative and fruitful way of dealing with material about us, whether in human or inanimate things; and to those who know anything of the romance of working in metal, the exhibits in this class were specially attractive. Among the best were the fire-irons belonging to a curb set by W. H. Marklew. These were carried out in bright iron, and ended in bold poppy-head finials full of vigour and character and perfectly decorative in design. The increasing use of bright iron for the appointments of the hearth is a change for utility as well as beauty; for who does not look back to days when the icily polished steel fender and fire-irons were numbered among the terrors of the drawing-room,—a source of eternal feud between

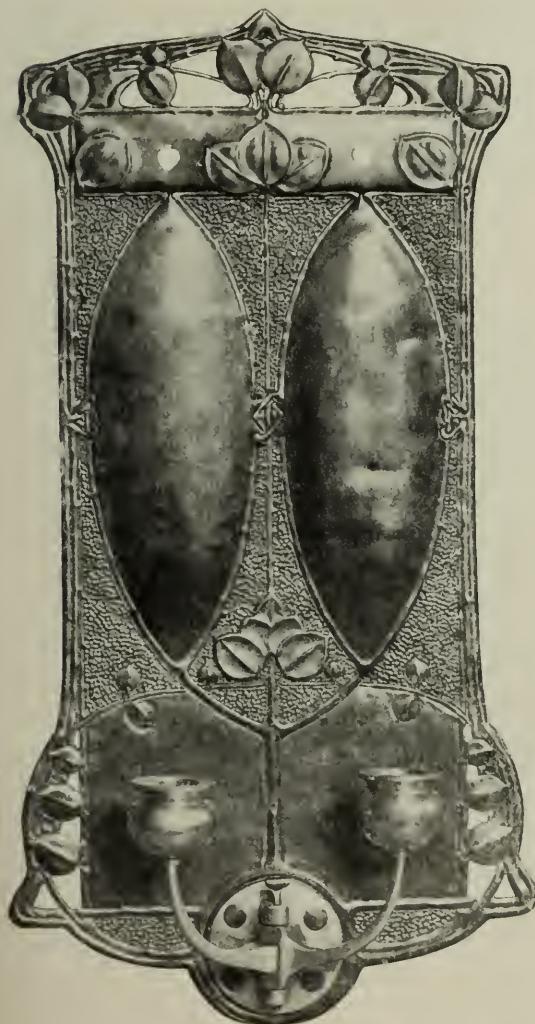


PANEL IN OPAQUE GLASS

BY E. A. TAYLOR

First International "Studio" Exhibition

the housemaid and child? Dearly did we pay for the festivity of a Sunday dessert by that black moment of a Monday morning when we were summoned to the cold dismantled room, to be shown the scratches we had made on the French-polished table-legs, or the china shepherdess we had broken and hastily re-joined in the vain hope of a healing miracle, or those dark stains on the fender and fire-irons into which the surreptitious orange had betrayed us! We need not banish rare and beautiful curios, pottery, and other fragile treasures from the home in our natural reaction from the reign of things too easily spoilt or broken; but we shall remember that anything in the appointments of the living-room—implicitly for use—which needs to be fenced round from ordinary wear and tear, stands self-condemned in the category of furniture.



CANDLE SCONCE IN
REPOUSSÉ COPPER

BY ASHBY SHEARK



SCONCE

BY KELLOCK BROWN

One of the strongest motives of modern decoration is that it shall be subservient to real ease and comfort in domestic life, and shall not unkindly embarrass the child in the house or the stranger that is within the gate. Bright iron—to return to the same example—requires but a very slight oiling, impereceptible to the touch, to keep it in good condition; and the beauty and variety of its surface is beyond all comparison with the hard mechanical polish of the steel fire-irons of yesterday.

Of fire-screens, there were several which fulfilled the need of a restful surface in harmony with its setting, shielding from glare but reflecting and diffusing heat. Such an object should be decorative, but not so fanciful as to tease or perplex the eye, which rests continually upon it in leisure, not only in winter but often in summer also, when applied to the purpose once served by the penny

First International "Studio" Exhibition

bundle of "willow," surmounted by a handful of gilt thread, which marked the height of refinement as a summer grate-filling thirty years ago. Among the most satisfying in its simplicity of design was one by G. Mariner—a plain copper disc, very slightly convex and finely hammered, hung in a light frame of black iron. In contrast with this was a larger screen by Reginald Dick, with a more striking centre-piece—a bold heraldic figure embroidered on canvas and framed in wrought iron with copper fittings. There were also some interesting panels in wrought metal, for insertion in wood, by John J.

Mackenzie, Annie Beck, J. G. Patrick, and H. Bloomfield Bare. This last exhibitor sent a very pleasing decoration for a music cabinet in *repoussé*

copper of a dull bronze tone, and also a panel in beaten lead—that much neglected and abused material, so full of possibilities for architectural use. To win latent beauty of colour, mass, and surface, from such unpromising substances is no small part of the romance of handicraft, and of the wholesome modern reaction against mere costliness—so often the cloak of ignorance and laziness on the part of the inferior craftsman.

The decoration of small cabinets with panels of wrought metal was favourably illustrated by James H. Rudd and other exhibitors; and the pierced fittings to a cupboard by Alex. F. Smith, were admirably designed for mounting on dull red and green leather, which gave a warm background to the metal and a pleasant contrast of colour to the wood. The same method is often successful in larger doors which by their character or position demand an extra touch of warmth and colour; but in the present instance this had generally been done by enamels set in the finger-plates, as in the exhibits of C. E. Thompson, whose designs were quite brilliant in originality and



PICTURE FRAME

BY BESSIE DAWSON



PICTURE FRAME

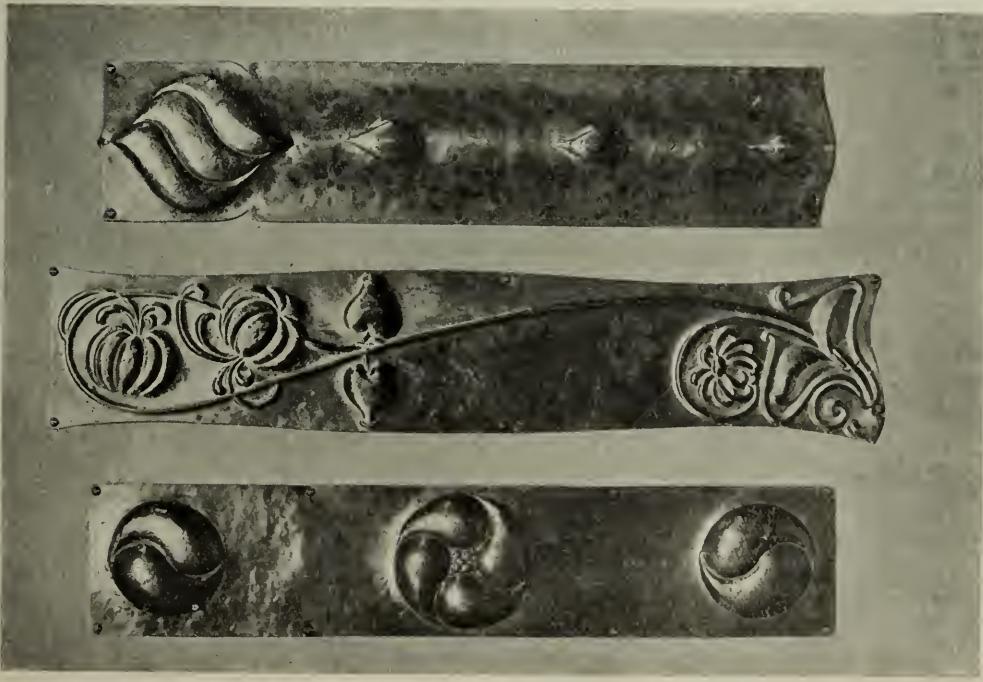
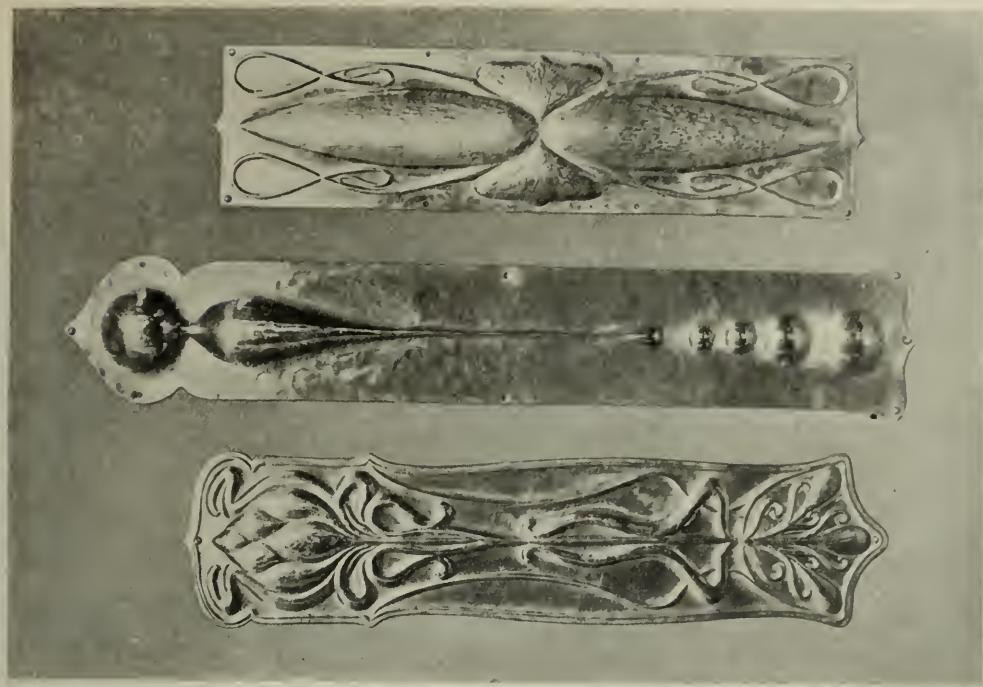
BY R. B. DAWSON

BY C. R. THOMPSON

FINGER-PLATES IN REPOUSSÉ

BY C. R. THOMPSON

FINGER-PLATES IN REPOUSSÉ COPPER

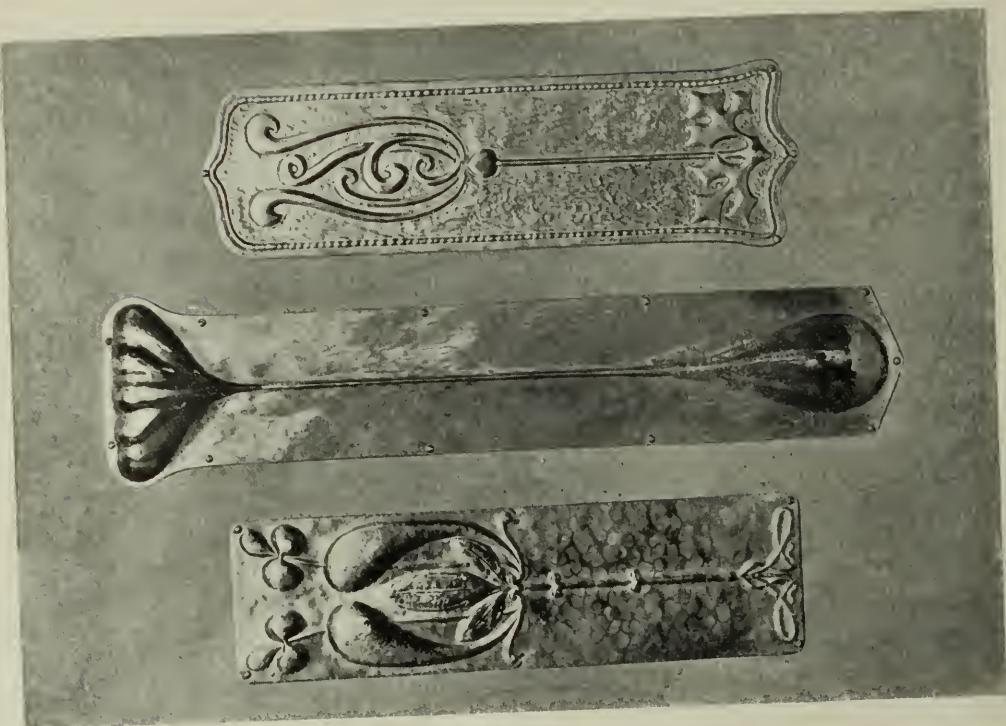


BY C. E. THOMPSON

FINGER-PLATES IN REPOUSSÉ BRASS

BY C. E. THOMPSON

FINGER-PLATES IN
REPOUSSÉ COPPER AND ENAMEL



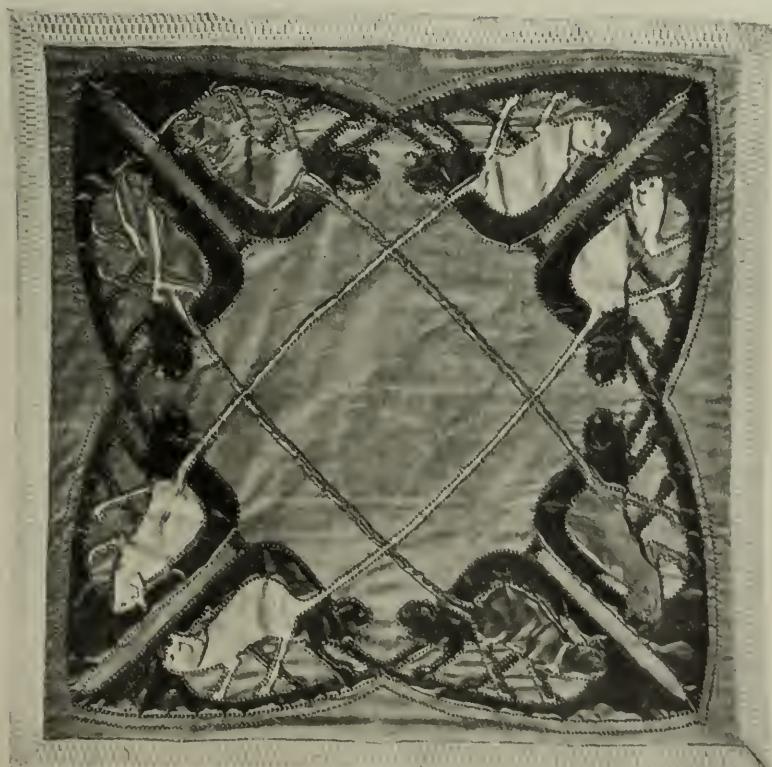
First International "Studio" Exhibition

charm; especially the plates with the peacock's feather decoration, in wrought copper with a rich jewel-like enamel at the head. Alike in colour and workmanship, in the quality of the designs and the judgment shown in the application of the enamel, the entire series of door-fittings by this excellent craftsman was worthy of high praise. There were also some good examples in this class of work by W. H. Marklew and Bernard Cuzner, a latch by Gustav Gurschner, a bronze lock-plate by Helen Langley, with a very interesting and well-balanced design springing naturally from the centre, and a plaster model for a door-knocker by the same hand, all showing individuality of treatment and conscientious craft. Mirror-frames and picture-frames in metal seemed a favourite subject. To apply any conspicuous decoration to a picture-frame is generally to make an unfair challenge to its contents, unless these are decorative rather than pictorial in character, when of course the frame may fitly be treated as part of the whole scheme of the ground in which the picture forms the centre of interest. In most of the brass or copper frames here shown this

difficulty had been fully considered, and those by Bessie Dawson, C. E. Thompson, H. Bloomfield Bare and Professor Paul Horti a notable exhibitor in several branches—were genuine frames for pictures; especially that of the lady first mentioned, whose treatment of the border in brass *repoussé* was full of decorative feeling and imagination, but so well subdued as not to be distracting to the eye. A mirror allows a little more license in this direction; the frame invites greater variety of surface and ornament. A solid and careful piece of work was Kate W. Thomson's mirror-frame in hammered block tin. Another mirror was set in wood with a charming corner-decoration, by R. B. Dawson, and pierced and *repoussé* brass. This, in the conception and arrangement of design, was one of the most ingenious and tasteful pieces of applied ornament.

The decorated plaque, to which the beginner in metal-work aspires with so light a heart, is probably one of the most difficult objects to infuse with any aesthetic interest when once its natural use as a plate has been forgotten in the thought of it as something to be set upon a shelf, or at its worst, to

hang upon a wall. No doubt the genuine craftsman will always insist that a plaque is a plate still, and that its decoration must be kept generally flat, even if it is to hold only cards and letters, and must, like all designs for circular or frequently shifted surfaces, be interesting from different points of view. The plaques by Annie Hobrough with eagle and fish designs fulfilled these conditions very well. But, apart from its tendency to become a trophy, the plaque is apt to merge into a bowl on the one hand or a tray on the other. As pieces of decoration, justified both in shape and ornament, the plaques by C. E. Thompson, Arthur Whitehead, and Kellock Brown were also extremely



EMBROIDERED CUSHION COVER

BY B. BOEKENS

First International "Studio" Exhibition

good. Bessie Ridpath sent a copper dish, lighter in treatment, and with a tasteful border design, as well as some very dainty and effective menu-stands. Here perhaps should be mentioned the beautiful little card-tray in dull copper by Enid L. Gill, which more than makes up in quality for the limited quantity of her work on view. A large copper tea-tray by Helen Smith was very shapely and decorative in form, with the middle left plain for the tea-service and surrounded by a wide flat border wrought to a very pleasing pattern in pierced and *repoussé* metal. An excellent specimen of chasing was a brass teapot-stand by Bessie Dawson; a thoroughly serviceable, solid, and workmanlike thing. A set of chased finger plates were sent by Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Smith. A well-proportioned kettle and tea-service in plain polished copper were among an important group of exhibits, to be noted later, from John W. Uiterwyk.

To revert to wall decorations, it should be said that the sconces formed a surprisingly good series, full of interest and novelty of design. Among the most ingenious in structure, though slight and unpretentious in the matter of decoration, were a pair by Kellock Brown, in which the two plain straps that bound the sides were brought down and

joined together in front to form a base for the candle. Another beautiful and more elaborate piece of work was the sconce by S. Ashby Sheare, with a distinctly original design carried out in pierced and *repoussé* copper. Here the main panel had a light and flat treatment contrasting with the simple masses of the silver bulbs for candles, which were admirably set into the frame. Equally good in plan and structure was the card-tray by the same exhibitor. Another sconce, on a somewhat ambitious scale, was by James J. Purdey; in which the value of the metal as a reflector had been specially kept in view, and the surface boldly treated in masses, and adorned with enamels judiciously set in the *repoussé* design. The adoption of spikes instead of cups for the candles gave an archaic touch to the branches. There was also a good sconce by Bessie S. McElwee.

To achieve anything really novel in candlesticks is a thankworthy feat for the modern designer; so often have old models been copied to redundancy, so seldom have new ones been distinguished in quality and style. The clever little candlesticks here shown by Spiegel Frigyes were quite delightful experiments in a new vein. Equally pleasing, though more conventional in



EMBROIDERED TABLE COVER

EMBROIDERED TABLE-CENTRE

DESIGNED AND WORKED BY

ANN MACBETH





First International "Studio" Exhibition

shape, were the candlesticks by Walter Elkan, showing certain bronze and copper mixtures which had yielded some fresh results in surface and colour. The brass writing-set, by Spiegel Frigyes, in five pieces, showed the same happy imagination and fineness of touch. The single example of a table-lamp—by C. H. A. Coulthard—had a distinction and charm which would have ensured attention even among many competitors. It was of rich dark copper set with pearl; harmonious alike in proportion, form, and colour. Among the smaller table-ware should be mentioned the substantial and well-wrought knife-layers by John Th. Uiterwyk, who also sent a pair of bonbonières, very pleasantly shaped, in plain iridescent bronze, with covers of enamelled silver; two remarkably pretty little tea-caddies in copper and enamels by De C. Lewthwaite Dewar; and by no means least, Bernard Cuzner's delicate and beautifully finished silver spoons, sugar sifter, and tea-caddy in silver and bronze. A plaque by Alexander Fisher was a very characteristic and interesting example of that well-known artist's work, especially in the decoration of the silver which formed the body of the work. The caskets, of which there was a good display, belong rather perhaps to the jewellery and enamels, but may be briefly mentioned here. Excellent jewel caskets in wrought or hammered metal were shown by F. G. Horrell, Francis Pierpoint, and Theodore Lambert; and a strong little oak coffer by John Th. Uiterwyk was finished with copper fittings of interesting design. The Continental craftsmen showed to great advantage in the decorative bronzes and small metal-ware for the smoking-room, such as the varied and fanciful little group by Fülop Ö. Beck, and the enamelled bowl and copper casket by Jeanne de Brouckere. The same class of work included an effective vase in beaten bronze by Bessie Dawson, and a group of bronze statuettes by Victor Rousseau and George Morren, who also sent a fine jug in amphore bronze. In medallions the English metal workers held their own, though a clever little series of portrait studies in bronze was sent by Peter Breithut. For the rest, the most original and striking was Kate S. Andrade's oxidised silver medallion portrait of a child. Robert Douglas

and Charles Samuel also sent very successful portraits in this medium.

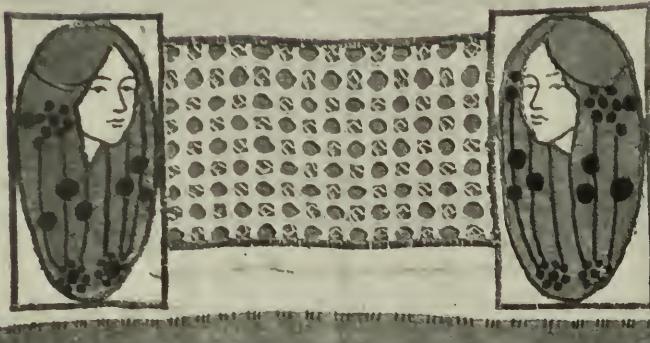
The restoration of metal to its old place in the windows of the dwelling-house—or rather, shall we say, the return of stained and leaded glass to the scheme of home decoration—has brought a new class of designs into our arts and crafts exhibitions, namely, for windows in which the questions of colour and picture or pattern have to be entirely subordinated to the question of light. In the larger architectural tasks this does not often become a serious factor; in churches, of course, the "dim religious light" is best conserved by rich colour and somewhat massive and elaborate design. In the house, only the hall, staircase, and "fanlight" windows allow, to any extent, of this heavier treatment. In towns, the difficulty is the greater when the decoration of the window itself is intended to be a substitute for curtains, and to serve as a screen from the street while admitting the greatest possible amount of light to the dwellers within. In the recent exhibition several contributors attacked this problem, and with very commendable success. The window-panes by John C.



EMBROIDERED BAG

BY ANN MACBETH

First International "Studio" Exhibition



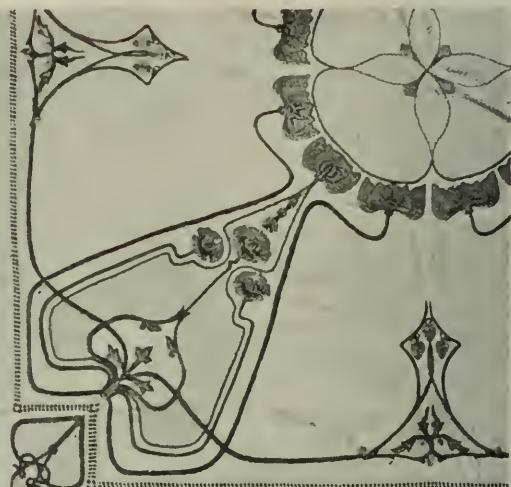
PORTION OF A SIDEBOARD CLOTH

BY ANN MACBETH

Hall and Alexander Gascoyne were the happiest instances of a slight but sufficient decorative treatment, allowing enough plain glass to give a clear outlook to the inhabitants (a point of great importance to the house-ridden and to children) and yet not to form—even in a murky atmosphere—any serious obstruction to the light. The last-named designer has experimented a good deal with the insertion of metal as a decoration into the actual window. The method is full of interesting possibilities when light is a secondary consideration, but few craftsmen could use it so happily as this exhibitor has done in a simple little panel yielding abundant light. This was among a considerable group of leaded, stained, and painted glass by the same hand, of which the beautiful panel *Ceres*, the decorative design for a drawing-room window, and the charming little *Fish*

panel, in a more opaque treatment, should be specially mentioned for purity of colour, freshness of invention, and a fine sense of decorative line in glass-leading. The work of E. A. Taylor also had real distinction and charm; his *Yellow Rose* was one of the most beautiful of the small opaque panels, and remarkable for the rich effect gained by so slight a figure, with so few and simple lines and colours; and a larger panel, *Memory*, was a striking design of two lovers in a garden, treated with a similar restraint of line

and beauty of colour. William Glasby showed excellent workmanship in his pair of windows representing Day and Night, the former having a symbolic decoration of sun-rays, and the latter of owls



PORTION OF EMBROIDERED TABLE COVER

BY E. M. DAWSON

First International "Studio" Exhibition

in flight, as a background to the central figures. William Aikman sent three good stained and leaded panels, and Baron Rosenkrantz a window representing the *Madonna and Child* and a fragment of a larger window in course of construction; his work being rather ecclesiastical than domestic in its range. There were also two dainty little leaded lights in painted glass by Charles Presswell and G. F. Brodrick.

To speak of the textiles and needlework is to approach a section of the exhibits far too large and important to be summarised here, but even a first notice of the exhibition would be inadequate without a reference to the part played in it by crafts generally identified with women. We have al-

ready seen that the success in metal-work has by no means been monopolised by the other sex. But it is not too much to say that in no recent exhibition have we seen the needlework maintained at so high a level. The bringing together of design and handicraft has here borne most significant fruit; the amount of time and labour spent on embroidery is no longer—as in the last generation—the supreme test of its worth; a genuine decorative feeling is at work in needle-crafts, and design is taking its right place as the controlling spirit served by the genius of technical skill. One instance may here be quoted in justification of this high claim for the present exhibits,—namely, the embroideries of Ann Macbeth. The table-cloth and sideboard cover by this designer were among the most pleasing instances of beautiful workmanship combined with the true instinct of decoration—the power to treat a fabric with the colour and ornament to which it lends itself most fruitfully, and to make pattern subserve the final harmony of the whole.



EMBROIDERED TABLE CENTRE
BY A. SCHROLL.

THE AWARD OF MEDALS IN CONNECTION WITH THE FIRST "STUDIO" INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

The following is a list of exhibitors to whom medals have been awarded. Those entitled to them are requested to send to the Editor the addresses to which they wish the medals forwarded. The Silver Medal was the highest award.

CLASS I. *Silver Medal's.*—A. H. Jones, Ch. Boutet de Monvel, Theodore Lambert; *Bronze Medals.*—Bessie Dawson, Annie Noufflard, Bernard Cuzner. CLASS II.—None. CLASS III. *Silver Medal.*—C. E. Thomson; *Bronze Medals.*—Kellock Brown, Helen Smith. CLASS IV. *Bronze Medal.*—Marklew. CLASS V. *Silver Medal.*—G. M. Ellwood; *Bronze Medal.*—J. T. Uiterwyk. CLASS VI.—None. CLASS VII. *Silver Medal.*—W. Aikman; *Bronze Medals.*—A. Gascoyne, W. Glasby. CLASS VIII. *Silver Medal.*—A. Duncan Carse; *Bronze Medal.*—Annie Marshall. CLASS IX. *Silver Medals.*—Paul Horti, Prof. Christiansen and Mrs. Wegerif; *Bronze Medals.*—Misses Hellesen and R. Gamble. CLASS X. *Silver Medal.*—Ann Macbeth; *Bronze Medals.*—Anna Papadoupolo, M. E. Dawson. CLASS XI. *Silver Medal.*—William Morse; *Bronze Medal.*—E. H. Rouse. CLASS XII. *Silver Medal.*—T. Cook. CLASS XIII. *Silver Medal.*—A. de Sauty; *Bronze Medals.*—Evelyn Underhill; Mrs. Macdonald. CLASS XIV. *Silver Medal.*—Lily Day; *Bronze Medal.*—Marion Barclay. CLASS XV. *Silver Medal.*—F. C. Pope; *Bronze Medal.*—M. N. Marshall. CLASS XVI. *Silver Medal.*—Percy S. Smith. CLASS XVII.—None. CLASS XVIII. *Silver Medal.*—Peter Breithut; *Bronze Medal.*—Kate Andrade. CLASS XIX. *Silver Medal.*—Ch. Samuel. CLASS XX. *Bronze Medal.*—Helen Langley.

An Armenian Etcher

A N ARMENIAN ETCHER : M. EDGAR CHAHINE. BY GABRIEL MOUREY.

SOME seven or eight years since M. Edgar Chahine came from Armenia, of which he is a native, and settled in Paris, passing by way of Venice, where he made a long stay, captivated by the luminous charm of Tiepolo, and by the intoxicating atmosphere of the City of the Doges.

Trained, as he was, in an atmosphere of artistic grace and joyous luxury, and impregnated by the romance of Venice, how comes it that M. Chahine's etchings and dry-points reveal so acute a sense of sorrow and suffering? This is a problem of artistic psychology which may be solved without difficulty. No wonder that M. Chahine should regard life with the eye of sadness. He reached the age of manhood at a time when his country was experiencing the most horrible disasters. Whether

he was witness of the massacres, whether he saw the atrocious butcheries which dismembered his native land, I know not; but his ears must have heard the death cries of his brethren, the screams of his murdered sisters; his eyes must surely have seen in the skies the reflection of the conflagrations below in the pastures where his childhood was passed. It is easy to understand the unconquerable melancholy which has entered into his soul.

This sentiment of abiding sorrow invests his works with a quite special character; there is, as it were, a sort of oppression, a sense of trouble, looming in most of his etchings. To this, beyond doubt, he owes the rare intelligence which enables him, a foreigner, transplanted into a world entirely unlike that in which he spent his early years, and equally different from the place where his artist's eye was formed, to grasp and fix so surely the aspects, the characters and the types of





(By permission of M. Ed. Sagot, Paris)

“LA VIEILLE FEMME”
FROM AN ETCHING
BY EDGAR CHAHINE

Parisian life. This melancholy, too, has guided him in his choice of subjects, has led him straight to the world of labour and poverty, with its tramps and mendicants and its outcasts. By such as these he has been profoundly and painfully inspired.

The strange thing is, that he should at once have attained such absolute *maitrise* in handling subjects with which he must have been so unfamiliar—subjects for the treatment of which his previous studies would, it seems reasonable to think, have altogether unfitted him. Strange, too, his skill in the use of instruments the mastery of which usually demands years of apprenticeship. In one of the earliest—if not actually the first—of his plates,

styled *Distribution de soupe le Vendredi*, he reveals himself in complete possession of his moral and technical personality, a keen faculty of observation, a perfect knowledge of *mise-en-page*, a rare appreciation of values, and a very special power of characterisation. All these and other things proclaimed thus early an artist of the highest order. Since then, M. Chahine has etched plates as beautiful as this, but none more beautiful. The patience of the half-starved crowd that waits and waits—men, women and children, some sitting on the kerb, others leaning against the wall, their legs weak with fatigue; the dull uniformity of colour and attitude and gesture, the sort of fatalistic resignation in the faces; and in the foreground the figure of a man in workman's blouse and *casquette*, his features set as though in secret revolt, and marked by toil, and suffering, and poverty—all these things are traced with surest hand, because they were seen clearly and sympathetically, because the methods of expression were here in perfect accord with the ideas and the feelings of the artist who expressed them.

This impression of things strongly felt is present in all M. Chahine's works, and to this quality he owes the greater part of his success. His sensitiveness has been in no way hardened by acquaintance with the sights amid which he lives. It is sincerely to be hoped he may never grow callous and indifferent, as has been the case with so many others. May his art retain that savour which gives it so special a charm! The astonishment he felt, the emotion aroused in him in the presence of hitherto unknown types and surroundings, had been experienced before, and just as deeply, by another artist—I refer to our own Steinlen.



"L'ITALIENNE"

FROM AN ETCHING BY EDGAR CHAHINE
(By permission of M. Ed. Sagot, Paris)

"CAMPMENT DE CHIFFONNIERS"
FROM AN ETCHING
BY EDGAR CHAHINE

(By permission of M. Ed. Sagot, Paris)



An Armenian Etcher

M. Chahine is Armenian, M. Steinlen is Swiss; both, with equal honesty of purpose, discovered Paris, and the shock produced within them by the discovery gave a rare freshness to their impressions. With Steinlen, this acute interest has been maintained, and I trust M. Chahine may also preserve intact the same spontaneity of vision. There is every reason to believe, I rejoice to say, that such will be the case.

Recently I examined long and diligently practically the whole of his etchings; and collectively they did not lose in my eyes any of the merits which they appeared to me to possess when I saw them separately as they appeared. On the contrary, they rather gained by all being seen together, the talent of this most original artist impressing me more forcibly than ever. Take those called *Un Gueux*, *Dormeuses sur les quais*, *Jeune Voyou*, *Têtes de Gueux*, *Place Clichy*, *Au Château-Rouge*, *La Marchande des Quatre-saisons*, *Le Déménageur*, *Chemineau*, *Campement de Chiffonniers*, *Boulevard Ney*, and *Vieille mendiane à l'église*—here are so many scenes taken *sur le vif* in their sad or typical reality, scenes in which the artist has thrown into relief in tones of rare sincerity the profound humanity underlying them

one and all. A place apart must be reserved for *La Marchande des Quatre-saisons*, *Le Chemineau*, and *Vieille mendiane à l'église*, for herein M. Chahine's characterisation is positively masterly. With profound respect for the truth, he neither exaggerates nor extenuates it; without fuss or excess of any kind, and with the slightest possible *mise-en-scène*—simply so much as is necessary to create the *milieu* in which they move—he depicts his characters just as they appear, just as they really are. None of them has posed before him; he has caught them "alive"—*sur le vif*. He makes a rapid portrait, but is not content with that alone; he has striven to sound the soul within. Thus it is that his types, while quite special, are at the same time quite general too. His *Marchande des Quatre-saisons*, for instance, suggests all the *Marchandes des Quatre-saisons* in the world, yet you feel that she has a separate individuality of her own, and is, indeed, just one particular woman. So with the *Chemineau*, who is the ideal tramp, the type of all tramps of all times and all countries—those who trudge along the white roads of "La douce France," or those one sees on the towing-paths of Russian rivers.



PORTRAIT OF ALFRED STEVENS

(By permission of M. Ed. Sagot, Paris)

BY EDGAR CHAHINE

“UPON THE QUAY, PARIS”
FROM THE COLOURED ETCHING BY
EDGAR CHAHINE

(By permission of the Publisher,
E. Sagot, of Paris)





An Armenian Etcher

This art of generalisation is one of the most precious that the modern artist can possess, and M. Edgar Chahine possesses it in the very highest degree. Even when, as in another of his series of engravings in which he studies the *femmes élégantes* of Montmartre, of the Quartier Latin, of the boulevards, or of the Rue Royale, he shows us a variety of types, we realise that it is all humanity itself he is depicting. In the *Deux Brunes*, in *Contraste*, showing two women at a bar, one dark, the other fair; in his *Gigolettes*, sitting on a *café* terrace; in *Far Niente*, or in *La Terrace*, and in *Demoiselle au Tennis* he shows himself to be wonderfully qualified as a delineator of the fascinations of modern womankind.

How delicate, how true, the art with which he suggests the alluring smile of the lips, the inviting glance of the eye. These, too, are real portraits, for M. Chahine is, in the general sense of the word, a portraitist before all else. And whether it be in admirable plates like his *Château Rouge*, or his *Dormeurs sur un banc*, wherein fatigue and misery are so poignantly depicted, or in the exquisitely beautiful *Contraste*, that I mentioned just now, he is always capable of seizing and fixing humanity in its most varied aspects, and in its most diverse manifestations.

Portraitist he is, even in his landscapes, such as *Saint Ouen, vu des fortifications*, in which he marks with as much care and study of character and expression the essential features of a landscape, as though they formed parts of the human face. Nothing could be more keenly painful than this Parisian *faubourg* setting, as the artist has seen and presented it. Bring near it the portrait of *The Chemineau*; the same hand engraved these two amazing pages, with the same love of truth, the same intense feeling.

M. Chahine's portrait of M. Alfred Stevens, M. Anatole France, and M. Cornély, are perfect things both from the documentary and the artistic points of view. Wonderful to note the skill with which he traces the features of the old Flemish master, his dignified, aristocratic air, the keenness of the eye which has seen so much, the delicacy of the hand which has wrought so many lovely works. And in the portrait of M. Anatole France, how well he has indicated the psychology of the great writer, his invincible curiosity to taste and to know everything, his light irony, his laughing wisdom. All this is divined by the expression of the eyes, the curve of the lip, the pose, and the expression generally.



PORTRAIT OF M. ANATOLE FRANCE

(By permission of M. Ed. Sagot, Paris)

FROM AN ETCHING BY EDGAR CHAHINE



FROM AN ETCHING
BY EDGAR CHAHINE
(By permission of M. Ed. Sagot, Paris)

Indeed, in everything he does, M. Edgar Chahine shows himself to be an artist of the highest order. By his delicate sensibility, his acuteness of vision, his masterly technique, M. Chahine has won the esteem of artists and critics alike. He is a conscientious worker, an indefatigable seeker after truth. The merit of his work, the originality of his talent, may be judged by the reproductions we are now enabled to give, thanks to the courtesy of M. E. Sagot, who is the publisher of the artist's etchings.

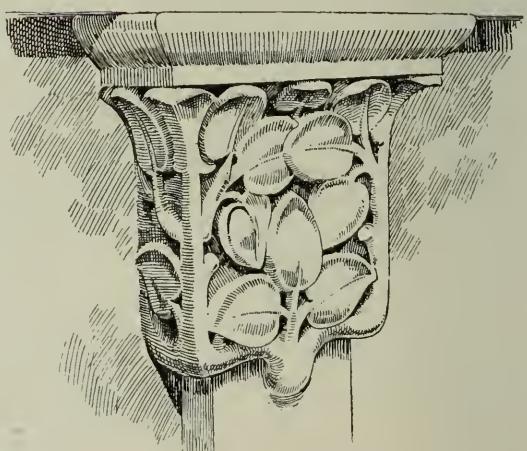
GABRIEL MOUREY.

THE HORNIMAN FREE MUSEUM.

THE origin of the Horniman Free Museum at Forest Hill, London, may be described as the history of a hobby—a hobby now turned for

all time to the advantage of London citizens. For it was by way of following a delightfully instructive pastime, a genuine hobby, that Mr. F. J. Horniman, M.P., like many an Englishman of taste, started to collect such objects of interest and value as appealed to him strongly in his travels, at home and abroad, and his collector's passion being what it should be—a joy that not only grew keener, but that multiplied itself by making converts—he soon found that the best part of his own pleasure had its home in the lively interest taken in his hobby by his friends and neighbours. This caused him to think that he might awaken the same reciprocating interest in a much wider circle; so, in 1890, he arranged his collection in one of his houses at Forest Hill, and the same year, on 1 December 24th, it was declared open to everyone.

This first step—a step of democratic good fellowship—was adequate for a time, but not for long. The delight in collecting still went on gathering its varied spoils, and the house was soon too small for an effective display of the new purchases. Then an extension had to be built, and in December, 1893, Sir Somers Vine opened the enlarged Museum to the general public. Later, on June 1st, 1895, the Surrey Mount Grounds were made free to the people as an additional attraction, and they and the Museum became so popular



CARVED CAPITAL

DESIGNED BY
C. HARRISON TOWNSEND



THE HORNIMAN FREE MUSEUM
C. HARRISON TOWNSEND, ARCHITECT

The Horniman Free Museum

that no fewer than 90,383 persons visited the collection in 1897. Meantime, gifts from the public, which were numerous, and acquisitions by purchase were continually adding to the collection, till at last, the house, the stables and the conservatory were filled.

It was partly this fact, and partly a spirit of thoroughness, that caused Mr. Horniman to build the fine museum which he recently presented, together with the large recreation grounds, to the London County Council, as the representative of the London people. A more useful gift has seldom been made to any city. It is useful to everyone in the southern suburbs, and it is useful also to the present-day English school of design, of applied and decorative art; for Mr. Horniman did not seek his architect from among the nympholepts of the old styles, who are afraid to do in "the frozen music of architecture" what Wagner and other modern composers have done with their art.

That is to say, the nympholepts of the old styles are afraid to achieve something fresh and great by making use of two processes equally common in external nature and the history of civilisation—the process of upheaval, and the process of depositing new things of growth upon an ancient foundation. The present-day movement in design employs both processes, and because the process of upheaval is neither a quiet nor a gentle instrument of progress, the nympholepts of the old styles imagine that architecture and decoration will be ruined by its revolutionary thoroughness. Hence their lamentations—and their splenetic misuse of the word "amateur." But the revolution of progress in the arts goes on all the same; and we may be equally sure that, in order to progress, men must be pioneers, or else they must follow with intelligence the lead of pioneers, daring much, daring always.

It is chiefly for this reason that the building of the Horniman Free Museum is worthy of attention here. Whether the architecture be liked or disliked—and it is certain to have foes as well as many friends—is a matter of no greater consequence than the conflict of opinions raised by such a manner of writing as that of Carlyle. The point of real concern to us all is this: that the architecture, whether liked or disliked, is not in the least degree an imitation, an echo of some old master's merit. It stands there at Forest Hill as a new series of frank and fearless thoughts expressed and co-ordinated in store. Further, contrast the simple dignity of its strength with the flat, thin-angular pretensions of the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, and then ask yourself which style of architecture is more in keeping with the immensity of London, the Empire-City. Even the



INTERIOR OF THE HORNIMAN MUSEUM

C. HARRISON TOWNSEND, ARCHITECT

THE HORNIMAN FREE MUSEUM

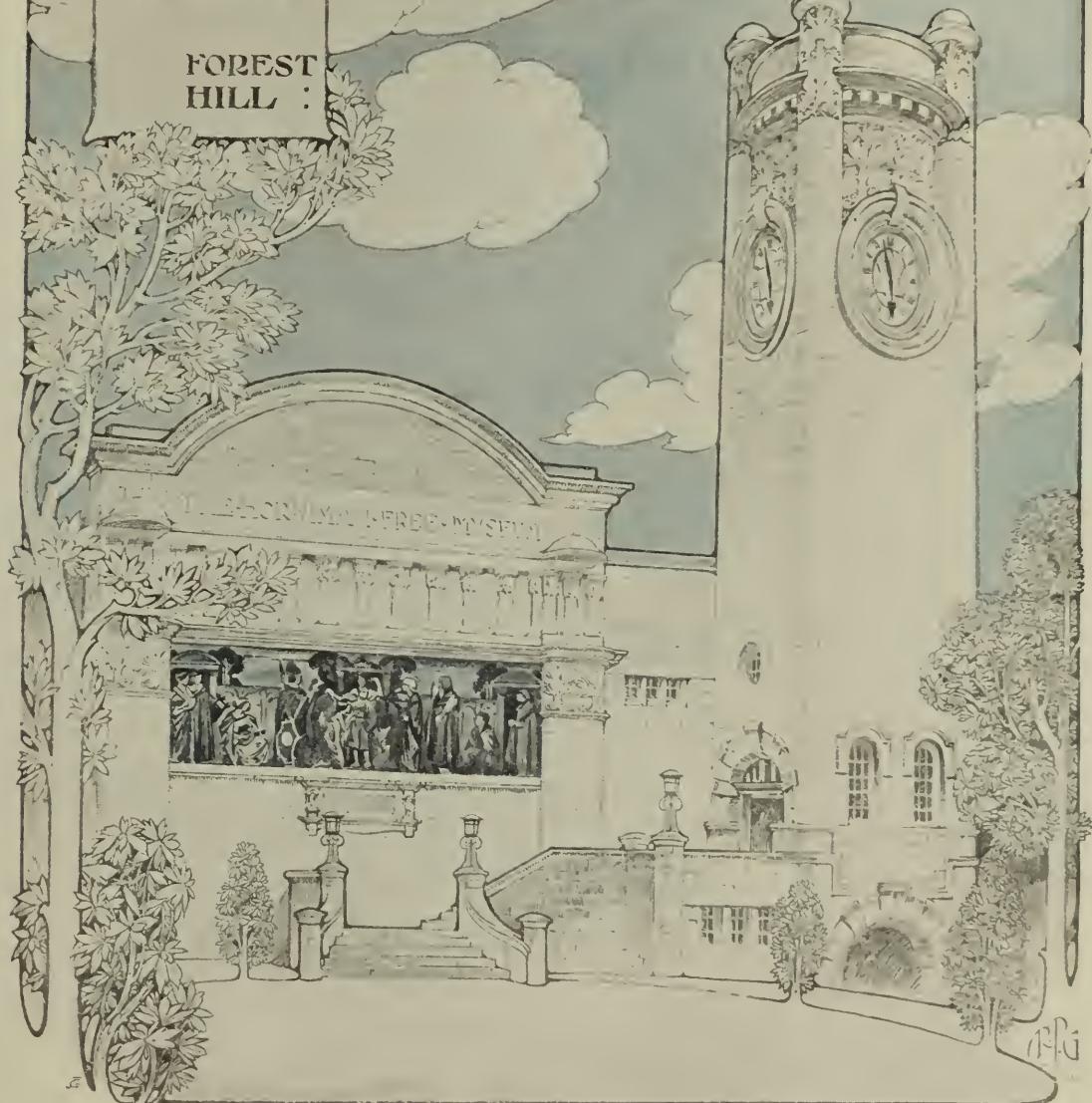
C. HARRISON TOWNSEND, ARCHITECT

FROM A DRAWING BY PERCY GOSSOP



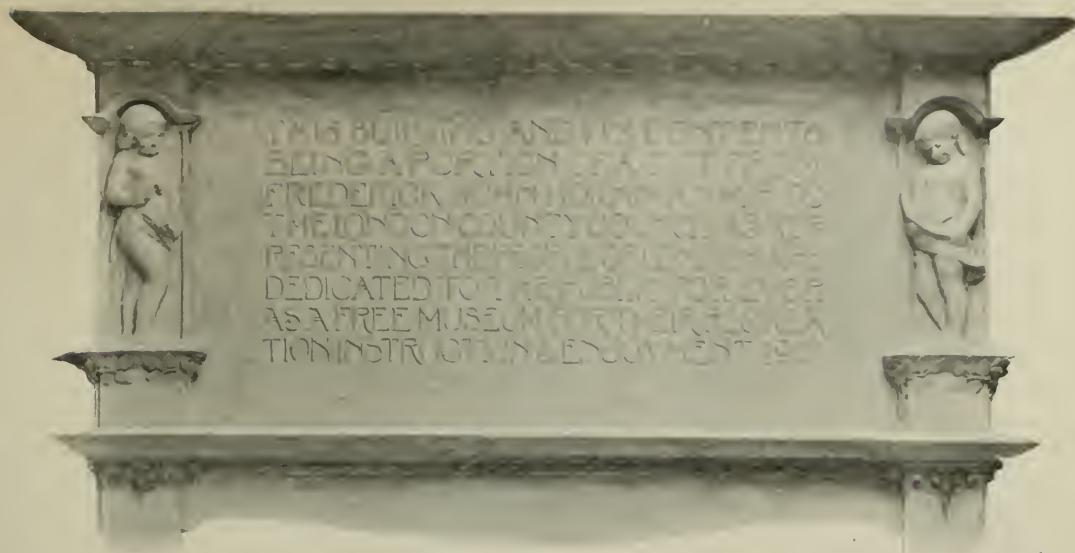
THE
HORNIMAN
FREE
MUSEVM

FOREST
HILL :



1901

The Horniman Free Museum



THE COMMEMORATIVE TABLET

BY F. W. POMEROY

rounded arrises of the tower, concerning which hostile critics have something to say, are not only an architectural relief to the eyes after the monotony of straight lines and sharp angles ; they are also elements of repose that accord well with the strong constructive logic of the whole building.

Indeed, built thoughtfully for a given purpose, the Horniman Free Museum is quite practical

enough in all its arrangements to be a modern public building for the convenient display of relics : it is easy of access, it is spacious and unpretentious in its internal planning, and every care has been taken to make it a place in which a crowd may move easily without jostling, and without feeling in the least bewildered. Most museums need as many finger-posts as may be found on a long



INTERIOR OF THE HORNIMAN MUSEUM

C. HARRISON TOWNSEND, ARCHITECT

turnpike road, and as many officials, almost, as there are other restful objects on show.

When Mr. C. Harrison Townsend began to prepare the plans and the elevations for his successful museum, he found that the problem which he had to solve was rendered very difficult by the nature of the site, the frontage being somewhat narrow, and the slope of the land too steep for levelling. In order to take advantage of the lie of the ground, Mr. Harrison Townsend divided the building into two galleries, approximately equal in size, about 104 ft. long by 47 ft. wide, making the level of the northern one on a plane with the height of the balcony to the southern or entrance gallery, and connecting the two together by a wide staircase. It must also be noted that the ground is clayey, so that great precautions had to be taken before the foundation stones of the massive tower could be laid. Excavations 19 ft. deep were sunk, and the tower now stands on a platform of concrete 13 ft. deep and 32 ft. square. As for its proportions, it is 85 ft. high and 20 ft. square at the base, battering upwards to 17 ft. at the summit. It owes not a little of its large and effective simplicity to the 30 ft. of unbroken space stretching between the clock and the tops of the arched windows.

For the rest, the Museum is 258 ft. long by 61 ft. wide, with a superficial area of 16,485 sq. ft. Like Wells Cathedral and Glastonbury Abbey, it is built of Doulting stone, a shelly, granular limestone, uniform and pleasing in texture, and with a colour that may be described as a greyish yellow-brown. A very important feature to be noted is the decorative mosaic panel, 32 ft. long by 10 ft. deep, that runs the whole length of the main façade, and that certainly takes rank as the most important modern example of success in the use of mosaic as an enrichment to external architecture. The panel was designed by Mr. R. Anning Bell, and readers of *THE STUDIO* will remember that Mr. Bell's sketch-design was reproduced in colour only a short time ago in these pages.

The carrying out of his design—a piece of work which, perhaps, is a little too erudite to appeal strongly to the people—was entrusted to Mr. George Bridge, who made most of the 117,000 *tessaræ* employed, and who was greatly assisted in all his work by a staff of young women. There was not a single threatened “strike,” and Mr. Bridge holds that women-workers have greater patience than men, as well as cleverer hands and a more delicate sense of colour.

STUDIO-TALK.

(*From our own Correspondents.*)

LONDON.—To anyone who takes a critical pleasure in book illustration, more especially in its imaginative aspects, a representative collection of pen drawings and sketches by Mr. Laurence Housman cannot but be a thing of great importance; for Mr. Laurence Housman, like Mr. Byam Shaw, is among the few living men who look beyond the prose of illustration and who elevate their work into art and poetry. To do that is a great achievement, within its own limitations, and the few who succeed in doing it have always in their styles that unifying note of strangeness that belongs to all original talents, and that never fails to keep some of its students at a distance. In the case of Mr. Laurence Housman, this note of strangeness, though felt by all, is a difficult quality indeed to put a name upon, to describe accurately. It has in it a something or other that suggests Pan and the mythology of woodland gods; a certain subtle freakishness that seems to have been born and bred in the checkered glooms of Pan's kingdom, and that dances lightly on goat's feet to the measures of its own human poetry. A strangeness akin to this of Mr. Housman's is to be met with in the genius of Nathaniel Hawthorne; and it is in art and in literature what the Orchid—the Pan of flowers—



CASKET DECORATED
WITH ENAMELS AND LAPIS

DESIGNED AND EXECUTED
BY F. J. PARTRIDGE



STEEL PLATE

DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY F. DEWDNEY

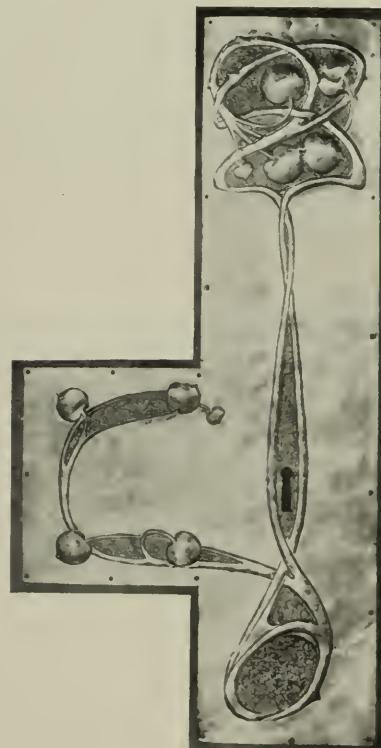
is among plants, a thing curiously fanciful and attractive that suggests a universal imitation.

Of the eighty-two drawings and sketches by which Mr. Housman was represented at the Fine Art Society, all but two were in pen and ink; and the majority were familiar as book illustrations. The series of drawings for "All Fellows," for "The Goblin Market," and for "The Field of Clover," and "The End of Elfin Town," were delightful, though a few of the drawings—take that of *The Fruit Merchants*—had a uniform dark outlining that rendered it difficult to see the figures in their right planes, so that they looked rather cramped within their few inches of space.

The perfect harmony of the masses of fine detail in Mr. Housman's drawings is a grace so easy to miss, that one cannot enjoy it without thinking of the perils it has passed through. For this reason, to an extent more or less obvious, its appeal is made as a *tour de force*, somewhat to its injury as a refinement of subtle art. And it is worth remembering that this price has to be paid by every creative worker who chooses the least simple means of expression, the most hazardous ways of producing his effects. He is certain to blend with the art of his appeal some excess of technical sleight of hand that speaks of a *tour de force*, a thing at variance with the highest pleasures

of imaginative work. It is not, then, from a technical point of view that Mr. Laurence Housman is most admirable, though many seem glad to miss his real worth as a creative illustrator of subtle and original charm, in order that they may bestow a passing admiration upon the fastidious skill displayed by his spider-webbing in pen-craftsmanship.

BARNSTAPLE.—The influence of THE STUDIO is not confined to the large cities; even in a small town like Barnstaple it makes itself felt. It stands to the credit of North Devon, that its metropolis, which has already a reputation for pottery, should be showing signs of life in metal-working and other crafts. A Guild has now been formed, which, for the last nine months, has



DOOR-PLATE
IN COPPER

DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY F. BRADDON



EMBROIDERED CUSHION

DESIGNED BY WILLY
O. DRESSLER

(See Berlin Studio-Talk.)

been producing work of an interesting and varied character.

The steel plate, designed and executed by J. Dewdney, is both original in design and in the method of treating the material. A casket designed and executed by F. J. Partridge, is carried out in brass and decorated with small enamel rondels on the cover, the little finials crowning the apex being set with lapis stones. A copper door-plate designed and executed by F. Braddon is original in design, and shows unusual ability in the use of line.

DUBLIN.—Two of the most interesting picture shows ever held in Dublin have taken place here within the last few weeks: one, a loan collection of the work of Mr. Nathaniel Hone, R.H.A., and Mr. John Butler Yeats, R.H.A.; the other an exhibition of West of Ireland sketches by Jack Yeats (the younger). Each of these artists has a strongly marked individuality; each of them has stamped his individuality upon his work in such a manner as to give it a certain distinction, a quality of uniqueness; and in the work of each



EMBROIDERY DESIGNED BY WILLY O. DRESSLER
(See Berlin Studio-Talk.)

there is something elusive, something that suggests a quest after the secret soul of things, something that it has been the fashion to call in literature—the Celtic note. All who have approached the



EMBROIDERED TABLE CENTRE

(See Berlin Studio-Talk.)

DESIGNED BY WILLY O. DRESSLER



EMBROIDERED CUSHION

BY WILLY O. DRESSLER

pictures of these three Irish painters with understanding have, in one way or another, been conscious of this latter influence. It is seen in Mr. Hone's sleepy landscapes, grey seas, and broken skies ; in the portraits of the elder Yeats, with their delicate reserve, their suggestion of some subtle intimacy with the inner personality of his sitters ; and it makes itself felt in Jack Yeats's vivid, human dramas on canvas, which seem literally to exhale all the exuberance, all the buoyancy of youth. But I would rather speak of the work of these three artists as distinctively Irish work than apply to it that long-suffering word Celtic. They are all, each in his own way, thoroughly and typically Irish ; and while they do not claim to have founded any school or led any movement, their work may be taken as representing in Irish art the best achievement in the present and the hope for the future.

Mr. Hone has been all his life painting the external aspects of Nature as she reveals herself to him on the eastern coast of Ireland. He has painted quiet stretches of sand with breaking waves, meadows that are just out of reach of the salt spray and fringed with the fine trees that one sees close to the coast on the northern side of Dublin Bay.

Mr. Yeats's portraits are as remarkable as Mr. Hone's landscapes, and for reasons not wholly dissimilar ; the pictures, in fact, keep very good company together, and you can turn from one of Mr. Hone's landscapes to one of Mr. Yeats's

"men and women" without feeling the necessity for any alteration in the mental point of view. The collection was very representative of Mr. Yeats's work, including as it did a number of pencil portraits and sketches, as well as several of his best portraits in oils.

Jack Yeats's *Sketches of Life in the West of Ireland* attracted crowds of visitors during the fortnight that the exhibition was open, and the general feeling was one of surprise at the tremendous progress made by this young artist during the twelve months that have elapsed since his work



EMBROIDERY

BY WILLY O. DRESSLER

was last seen in Dublin. His touch is firmer and surer ; there is nothing now tentative in his style. His colour is more certain of itself, more a part of the picture. The subjects of Jack Yeats's sketches are mostly West of Ireland peasants, with the fine faces and strongly marked features one sees along the western seaboard. His method is simple and direct ; the result is attained apparently without effort, and the effect is of an amazingly vivid realism transfigured by imagination.

E. D.

BERLIN.—At the present time in Germany there are a host of things that cannot but appeal strongly to anyone who follows with a keen interest the international warfare of trade, and who pays serious attention to the ever-increasing value of the part played in its progress by the decorative



SCREEN

BY ED. WIEGAND

(See *Budapest Studio-Talk*)

arts. There is on foot a movement to make art a study full of amusement in all schools, and not merely a recurring lesson, made stiff and formal and hateful by means of set rules and of stern tutorial discipline. There is also, both in Government circles and in nearly all the manufactories, a far-sighted alertness to the practical value of good design, and the best efforts are being made to take full advantage of the hints to be got out of the best work done by other countries, and by England above all the rest. As an example of this, an interesting little story may be told here. A few months ago, in a competition for jewellery, THE STUDIO published a set of suggestive designs, printed in colours. The German jewellery trade took instant notice of this fact, as an example which its own papers ought to follow.

And this is but one illustration of the plain fact that German manufacturers are determined, if at all possible, to wrest from British craftsmen and

designers their initiative supremacy in the applied art campaign. Should they succeed in doing this, as France, years ago, on principles derived from Constable and Crome, succeeded in establishing art schools for a host of English students, then a fair fight will have gone against England. It is a great thing, indeed, for a nation to do what England has done—*i.e.*, to start a world-wide movement in art; but a still greater thing is to maintain a leading position by the wise and general use made of all good and original suggestions. Germany now challenges that position, and a nation reared up in discipline is certain to be a patient, formidable rival. In Berlin, meantime, two or three phases of English decorative art provoke not a little surprise; they run back into the past away from the age we live in; they seem like enchanted rivers flowing through a fairyland away from the sea. Take the art of embroidery as an illustration of this. London has several schools for the encouragement of this useful



"A STUDY HOLD-ALL"

DESIGNED BY ED. WIEGAND

(See *Budapest Studio-Talk*)



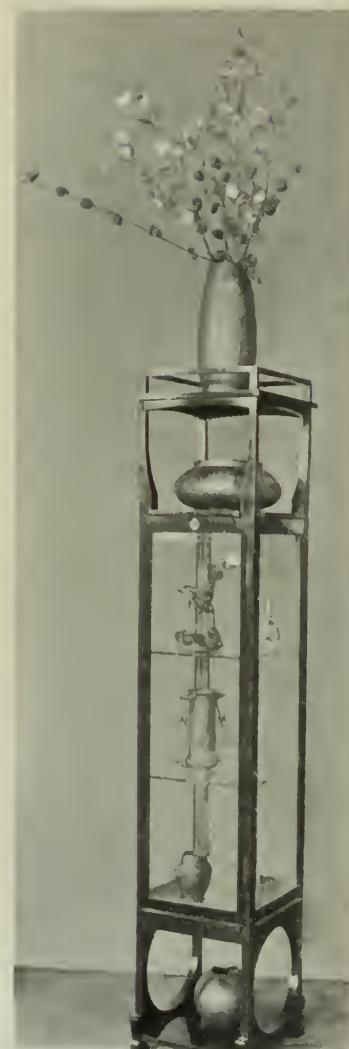
SKETCH PORTRAIT OF DR. JULES
DE WCLASSICS, HUNGARIAN MINISTER
OF EDUCATION. BY F. E. LÁSZLÓ

(See Budapest Studio-Talk)

curved lines. This is so in his design of Alga (a kind of seaweed) and fish, that is reproduced here from a table centre of light cloth, mounted on green silk moiré. Nevertheless, Mr. Dressler's invention is always interesting, and as long as he has faults to correct he may be happy as an artist.

BUDAPEST.—In this city the applied art movement continues brisk, and, owing in part to the self-restraint of the craftsmen engaged in its advancement, and in part to the fact that a high and just value is still placed on the influence of the most virile English designers, the movement is not running very wild here in the production of eye-teasing, ephemeral trifles, called "novelties in the new manner." Held pretty well in hand, kept fairly well under control, it does not show many signs of that excess of decorative detail which began to appear some little while ago both in French and in German craftsmanship, which resulted, sometimes, in the actual realisation of a design being almost as unstructural in character as inopportune diligence could well make it.

In Budapest, craftsmen strive to employ ornament, not as a thing to challenge admiration solely on its own account, but simply as an enrichment of the forms of building logic required in the use of the various materials employed by the applied arts. Their aim is to keep constantly in mind the fact that good design in household necessities is a simple and a



CURIOS CABINET BY ED. WIEGAND

art, but what real good can be done by their custom of duplicating old examples of fine needlework? Would it not be well if the Royal School of Art Needlework at South Kensington were to encourage such a display of individual feeling as Mr. Willy O. Dressler, of Berlin, shows in his embroideries? True it is, no doubt, that Mr. Dressler's work is sometimes rather confused by a multiplicity of flowing,



MODEL OF A SARCOPHAGUS

BY H. HULTZSCH

Mr. F. E. László's admirable sketch-portrait of the Hungarian Minister of Education.



"THE HUNTRESS"

BY H. HULTZSCH

pleasing kind of constructive common sense, having nothing in common with a luxury-bred taste for gewgaws of trivial ornamentation. But it is necessary to add here that English critics, in their attitude to Hungarian and Austrian craftsmanship, must make allowance for the effects produced on a new style by national traditions and by racial tendencies of temperament. These influences, potent in all countries, cause nations to attach very different meanings to the phrase "constructive common-sense," "simplicity in constructive design." The significance that an English craftsman finds in it may seem bald to a Hungarian, unsympathetic to a German, and as barbarous to a Parisian as Shakespeare was to Voltaire. Yet there are in Hungary, as in other parts of continental Europe, some craftsmen whose feelings as to simplicity in design seem to be of true English descent. A good example of this at Budapest is found in the work of Mr. E. Wiegand, whose *Study Hold-All* (p. 206) is a piece of furniture which might have been planned by an English designer.

We have pleasure in giving a reproduction of

DRESDEN.—Hermann Hultzsch, several of whose works are here reproduced, was born at Dresden in 1837. At the age of fourteen he entered the Academy of Arts and became a pupil of Rietschel, the eminent sculptor, remaining in his studio till Rietschel's death in 1861. Later, through the influence of Mr. Gruner, formerly secretary to the Prince Consort, he was commissioned by Queen Victoria to execute a statue of the Prophet Ezekiel; and this work was completed, after two years' work in Rome, in 1866. It now stands in the Mausoleum at Frogmore. On his return to Dresden, Hermann Hultzsch worked in his own



STATUE

BY H. HULTZSCH



PORTION OF A FRIEZE

BY GUSTAVE HAHN

studio, where he carried out several church figures, two statues of King Albert of Saxony, besides many busts and portraits. Perhaps the most striking of any is the statue of Albrecht der Beherzte, at Meissen, which, in its attitude of haughty watchfulness, frowns down upon us in the courtyard of the castle. The American church at Dresden contains a font by Hultzsch, in which a kneeling angel, benign and tender, seems the very impersonation of a heavenly messenger. Hultzsch has a marked gift for seizing individuality; and his statues of the King of Saxony and medallions of his wife and the daughter of Professor Max Müller are brilliant examples of portraiture.

A. v. S.

CANADA.—The Ontario Association of Architects, organised in 1889 and incorporated in 1890, has for its objects "the advancement of architecture, the better protection of public interests in the erection of buildings, and the securing of a standard of efficiency in persons practising the profession of architecture." A curriculum of studies, including the usual scientific and practical subjects and history of architecture, lays upon the intending architect who would become a member of the Society a three years' course of serious study with a view to a higher standard of intelligence and a greater fund of practical knowledge than the past has called for. No student, indeed, is eligible for the examinations unless he has acquired the foundation, at least, of a partial high-school course, or a course in the Ontario

School of Practical Science. A studio under the charge of competent professional architects, after the fashion of Continental ateliers, providing for instruction in the various subjects, and particularly in design, is now in operation, and promises to be of great benefit to the students.

The exhibition recently given by the Eighteen Club, under the auspices of the American Architectural League, with which it is affiliated, brought collectively to the public notice much that is meritorious in recent Canadian architecture, both of the work of the Club members and of the members of the parent Society—the Ontario Association of Architects—as well as of members of different branches of the League, including representatives from New York, Chicago, Cincinnati, University of Illinois, Architectural Club of Washington, Drexel Institute, and Pennsylvania University. The exhibition was varied in character—in all there were about four hundred designs—and gave a fair idea of the architect's field, as well as a decided hint as to the benefits accruing from the closer co-operation of architects and decorators.

The designs for buildings for commercial purposes showed a careful consideration of the needs of modern commerce, with greater attention to light, more beauty of finish, both exterior and interior, and a careful consideration of sanitary conditions. Many offices gave evidence of increased attention to beauty in interior decoration. Churches were sparsely represented, although Toronto is noted for her churches and has made decided advancement in church architec-

ture. Domestic architecture received a large share of attention, and many beautiful residences showed a greater attention to colour in roofing, as well as in wall structure, and increased attention to verandahs and porticos. The interior designing displayed a more marked attempt at a harmonious whole—attention to special features, such as halls, windows, and archways. Several good mural decorations for friezes and panels and ceilings, chiefly by Gustave Hahn, showed the increased need for this form of interior decoration in private houses. The designs for domestic glass also showed less harshness, coldness and crudity of design. Many good examples of carving for the exterior of buildings and for capitals were also on view.

The most noticeable design for a part of a municipal building was that of the main entrance of the new City Hall, by E. J. Lennox. A dental college, by D. B. Dick, and a hospital for children were commendable designs. The Library extension of Osgoode Hall, by E. Burke and J. C. B. Horwood; a design for a ceiling, by F. S. Challener, R.C.A.; one for a Parliament building, by Frank Darling and John A. Pearson; a cartoon for decorative glass, by R. M. McCausland; the main saloon and staircase of the steamer *Toronto*, by C. H. Acton Bond; a private residence, by Eden Smith, and one by Henry Sproatt and E. R. Rolph, also showed many good qualities.

J. G.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.— Several things of artistic interest are associated with the memorable visit paid to South Australia by their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales. Thus the Princess received from the ladies of Adelaide a fine *portière*, which, thought out and skilfully worked at the Adelaide School of Design, is well fitted by some of its emblems to commemorate a very important time in the early making of the Commonwealth. The emblems, to be sure, are not all intelligible at a glance, and it is also certain that the official description is not as helpful as it might be to anyone who feels perplexed. For example, after saying that "the whole of the foliage in the design suggests movement from right to left, from east to west," it concludes thus:—"The wind cometh with the breaking of the new day—the morning of our life in Union: the leaves may be tossed, but the Oneness of the interwoven life remains." This, perhaps, may be all very well, but is it the kind of symbolism that a true Anglo-Saxon would expect to find in the needlework of a *portière*? It is too fine-spun to tell its own tale; it needs a glossary of explanations. But the real emblems that have an abiding significance are the Australian plants and flowers, the Eucalyptus blossoms and leaves, and the young gum tree, with its six main branches, typical of those six



PORTIÈRE IN NEEDLEWORK

EXECUTED BY THE
ADELAIDE SCHOOL OF DESIGN

(Presented to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales,
by some ladies of Adelaide, South Australia)

Provinces that brought into political existence the desire for a temper of unity in their separated struggles to progress. Perhaps the small gums growing under the parent tree are somewhat ragged in the effect they produce; but their meaning is clear, and the principal aim of the designer is to make his art fully expressive of the eager life in the New Commonwealth. As to the workmanship, it is excellent throughout.

Other things of artistic interest that deserve note are the trowel and mallet with which the Prince of Wales laid the foundation stone of the University Extension at Adelaide. Both were made from drawings by the Director of the School of Design. The mallet is shaped like a gum seed, and is made of South Australian gum wood. Around the lip, in good, well-cut letters, runs an inscription—an inscription, too, in Latin, as though a far-flung race of Empire-builders required a dead language in which to record an act of statesmanship done by their Prince! Is the language of Shakespeare not good enough, we wonder?

As regards the trowel, its handle of Uulga wood is ornamented partly with a carved design of York roses, and partly with a ducal coronet in silver-gilt. The blade also is of silver-gilt. Upon its upper surface, on a beaten-up shield formed like a heart, there is another little professorial display of Latin; and we read in an official notice that on Thursday, July the 11th, the Prince of Wales had the privilege of listening to a whole address written in the same dead tongue. This seems to imply that the University of Adelaide is not modern enough in temper to be intimately in touch with the needs and the aspirations of the Australian Commonwealth. Its apparent neglect of English, a conquering language, as beautiful as it is virile, has not the excuse so frequently pleaded for the very same error of judgment in those English Universities which have inherited mediæval traditions. The Adelaide University should be young, should be contemporary in all its ways, so that the progress of South Australia may not be thwarted by such drawbacks as a disregard for modern sciences and for modern languages. And these remarks are made here because we feel sure that popular works of art should not be at variance with the temper of the present day. It is so easy to err on the side of erudition, making things which ought to be popular too remote from the thoughts of ordinary men. The chief and necessary thing is to be wise and yet intelligible to the many.

REVIEWS.

Andrea Mantegna. By PAUL KRISTELLER. English Edition, by S. ARTHUR STRONG, M.A. (Longmans, Green & Co.) 70s. net.—The author of this exhaustive monograph, a man of wide and varied culture, whose work in connection with Italian art, especially engraving, is well known, ably sums up his aim when he says, "To Andrea Mantegna the place which I believe to be his due has never yet been conceded, either in artistic appreciation or in historical criticism. Great as is the recognition that he has always enjoyed he is still, and with the greatest injustice, looked upon as an "erudite" artist, the great but rigid pedant, who laid more stress upon technical studies than upon artistic effect." The charge of neglect and misapprehension can certainly never again be brought against the critics of to-day, for Kristeller has most thoroughly sifted every scrap of evidence respecting the great Paduan master, traced the sources of his intellectual as well as of his actual artistic development, and called up a most vivid picture of the environment in which he lived, from the time of his brilliant boyhood as the adopted son of Squarcione to his death as an old man, "bent by sorrow and poverty." For the art of Andrea Mantegna, Kristeller puts forth the novel claim, which will probably not be conceded by some other critics, of having been the most perfect embodiment of the Northern Renaissance. He points out that there were two distinct art movements in Italy during the lifetime of Mantegna—the Florentine and that of Padua and Venice. In Florence what he styles Italian humanism attained, he asserts, its most brilliant growth. To Venice, the connecting link between Italy and the East, he assigns the second, and to Padua, the scene of Mantegna's best efforts, the third place in the great movement, the effects of which were felt in every branch of human endeavour, from the loftiest flights of genius to the humblest efforts of the art craftsman, striving to express the ideal in visible form. The influence over Mantegna of such writers as Guarino of Verona and Cyriacus of Ancona, and of his contemporaries, Bono da Ferrara and Ansuino da Forli, both of whom worked with him in the Eremitani Chapel, with that of his foster-father Squarcione, Giovanni Bellini, and, above all, of Donatello, is assessed in every case at its true value, whilst the gradual evolution of the individual style of the subject of the monograph is traced with an unerring hand. The various illustrations,

numbering altogether nearly 200, including 26 heliogravures, afford the student an unique opportunity of studying the work of Mantegna side by side with that of several men who are supposed to have influenced him; for amongst them will be found examples of the work of Squarcione, Giovanni Bellini and others. The fact that as a colourist Mantegna never excelled, is not of course apparent in the black-and-white reproductions of his work. So far as his management of form is concerned, however, they are eminently instructive, proving as they do that Mantegna relied for effect rather on the individual expression of his figures than on their grouping. He was indeed never dramatic, and through all the variations of his style restraint and reserve remained his most noteworthy characteristic.

Andrea Mantegna. By MAUD CRUTTWELL. (London: G. Bell & Sons.) 5s. net.—It is unfortunate for the author of this bright little volume that it should appear simultaneously with the more ambitious monograph of Herr Kristeller, and the coincidence may give a false impression of plagiarism. As a matter of fact, however, Miss Cruttwell's book was, we understand, completed several months ago, and she had no opportunity of consulting the other. Although from the point of view of erudition and critical acumen no comparison between the two books is possible, the smaller one is full of interesting information, and the illustrations, so far as they go, are quite equal to those in the larger volume; indeed, in some of them the tone values are better rendered.

The Study and Criticism of Italian Art. By BERNHARD BERENSON. (London: G. Bell & Sons.) Price 10s. 6d. net.—This collection of essays, illustrated with fine process blocks of many of the pictures referred to in them, is a very striking example of the progress of modern criticism. The various articles have already been published elsewhere in the course of the last ten years, and there is, perhaps, a certain want of homogeneity about them, for they do not lead up to each other in any way. The chief impression left upon the mind of the conscientious reader is that there is no such thing as finality in the judgment even of the most accomplished connoisseur on the subject of the authorship of paintings. No sooner has the patient student got over the shock of realising that his most cherished beliefs are illusions, than he has to face the fact that the trusted guide who has dispelled those illusions has himself seen cause to change his opinion.

Mr. Bernhard Berenson, who justly ranks as one

of the best critics of Italian art of the present day, says, in his preface to this volume: "I see now how fruitless an interest is the history of art, and how worthless an undertaking is that of determining who painted or carved or built, whatsoever it be. I see how valueless all such matters are in the life of the spirit;" but he adds, "At the same time I see more clearly than ever that without connoisseurship a history of art is impossible;" and again, "I for one have been for many years cherishing the conviction that the world's art can be, nay, should be, studied as independently of all documents as is the world's fauna or the world's flora,"—a somewhat misleading comparison, for the students of both undoubtedly owe much to the written results of their predecessors' work.

Perhaps the best of the seven essays is that on Giorgione, for whom the author has evidently a very deep and reverent admiration. He sifts with rare critical acumen the originals from the copies after them, and, to quote his own words once more, he claims to be "in a position to translate copies after Giorgione back into almost the pristine beauty of originals." It is, however, in the essay headed "Amico di Sandro" that the idiosyncrasies of the celebrated critic are most clearly brought out. In it he begins by selecting a group of Florentine pictures dating from the second half of the fifteenth century, ascribed to Filippo Lippi, Botticelli, Ghirlandajo, and Filippino Lippi, and proceeds in a calmly judicial manner to prove that every one of the attributions is false. Thus far it is possible to follow him without very much hesitation, but when he proceeds to construct out of the ashes of destroyed belief an entirely new personality, a phoenix-painter whom he endows, in his one person, with all the diverse genius of the men whose places he is to fill, it becomes difficult for the reader not to feel that the realm of history has been deserted for that of romance. Berenson calls this imaginary painter Amico di Sandro, that is to say, the friend of Botticelli, and explains his choice of a title thus: "Considering our Anonimo's close following upon Sandro, in default of a well-established historical name for him we shall do well to call him Amico di Sandro, for whatever were his relations in real life to Botticelli—an imitator is not always a friend!—in art he was Sandro's companion;" and he adds in a footnote—"He was probably somewhat younger, and may first have met him when they were both apprentices of Fra Filippo Lippi." The critic having thus, to his own satisfaction, proved the existence of his Anonimo,

proceeds to credit him with the authorship of the exquisite *Madonna and Child, with St. John*, in the Naples Museum, hitherto attributed to Filippo Lippi; the *Tobias and the three Archangels* of the Turin Gallery, which has always been accepted as a fine Botticelli; the *Madonna and Child* in the National Gallery, bought at the sale of the Eastlake Collection and catalogued under the name of Filippino Lippi: and with other works the authenticity of which has not before been called in question.

Giovanni Segantini. By L. VILLARI. (London: T. Fisher Unwin.) £1 1s. net.—This monograph of the great Italian master, who passed away two years ago at the early age of 41, yet whose privilege it had been to revive to some extent the great traditions of his native land, is full of the deepest interest, not only to the student of painting, but to all who care to follow the life-story of a man of rare genius and unique personality. The author, who knew his subject intimately, has been able to give a very vivid picture of his friend as man and artist, bringing out forcibly the relation between Segantini and his work by showing how the rugged, almost archaic, simplicity of his compositions, with their deep pathos and religious feeling, were the outcome and reflection of his childlike character, full of belief in the divine in nature and in his fellow creatures. Resembling in many respects the "earth-poet," Jean François Millet, whose early struggles were not unlike his own, Segantini was thoroughly in touch with the peasants, to whose class he by birth belonged, and the keynote of all his work is sadness, not, as his biographer seems to imply, the sadness resulting from personal experience of privation, but the deep melancholy which springs from sympathy with the mute suffering of those unable to give expression to the thoughts oppressing them. As is also the case with those of Millet, many of the best paintings of Segantini might have been composed as illustrations of the Bible. The beautiful *Ave Maria à Trasbordo*, perhaps the most poetic of all his compositions, of which unfortunately the reproduction in the biography is far from satisfactory, is a notable example of the deep religious feeling characteristic of its author. With this one exception the various reproductions of the work of Segantini are fairly satisfactory, though they are wanting, as those who have seen the paintings will realise, in the subtle beauty of colouring which is one of the great charms of the originals.

Segantini's early death, the result of his determination to complete his great triptych for the Paris

Exhibition of 1900, on the Scafberg itself, although the season was already far advanced, threw all Italy into mourning; and a very pathetic interest attaches to his last public speech, at the luncheon given in his honour at Vintresina, which began with the words, "I do not regret life: life is good," and ended with the expression of a vain hope, "I shall visit France. That is my dream."

Fra Filippo Lippi. By EDWARD C. STRUTT. (London: G. Bell & Sons.) 12s. 6d. net.—This beautiful volume, with its fine illustrations, in which the true values of the original paintings are rendered with much skill, is one of the most satisfactory of the art monographs lately issued by Messrs. Bell & Sons. The method followed by the accomplished author is diametrically opposed to that employed by Berenson in his recent *Life of Lorenzo Lotto*, yet the results achieved are to some extent similar. Out of the mists of tradition and the contradictions of history a personality is evolved in whom the reader cannot fail to believe in spite of any earlier prejudices. Mr. Strutt, in his Preface, deprecates any desire to "tear to pieces the delicate petals of the flowers which blossom in the garden of Art," with a view of dissecting and analysing their component parts. "He holds," he says, "that the true mission of art-criticism does not merely consist in establishing figures and facts, dates and dimensions, for these historical ingredients, however intrinsically precious, are worthless unless they are boiled down in a kind of witches' cauldron," and transmuted into an image of the subject of the study, so lifelike that the evoker of that image feels "his heart shoot with the very hopes and promises of the great artist" as he worked at the masterpieces "which must win the veneration of all who are gifted with the power to appreciate them."

In the merry, light-hearted, yet most gifted friar Mr. Strutt had a subject well suited to call out all his critical and literary skill, and the result of his interest in the man as well as in the artist has been the production of a narrative which will be read from beginning to end with undiminished interest, even by those who cannot claim to be able to dissect a work of art into its component parts.

French Furniture and Decoration in the Eighteenth Century. By LADY DILKE (London: G. Bell & Sons), 28s. net, or large paper edition, £2 2s. net.—This richly decorated volume from the same able hand as the *French Painters and French Architects of the Eighteenth Century* is, perhaps, even more valuable to the student of the period under review than its predecessors, and will probably appeal to an even

wider circle of readers. The ground covered in it has not been so thoroughly explored as that of decorative art, and where there are some ten connoisseurs able to appreciate at their true value works of painting, sculpture, or architecture, there are hundreds eagerly interested in Furniture and Decoration. Written in the incisive style characteristic of everything from the pen of Lady Dilke, every chapter of this unique volume is a fresh illustration of her thorough grasp of her subject, her masculine decision of judgment, her power of sifting evidence and of building up out of apparently conflicting facts a really trustworthy theory. Her lucid, vigorous language carries conviction with it, and the student is led on step by step to conclusions of which he realises the inevitableness, although in many cases they are not in accordance with those at which he would have arrived by his unaided efforts.

The Decorative Work of Robert and James Adam. Being a Reproduction of the Plates illustrating Decoration and Furniture, from their "Works in Architecture," published in 1778-1812. (London: B. T. Batsford.)—This is not the first time that Mr. B. T. Batsford has done full justice to the historical work in design by the Brothers Adam, but as many as twenty-one years have passed since he issued a set of twenty-six plates from the "Works in Architecture." In the present edition will be found twenty-five of the plates published in the first issue (November, 1880), and to these are added five new designs from the "Works in Architecture." The publisher has now done all that can be done in order to put before students of architecture a facsimile record of the most characteristic work designed by Robert and James Adam. The old engravings have been admirably rendered in photo-lithography by Mr. James Akerman, and it may be said with truth that architects of all schools, after studying the plates attentively, will find that their minds will be refreshed and invigorated. Even those to whom the ornamental detail will seem trivial, not to say trifling, will be delighted by the spacious dignity of proportion in much of the work represented.

Shakespeare's Heroines. By Mrs. JAMESON. With decorative designs by R. ANNING BELL. (London: J. M. Dent & Co., New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.) Price 5s. net.—Mr. Anning Bell's work, so familiar to readers of *THE STUDIO*, is essentially decorative, and rarely dramatic; and in his illustrations to this reprint of Mrs. Jameson's fascinating essays, the beauty and the limitations of his art are especially apparent. A book dealing

with such characters as Portia, Juliet, Ophelia, or Cleopatra would seem to open up great possibilities for the artistic imagination. The incomparable Portia, whose "strength of intellect takes a natural tinge from the flush and bloom of her young and prosperous existence, and from her fervent imagination"; Juliet with her "passionate, self-abandonment"; the good, the sweet, the fair Ophelia "cast upon the briars of this working-day world," to "fall and bleed upon the thorns of life": the capricious "enchanting queen" and "witch" Cleopatra; each and all are problems worthy the skill of the greatest painter to portray. Such dramatic presentations as would be therein implied, Mr. Anning Bell has, we think most wisely, not attempted; and we say this, not that we question his possession of the required ability to express them, but because we consider that decorative illustration is not only less disturbing and less pretentious but it is more appropriate for book ornamentation than the purely pictorial or natural element in design. It is only the true book-lover who is quite able to appreciate this sentiment: but as our knowledge and acquaintanceship with books ripen, the more we feel that the reproduction of the naturalistically painted subject is out of harmony with the printed page. Mr. Bell's illustrations belong to the text and are part of the book. They relieve the monotony of the greyness of the type and have a distinguished delicacy which is pleasing to the most fastidious eye.

Poets of the Younger Generation. By WILLIAM ARCHER. With thirty-three full-page portraits from woodcuts by ROBERT BRYDEN. (London and New York: John Lane.) Price 21s. net.—In this bulky and well-appointed volume Mr. Archer has undertaken on behalf of the younger generation of poets the same service as *THE STUDIO* has consistently attempted to render to the younger generation of artists. In the hope of enhancing the reader's estimate of the value of contemporary poetry he has set himself the task of defining and appraising the talent of individual poets who are still more or less on probation, whose position is still in some degree a matter of doubt. In all, thirty-three writers are dealt with, and in the quotations and selections from their works accompanying his critical remarks Mr. Archer has succeeded in gathering together a striking body of poetry full of strength, beauty, and originality. In handling the mass of material at his disposal Mr. Archer has brought to bear on the subject a mind well-equipped for the delicate and somewhat formidable undertaking. Broad-minded, alert, witty, keenly

but tolerantly critical, with a style at once vivacious and lucid, he has the faculty of imparting to others the same enthusiasms and convictions that he himself entertains, and the book is one which no student of contemporary English poetry can well afford to pass over. The thirty-three woodcut portraits contributed by Mr. Robert Bryden, though interesting, are not uniformly successful.

The Wessex of Thomas Hardy. Written by B. C. A. Windle, F.R.S., F.S.A. Illustrated by EDMUND H. NEW. (London and New York: John Lane.) Price 21s. net.—Mr. Hardy's deep observation and originality, his gift of concentrating his genius on the details of rural beauty, his pathos and humour, his interest in recording homely facts of country life combined with his extraordinary descriptive powers, place him in an unique position among modern English writers, and if evidence were needed of the permanent hold on the affections of the English-speaking world secured by his novels, the publication of this beautiful book would surely supply it. Mr. Windle has carefully and intelligently explored the "Wessex" district, and those who wish to follow in this path will find in his interesting pages a guide which will enable them to trace the scenes described in the novels and visit the houses in which Mr. Hardy's characters have played their parts in the comedy or tragedy of life. Mr. Windle has been ably seconded in his efforts to do justice to the intensely interesting and picturesque district by Mr. E. H. New, who has contributed no fewer than eighty-eight admirable pen-and-ink drawings. Ably and sympathetically written, beautifully illustrated and printed, this attractive book will undoubtedly be heartily welcomed by the large army of Mr. Hardy's admirers.

The Tempest. By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. Decorated by R. ANNING BELL. (London: Freemantle & Co.)—A typical and

quite successful example of Mr. Bell's work. Its prettily designed cover in white and gold, its quaint end-papers in green ink, and its numerous graceful illustrations, all help to make it attractive, and especially adapted for a gift book.

The Works of William Shakespeare. In 20 volumes. (London: A. Constable & Co.)—The chief characteristics of this edition are that its volumes are of a handy size, that it is printed in a good and legible type, and that it is illustrated by a series of drawings reproduced in colours by some well-known modern artists. The most successful of the latter are *Lady Macbeth*, by E. F. Brickdale, *Timon of Athens*, by Gerald Moira,



DRAWING BY R. ANNING BELL FROM "GRIMM'S HOUSEHOLD TALES"
(DENT)



DRAWING BY R. ANNING BELL
FROM "THE TEMPEST" (FREEMANTLE)



DRAWING BY H. R. MILLAR FROM "QUEEN MAB'S FAIRY REALM"
(NEWNES)

Troilus and Cressida, by J. D. Batten, *Cymbeline*, by Patten Wilson, *King Richard III.*, by Byam Shaw, and *The Winter's Tale*, by H. S. Ford. We should like to have seen all the illustrations bound in a volume by themselves. In such a form they would have made a most acceptable addition to the collection, but in their present position they are out of place, for they fail to harmonize with the printed page, and are not sufficiently "bookish" to meet the requirements of most bibliophiles. The unsuitably designed title-page, reproduced in colours in each volume, is a distinct eyesore; but the edition has so many excellent qualities to counterbalance this defect that it is sure to become a popular one.

Lives of the Hunted. By ERNEST SETON THOMPSON. (London: David Nutt.) Price 6s. net.—In his knowledge of the ways of animals, and in his intense sympathy with them, the author of *Wild Animals I have Known* is quietly and unassumingly doing a great and important work. The wholesale and indiscriminate slaughter of

wild animals is an incriminating blot upon modern civilisation. "My chief motive," he writes, "my most underlying wish, has been to stop the extermination of harmless wild animals, not for their sakes but for ours, firmly believing that each of our native wild creatures is in itself a precious heritage that we have no right to destroy or put beyond the reach of our children." Mr. Thompson's latest work is in every way worthy to be ranked with those which have preceded it—worthy because of the humanising quality of its stories, the beauty of its illustrations, and its extrinsic merits—the excellent cover design, the quaint title-page, the arrangement of the

pages, and the choice of the paper. Printed at the De Vinne Press, of New York, the high quality of its typography was assured.



DRAWING BY R. SAVAGE FROM "QUEEN MAB'S FAIRY REALM" (NEWNES)

The Temple Brontë, in twelve volumes. (London: J. M. Dent & Co.) Price 1s. 6d. net per volume.—This series includes *Jane Eyre*, *Shirley*, *Villette* and *The Professor* by CHARLOTTE BRONTË, *Wildfell Hall* by ANNE BRONTË, *Wuthering Heights* by EMILY BRONTË, and a collection of *Poems* by various members of the Brontë family. It is



DRAWING BY CHARLES ROBINSON FROM "REIGN OF KING COLE"
(DENT)

issued in the dainty fashion and with the good taste common to the productions of its publishers, and is sure to gain the popularity it deserves.

A Midsummer Night's Dream.—By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. (London: Freemantle & Co.) In addition to a chatty introduction Mrs. Herbert Railton has supplied a number of dainty drawings which add considerably to the attractiveness of the book.

From the numerous handbooks relating to the Arts and Crafts which are now being or about to be published, it may be inferred that the public are becoming more alive to the advantages of an artistic training than was the case a few years ago. Mr. W. R. LETHABY is editing an "Artistic Crafts Series of Technical Handbooks," to be produced by John Hogg of London. The first volume, which has already appeared, relates to *Bookbinding and the Care of Books*, and is written by Mr.

DOUGLAS COCKERELL, than whom no one is more able to do justice to the subject. Bookbinders and librarians will find much to interest them in this lucid, well-illustrated, and valuable little treatise. Dr. G. C. WILLIAMSON has in charge for Messrs. George Bell & Sons a series of "Handbooks of the Great Craftsmen," the initial volume of which is devoted to *The Pavement Masters of Siena*, by ROBERT H. HOBART CUST, M.A. It may be advis-

able to explain that the work of the Siena Masters had no relation to that of the modern pavement artists of London, but consisted of the inlaying of coloured marbles upon the floor of the great Cathedral of Siena. The author has more particularly confined his attention to a description of the examples there existing, the pictorial character of which places them, to our thinking, among the numerous specimens of misapplied art to be seen in Italy as well as elsewhere. When considered as examples of *graffito* and inlay, and not as floor covering, the Siena pavements become undoubtedly more attractive, and may be studied to advantage by the modern wall decorator, especially if he confines his attention to their peculiar technical qualities which are indeed worthy of admiration. *Progressive Design for Students*, written by J. WARD and published by Chapman & Hall, at 5s. net, is a really admirable little work for the would-be decorative designer. The chapter devoted to

Brush-drawing is of especial excellence and value to the student. *Plant and Floral Studies*, by W. G. PAULSON TOWNSEND (London and New York: Truslove, Hanson & Comba), is full of powerful line-drawings of plant-form that may worthily be taken as models of how rightly to treat the subject. Messrs. George Bell & Sons have commenced a "Minia-



DRAWING BY CHARLES ROBINSON FROM "REIGN OF KING COLE"
(DENT)

ture Series of Painters"—illustrated pocket editions, prettily bound in cloth, sold at one shilling each, net. Volumes upon *Velasquez*, *Fra Angelico*, *Burne-Jones*, *Romney* and *G. F. Watts* have already appeared, and others are in preparation. The same publishers' more important series of "Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture" is now reaching the proportions of a veritable library in itself. Among the latest

additions are volumes upon *Piero della Francesca*, by W. G. WATERS; *Della Robbia*, by the Marchesa BURLAMACCHI; *Memling*, by W. J. H. WEALE; *Giorgione*, by HERBERT COOK; and *Pintoricchio*, by E. MARCH PHILIPPS. Succeeding the same publishers' series of "English Cathedrals," which have already been referred to in these pages, there is now being issued a new one relating to "Continental Churches." The two first volumes we have received treat respectively of Rouen and Chartres, their Cathedrals and Churches. Both works will be found valuable companions to the traveller whose good fortune it may be to visit those cities. Mr. JOHN LANE's "Handbooks of Practical Gardening" are enriched by a new work by HARRY ROBERTS, entitled *The Book of Old-*

fashioned Flowers. Mr. Roberts is evidently a good gardener who professes to hold most catholic views, but he inclines us to imagine that he is not altogether in sympathy with those who believe in the art that "adds to Nature." Messrs. Schuster & Loeffler, of Berlin and Leipzig, have for some time past been publishing an excellent series of Handbooks relating to modern Continental painters. *Arnold Böcklin*, *Franz Stuck*, *Hans Thoma*, and *Fritz von Uhde* have all been sympathetically dealt with by FRANZ HERMANN MEISSNER, and it is to be hoped that the list may be still further extended.

Among the most notable of the illustrated story-books recently published may be mentioned *A Real Queen's Fairy Book*, by CARMEN SYLVA, the Queen of Roumania. (London: George Newnes.) The delightful imaginative tales by this distinguished authoress are illustrated by some clever, powerful and beautiful drawings by Harold Nelson and Garth Jones. An edition of *Grimm's Household Tales*, edited and partly translated anew by MARIAN EDWARDES, with line drawings by R. Anning Bell (London: J. M. Dent & Co.) is welcome, not only on account of its ever popular stories, but also for the value of its numerous illustrations. *The Reign of King Cole* (London: J. M. Dent & Co.), is a series of tales selected from Hans Andersen, Brothers Grimm, Arabian Nights, Gulliver's Travels, and other sources. The illustrations by Charles Roltinson are full of imagination and humour, and maintain for the artist the high reputation as a designer for children's



DRAWING BY A. GARTH JONES FROM "A REAL QUEEN'S FAIRY BOOK" (NEWNES)

books which he so deservedly enjoys. *Queen Mab's Fairy Realm* (London: George Newnes), is a collection of stories from the literature of England, Germany, France, and Spain, with numerous illustrations by H. R. Millar, Reginald Savage, Herbert Cole, Garth Jones, and Arthur Rackham. The collection of stories is an excellent one, and contains many new to England. *Round the World to Wympland* (London: John Lane) is a book of original tales of unusual merit, the pictorial embellishment of which has been worthily carried out by Alice B. Woodward. *The Boy's Odyssey*, by WALTER C. PERRY (London: Macmillan), is inspired by, and partly founded on the translation of the *Odyssey* of Homer, by Messrs. Butcher & Lang, and to which the author hopes it will serve as a stepping-stone. Mr. Jacomb Hood's drawings are characteristically good. *God Save King Alfred*, by the Rev. E. GILLIAT, M.A. (London: Macmillan) is a story taken in part from the "Saxon Chronicle," which should help to revive the interest in the great King of Wessex, whose millenary has been celebrated this year. The illustrations by Gutzon Borglum add to the value of the book and help to make it an acceptable present to a boy. *A Nest of Girls* (London and Edinburgh: Chambers) is a story of boarding-school days in America, by E. WESTYN TIMLOW. It is thoroughly bright and healthy in tone and deserves to be equally popular on both sides of the Atlantic. Messrs. W. & R. Chambers have



DRAWING BY HAROLD NELSON FROM "A REAL QUEEN'S FAIRY BOOK"

(NEWNES)

also secured the services of two of the most accomplished writers for children in England —L. T. MEADE and Mrs. MOLESWORTH, and the results of their labours are in every way successful. *Cosy Corner*, by the former, is well illustrated by Percy Farrant, while the short stories contained in Mrs. MOLESWORTH's "My Pretty" and *Her Brother Too* are rendered additionally attractive by a number of pen-and-ink drawings by that accomplished illustrator, Mr. Lewis Baumer. *The Soul of a Cat*, by MARGARET BENSON (London: Heinemann), is a charming collection of stories of cat-life strung together in a pleasant fashion. The illustrations in pen-and-ink, by Henrietta Ronner, are quite fascinating little studies,

and the photographs are excellent. *The Wood-Pigeons and Mary* (London: Macmillan), is another contribution to the Child's Library from the pen of Mrs. MOLESWORTH. This lady's stories are always welcome to the young because she does not commit the fault of writing beyond their understanding, and is always able to ensure the interest of her readers from the first page to the last. Mr. H. R. Millar's illustrations are, as usual, excellent. *Fairy Tales from the Swedish* (London: William Heinemann) are written by Baron G. DJURKLON and translated into English by H. L. BROEKSTAD. They possess all the necessary elements of popularity with young people, the illustrations by Kittelsen, Werenskiold, and Carl Larsson being amusing and well drawn. *The Lily Princess* (London: Skeffington & Son) is by a promising young authoress, Miss MARGUERITE LLOYD. It contains two charming illustrations by Mrs. Farmiloe. Mr. Byam Shaw's coloured illustrations to *Old King Cole's Book of Nursery Rhymes* (London: Macmillan) are altogether of remarkable excellence, and deserve a place not only in the nursery, but also in the corner of the library which contains the memorable works for children by Randolph Caldecott, Walter Crane, and Kate Greenaway. *The Olde Irishe Rimes of Brian O'Linn* (London: Macmillan) is especially notable for the highly amusing and very cleverly drawn illustrations by S. Rosamund Praeger.

Few people are probably aware of the fact that the late Mr. COSMO MONKHOUSE included amongst his many accomplishments the difficult art of writing good nonsense rhymes. His achievements in this direction have now been collected and published by Mr. Brimley Johnson, with illustrations by Mr. Gilbert Chesterton, who has thoroughly entered into the spirit of the author's whimsical humour.

The Children's London. By CHARLOTTE THORPE. Illustrated by William Luker, Junr. (London: The Leadenhall Press, Ltd.) Price 10s. 6d. net. It would be difficult to name a more instructive introduction to the sights of London than this well-printed and excellently illustrated volume. Designed especially for the use and entertainment of young people, its pages nevertheless contain many things of interest to children of a larger growth, and as a souvenir of the metropolis it may be unreservedly recommended.

Clean Peter (London: Longmans, Green & Co.), is a book with some amusing and cleverly drawn illustrations in colours, with verses, by OTTILIA ADELBORG, a Swedish artist of much ability. The verses are translated into English by ADA WALLAS.

In *Britannia's Bulwarks* (10s. 6d. net), edited by Commander CHARLES N. ROBINSON, R.N., Messrs. Newnes, Ltd., have issued a well-illustrated and extremely attractive book which will appeal irresistibly to all British boys who love the sea and



WILLIAM MCKINLEY

(HEINEMANN)

BY W. NICHOLSON

Awards in "The Studio" Prize Competitions

interest themselves in the achievements of the Navy of their native isles. The volume is admirably illustrated with forty-eight full-page coloured plates, after drawings by Charles Dixon, R.I., and a large number of monochrome drawings in the text by C. J. STANILAND, R.I.

From Mr. George Allen comes *Wonders in Monster Land* (6s.), a highly diverting story somewhat on the lines of *Alice in Wonderland*, capitably told by E. D. CUMMING, and admirably illustrated by that master-draughtsman of eccentric animal life, Mr. J. A. Shepherd, whose contributions are in his best style.

As usual, Messrs. Dean & Sons, Ltd., have issued a varied assortment of bright and entertaining books for children, at popular prices. Notable amongst them are *Soldiers of the Century*, *Sailors of the Century*, and *The Great Powers of the World*, by R. SIMKIN, each containing a number of gaily-coloured illustrations; *Advance, Australia*, well furnished with pen-and-ink drawings of typical Australian scenes; *Rulers of the Sea*; *Singles*, a book of amusing verses with coloured illustrations, by INGLES RHODE; *Bon Bon's A. B. C.*, illustrated in colours and pen and ink; *The Practical Painting Book No. 1*, and *The Practical Painting Book No. 2*, by A. L. FORREST, who has supplied coloured drawings as well as outline sketches all ready for the budding colourist to try his 'prentice hand upon; *The Express*, with all kinds of illustrations interesting to the mechanically-minded youngster; *The Bold Animal A. B. C.*, a fine menagerie of beasts, from the common ass to the giraffe and yak; *The Little Boy in Brown*, with stories and verses by J. O. DAY and J. FAYLE, and illustrations by F. M. Barton and W. Borrow; *The Top of the Morning*, by MAY BOYLE and CHRISTINE FORREST, illustrated by E. Berkeley and A. G. Clifford; *Jack's Return*, by CONSTANCE M. LOWE and MINNIE FARLOW, pictured by M. Waterson and W. H. Borrow; and *Nursery Tale Land*, by M. HOLIDAY and C. FORREST, with illustrations by N. Westrup and A. S. Forrest. Perhaps the most popular of all Messrs. Dean's series will be *The Paint Box, Painting Book and Palette*, which contains, in addition to a large number of outline drawings for colouring, a glazed cardboard palette and a metal paint-box with paint-brushes and twelve different paints. This must certainly be considered cheap for the low price of one shilling, and it deserves to be popular with the numerous embryo artists to be found amongst the ranks of the juveniles.

Mr. Nicholson's character-study of the late President of the United States now belongs, unhappily, to the drama of a tragic act in history. It may lack some of that easy and decorative breadth which we are accustomed to look for in Mr. Nicholson's original prints; but if the hands are weak, or fidgety in treatment, the face has the right significance, being full of that inner weight of care which the ill-starred President felt always under the burden of his high office.

AWARDS IN "THE STUDIO" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

CLASS A. DECORATIVE ART. (A XIV.)

The designs sent in for this competition are very satisfactory, and it is regretted that, owing to want of space, not more than one complete set of six designs can be illustrated. Several competitors are represented by two illustrated d'oyleys.

The FIRST PRIZE (*Two Guineas*) has been won by *Ferrugo* (Amy Mary Rust, 27 Kelross Road, Highbury, London, N.).

The SECOND PRIZE (*One Guinea*) by *Isca* (Ethel Larcombe, Wilton Place, St. James's, Exeter).

Honourable Mention is given to the following:—*Ryna* (Lydia Catherine Hammett); *Easel* (Louie Mary Nunn); *Honesty* (Lillie Reed); *Elberfeld* (A. Schoepp); *Turtium* (Emma L. Cowman); *The Gollywog* (Lotte Reid Whitehead); *Gwendo Hildaline* (Gwendoline H. Rogers Rees); and *John* (Edith Mary Tann).

CLASS C. PHOTOGRAPHS FROM NATURE. (C XII.)

Owing to the great pressure upon our space, the illustrations in this competition cannot be published till next month.

The FIRST PRIZE (*One Guinea*) has been awarded to *Nomad* (Em. Frechon, Biskra, Algeria).

The SECOND PRIZE (*Half-a-Guinea*) to *Philoctetes* (J. Harold Liebreich, 3 Oak Mount, Bradford, Yorkshire).

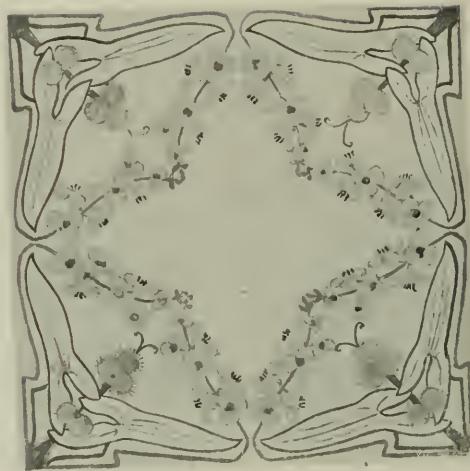
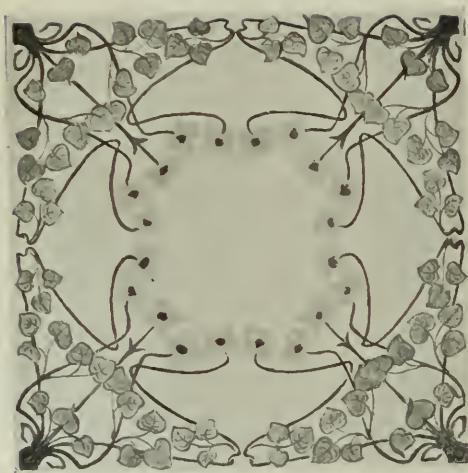
Honourable Mention is given to *Excelsior* (Arthur Hewitt); *Aquarius* (Agnes B. Warburg); *Strasse* (H. W. Burnup); *Yorkist* (Harry Wanless); and *Shanghai* (Stephen Mautner).

(C XI.)

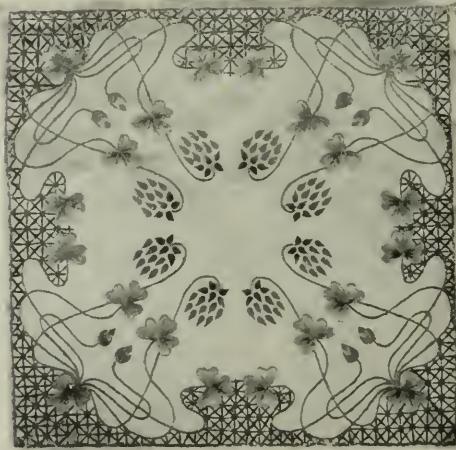
In this competition the mountain scene by *Athos* was attributed inadvertently to *Claverhouse*, while that by *Claverhouse* was given to *Athos*.



HON. MENTION (A XIV)
“EASEL”



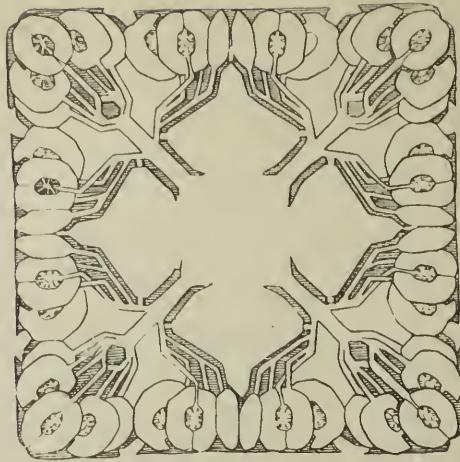
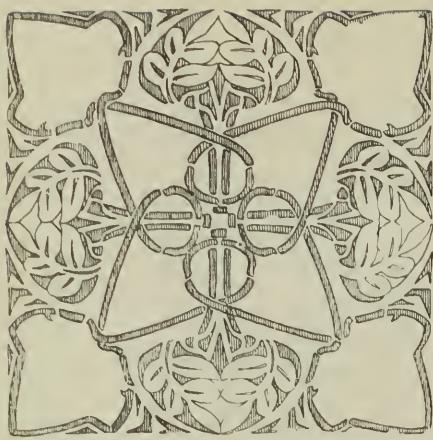
HON. MENTION (A XIV)
“RYNA”



FIRST PRIZE (A XIV)
“FERRUGO”

SECOND PRIZE (A XIV)
"ISCA"





HON. MENTION (A XIV)

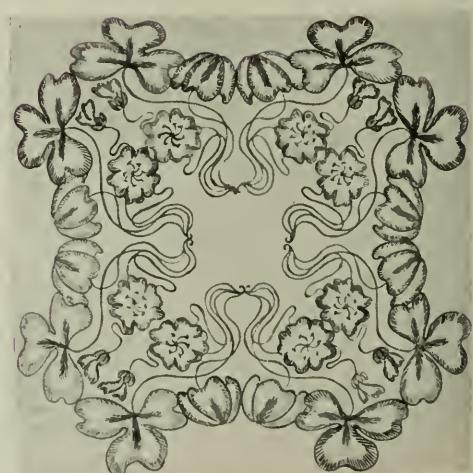
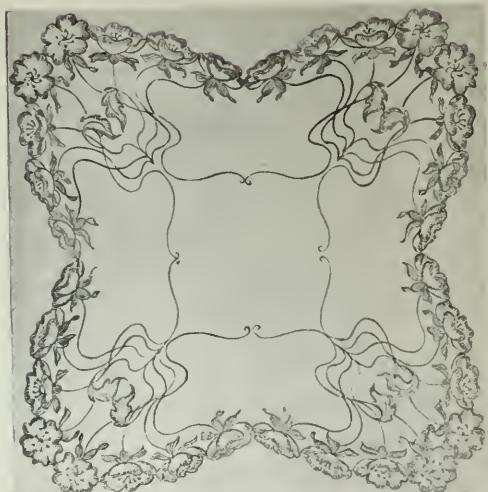
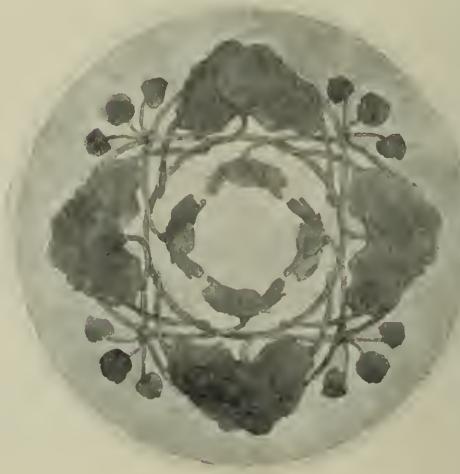
“GWENDO HILDALINE”

HON. MENTION (A XIV)

“THE GOLLYWOG”

HON. MENTION (A XIV)

“JOHN”



"TURRIUM"

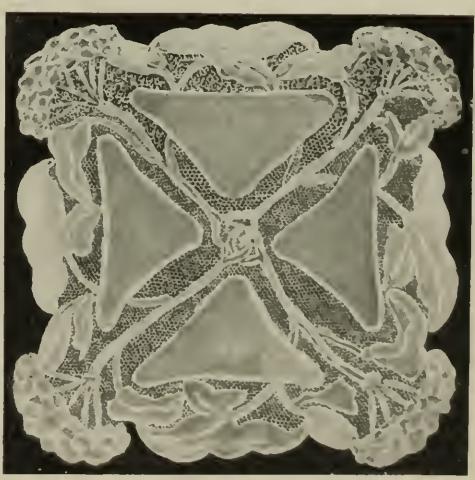
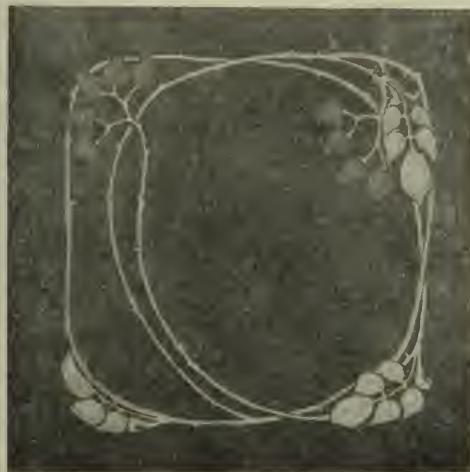
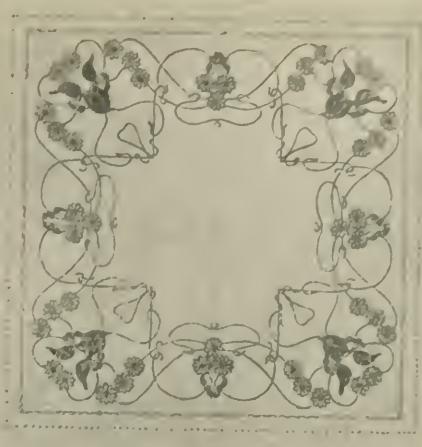
HON. MENTION (A.VII)

"ELBERTFIELD"

HON. MENTION (A.XIV)

"HONESTY"

HON. MENTION (A.XIV)



THE LAY FIGURE ON THE ENEMIES OF THE MODERN SCHOOL OF DESIGN.

"THE freaks of amateurs in criticism," began the Critic, severely——

"Help to make life worth living," the Journalist broke in, gaily.

"That depends upon the point of view," the other replied, tossing his cigarette into the fireplace. "Only a short time ago, in an evening paper of good repute, one such amateur proved to his own satisfaction—first, that the arts had no limitations of sex, and, second, that the female sex had produced no great artists. Over these propositions, that cancel each other, he simmered with enthusiasm. Does that sort of thing make life worth living?"

"You speak with the seriousness of a well-paid undertaker," replied the Journalist. "Can't you understand that the general public not only likes to laugh over such absurdities in chop-logic, but also that it does not care a fig for learned dissertations on art? Wisdom in special subjects has ever been a thing hard for outsiders to understand. For this reason, if an amateur in criticism can write fluently and bitingly, he is a really useful man on a daily paper, no matter what his blundering may be to you and to other specialists."

"So his copy must be written 'bitingly,'" muttered the Modern Architect, pulling a wry face. "Do you then think that it is pleasant to be bitten by a scribbling phrase-monger? I've never found it so, and I speak after a good deal of experience."

"But if the attacks upon your work make you feel like a martyr, you are ungrateful to complain," said the Journalist. "You enjoy the pleasantest form of egotism. To think yourself misunderstood is to find a secret happiness in the discontent you show publicly."

"Even so," replied the Architect, "I should like to meet my critics in a Public Debating Hall, and have it out with them. Art and literature need such a hall for the jousts of criticism. Amateurs in a special subject would be more careful if they knew that they might be called upon to face publicly in argument the men whom they bite or sting; while the real critics—those true artists in the domain of appraising thought—when differing on points of real value to the interests of art, might, I think, by debating in such an arena of freed judgment, reconcile many hostilities of opinion."

"Not a bad idea," cried the Critic. "Just think of the exciting debates that could take place between the modern school of design and the tough old believers in things so stale as Gothic hash-ups and Renaissance *réchauffés*!"

"There might be some wigs on the green in an hour or so," suggested the Art Historian, demurely.

"What a slight on the police!" laughed the Journalist.

"In any case," the Reviewer interposed, "I would give a good deal to be present at such debates. There are questions which those tough old believers would find extremely disconcerting. For instance, why are they right and wise to live always indiscreetly at secondhand, in borrowed ideas? And why is the modern school of design wrong and absurd in the respect it pays to individuality? Why is it admirable for a young designer to put his mind in fetters so that he may go on repeating the rose-and-lily *motifs* of old-time ornament? And why is he a rash intruder, or a bumptious amateur, if he has skill enough to make a fine new decorative phrase out of the 'honesty' plant? Again, if in his study of botany he sees ornamental suggestions in the Physalis, why should he turn from his discovery and play with an acanthus scroll in the Greek style?"

"After all," said the Critic, "the point of view in these matters is, I suppose, a thing of education. The chief opponents to the modern development of design see through a kind of knowledge which served its purpose several decades ago. As young men they were close students of certain handbooks, and now that they are old they take the privilege of age and live an old-fashioned youth in their handbook recollections."

"And that being so," reflected the Art Historian, "is it not rash to make so much fuss about their enmity to the modern school? The more notice you take of their point of view, the more likely you are to give it a fictitious value in the eyes of the general public."

"But attacks ought to be repelled," cried the Reviewer, almost angrily. "Men of creative common-sense must fight for their own hand, or plagiaristic self-seeking will be too strong for them. Don't despise anyone who wants to fight."

"Let the modern school fight by all means, doing good work for people to judge it by," the other retorted. "Why should it lose time in squabbling over a past made tedious by endless imitation, when the great future dawns so promisingly?"

29



VIERG

“DON QUIXOTE IN HIS STUDY”

FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWING BY

DANIEL VIÈRGE.

(Copyright of THE STUDIO.)



THE ART OF FANTIN LATOUR.
BY ANTONIN PROUST.

FANTIN LATOUR was born at Grenoble on the 14th of January, 1834. His father, a native of Metz, was a painter, who chiefly affected pastel work. He was the son of a colonel of Artillery. Fantin's father married a girl of Russian parentage, and one need not be very deeply versed in anthropology to recognise the Slavonic character in his face. Fantin often painted his own portrait, from the time, long ago, when returning to his studio after studying the masters at the Louvre, he found himself, from want of means, obliged to be his own model. Thus he would sit in front of his looking-glass and paint himself, some of his efforts being sheer masterpieces. One of the finest of his portraits of himself, done in 1863 for the Uffizi Gallery, Florence, is now reproduced.

On being asked by *THE STUDIO* to write a "study" of Fantin Latour, I went to spend an afternoon at No. 8, Rue de l'École des Beaux Arts, where the artist has lived for thirty-three years in his studio on the *rez-de-chaussée*, the walls of which are adorned by the works of his youth.

I had not seen Fantin Latour for eleven years; we had not met since 1889, when he was one of the Jury of the Exhibition. I found him engaged in painting a piece of still life.

He had a shade over his eyes to temper the glare of the light, yet his eye had all the brightness and vivacity of his young days, when he was making his wonderful copies in the Louvre—say in 1857—and puzzling the crowd of copyists there by the bold simplicity of his method.

If my memory serves me, Fantin Latour was, in 1857, both at the School in the Rue de l'École de Médecine—the old school founded by Bachelier—in company with Legros, Regamey, Cazin,

Lhermitte and others, and at the École des Beaux Arts, which was very different from what it is to-day. At that time there were no *ateliers gratuits* at the establishment in the Rue Bonaparte for painters, sculptors, and architects, with professors directing them. The student worked there for two hours a day at the most under the supervision of masters such as Ingres, who had arranged with various members of the Institut to give courses of lessons which were both varied and instructive. The transformation which occurred in 1863 altered all this, and the words of M. Grévy apply to the present École des Beaux Arts, as well as to many of our national institutions. "Change does not always mean reform." Without going into the old dispute once more, one may nevertheless express the firm opinion that the new method is greatly inferior to the old. On leaving his class at the old École the student was in a position to choose a free *atelier* outside, and to go where he pleased; whereas, nowadays, the *ateliers*



FANTIN LATOUR

(*In the Uffizi Gallery, Florence*)

BY HIMSELF

The Art of Fantin Latour

libres have been superseded by the official establishments, the result being that all emulation has ceased, and every year, no matter how great the merit of the appointed professors, the competitions for the "Prix de Rome" reveal the same disheartening banality, the same intolerable uniformity in the students' work. One guesses that such and such a picture comes from the studio of M. Gustave Moreau, of M. Bonnat, of M. Gérôme, or of M. Barrias; but what one sees quite plainly is that all these things are simply based on superficial formulae, and that the young men who gain the Prix de Rome have but one desire, namely, to get back from the Eternal City with all speed, in order to bask once more under the sky of Paris.

Fantin Latour was advised in 1857 to study under Courbet, and he tells the story of this little escapade with charming humour: "When we arrived," says he, "the painter, addressing us in his drawling but somewhat emphatic tones, remarked, 'Mes enfants, I am surrounded here not

by pupils, but by collaborators.' For my own part," adds Fantin, "I was at that time, and still am, immensely impressed by Ingres, who even now is perhaps not sufficiently honoured. I did not stay long with Courbet, nor, by the way, did he keep his 'studio of collaborators' any great length of time. I found a modest dwelling at No. 13, Rue de Londres, after having stayed a considerable time with my father in the Rue du Dragon, and having made my first journey to England in 1859. I have never been to Italy, always feeling more drawn towards the North."

Let me remark *en passant*, that the last picture exhibited by Fantin Latour's father was a *Christ upon the Cross*, which appeared in the Salon of 1866. I cannot discover that his work, which was largely reminiscent of others, ever had any influence on the son's genius.

It is constantly said and written that what is known as the "Romantic" movement of 1830 was a protest against the rhetorical style prevailing at the commencement of the century; that the



"UN ATELIER AUX BATIGNOLLES"

O. Scholderer
Manet

(In the Musée du Luxembourg)

Renoir
Z. Artruc

Zola

E. Maitre

Bazille

Monet

BY FANTIN LATOUR



"L'OR DU RHIN"
FROM THE PAINTING BY
FANTIN LATOUR

(*Salon, 1888*)

~

The Art of Fantin Latour

basis of romanticism, moreover, was a horror of reality and an ardent desire to avoid it. Nothing could be more untrue than the second part of this proposition. The Romanticists of 1830 strove, as many others, particularly Ingres, had striven since 1800, to recapture our natural language—to speak French, in a word. That the mysterious, the strange, the lugubrious, and the extravagant were often unduly prominent is indisputable; every protest is apt to overshoot the object at which it is directed. But the reformers of 1830, and more particularly the landscapists who were the precursors of the Courbets, the Manets, and the Fantins, "personalised" the art which David and his imitators had robbed of all personality, by preferring direct observation to a regard for antique traditions and dogmas.

In all sincerity I ask—do we not derive more

enjoyment from the smallest sketch of Ingres, or from one of Fantin Latour's admirable compositions than from the Graeco-Roman "arrangements" of David? At the same time, I yield to no one in my admiration of the painter of the *Sabines*, when he keeps to his own subject, without borrowing from elsewhere.

When he first exhibited—in 1859—I think the members of the jury who had previously refused his works must have felt some anxiety, not to say disquietude, at the sight of the public crowding round his superb picture.

From the day when Manet—who also had the honour of being rejected in 1859—gave his loyal support to the young artist, the professional daubers took fright; for their position was assailed, not by the public, but by the real artists, who had nothing to do with the distribution of favours and orders.

No one is more *insouciant*, and at the same time more keen than Fantin Latour. It has never occurred to him to formulate a process already known. He is fully master of his art, and has the faculty of dominating his material.

I know nothing more admirably descriptive than the set of compositions in which Fantin Latour has celebrated the genius of Wagner and of Berlioz. One sees therein the inspiration which is the result of studies made again and again, corrected, retouched, and finally ended at the moment when, with Nature as his guide, he has discovered the realisation of his dreams. The earliest of these inspirations—the scene from "Tannhäuser"—was exhibited in the same year as the *Hommage à Delacroix*. In both these compositions the artist has summed up life with marvellous acuteness of observation. The double current which has constantly borne Fantin Latour at once towards the ideal and the real made itself felt even in his earliest works. But as he advanced in years his ideas became



PORTRAIT OF EDWARDS THE ENGRAVER AND HIS WIFE BY FANTIN LATOUR



(*Salon, 1889*)

“SIEGFRIED ET LES FILLES DU RHIN.” FROM THE DRAWING
BY FANTIN LATOUR

The Art of Fantin Latour

gradually directed more and more to the cult of reality. In the *Nibelung's Ring* and in the *Rheingold* finale the artist's lights become clearer and simpler, the half-tints tend to disappear: the creation—tender, mysterious or tragic as the case may be—approaches so closely to a literal translation of the thing seen, that one no longer finds any trace of the superfluous.

Fantin Latour, indeed, has a profound contempt for the ornamental accessories he regarded as indispensable at the outset of his career. This incessant self-criticism and surveillance have produced extraordinary results. Unity is achieved; the very flesh seems woven in golden light, and in every detail, however small, one feels that the master is in full command of his art. The romantic and the realistic, which had long walked side by side in his works, now go hand in hand.

There was one man in the last century who might be compared to Fantin Latour—I mean Gustave Flaubert. Both strove to attain propriety, exactitude of expression, to find the word which—so to speak—should cling to the idea, or

the tone exactly adapted to the thought. Both were great idealists, men of melancholy, yet always the faithful servants of Truth.

Among all Fantin Latour's works, his absolute masterpiece is the portrait of *Edwards the Engraver and his Wife*, exhibited at the Salon of 1875, and seen again in the "Centennale" in 1889. England may be justly proud of having inspired this superb work.

His lithographic production is considerable. M. Germain Hediard has drawn up a catalogue of it, with remarks of much interest on the plates, which number no fewer than one hundred and twenty.

Does the lithographic work of Fantin Latour differ greatly from his paintings. Is it superior? I have no hesitation in declaring it is not. Moreover, the sole essential in art is the faithful expression of the visible object, the means employed by the artist to attain that end being of quite secondary importance. Victor Hugo's melodious prose cannot make me forget that I am in the presence of the poet. The form may be different: that is all. The technical analogy, as



"L'ÉTUDE"

(Salon, 1884. In the Van Cutsem Collection, Brussels)

BY FANTIN LATOUR



“PRÉLUDE DE LOHENGRIN”
FROM THE PAINTING BY
FANTIN LATOUR

(By permission of M. Haviland.
Salon, 1892)

The Art of Fantin Latour

in the works of all men of genius, remains, notwithstanding, and impresses one instantaneously. So with Beethoven. He wrote not only symphonies but operatic music. Yet there is the same character in all that proceeded from his brain. Fantin Latour, in his lithographic work as in his paintings, brought his full resources into play; yet he remains essentially a painter. That his first plates—*Tannhäuser at Venusberg* and *Venus Disarmed*—are inferior to those which he produced fourteen years later in the admirable *Rheingold* series cannot be denied; but the same elements are there. The man is just as much himself when he stammers the first words of the sad and melodious phrase proper to his nature as when he utters that same phrase with the accent of a master.

One may say this of Fantin Latour's lithographic work. Certain early hesitations apart, his 120 plates form an *ensemble* so admirable

and so remarkable that they ought to be exhibited in every art gallery, and studied by every art student.

Edgar Quinet, in his retreat at Veytaux, said to me one day, "When I am tired of dealing with a subject I pass on to another, and feel altogether different." To which I replied, "You may deal with all sorts of subjects, but you are always Edgar Quinet." It is one of the illusions dear to the genius to imagine that he is in a perpetual course of transformation.

The chief character of Fantin Latour's work is, I repeat, the instinct of the ideal blended with observation of Nature. It was this made me compare him with Flaubert. Both were at once realists and idealists, and their creations will never grow old. They will be refreshed and revived on the slightest contact with Truth, which is "for all time," or with Imagination, which also is eternal.

ANTONIN PROUST.



"TANNHÄUSER"

(*Salon, 1886*)

BY FANTIN LATOUR







"PARADISE AND THE PERI"
FROM A LITHOGRAPH
BY FANTIN LATOUR



“RHEINGOLD”
FROM A LITHOGRAPH
BY FANTIN LATOUR

First International "Studio" Exhibition

THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL "STUDIO" EXHIBITION. PART II.

WE have already remarked upon the good quality of the decorative needlework and other fine-wrought textiles at this exhibition. Especially in the matter of design, the improvement which has taken place in modern embroideries is very significant. In the sheer technique of the needle-crafts, women have always excelled; but in design they have flagged periodically, and been content to diffuse in laborious detail the steady energy, the enthusiastic patience, that characterise so much of their work in art. Prodigality of effort in the

process itself has often starved the intellectual and imaginative side of decoration.

The entrance of women into the ranks of designers for textiles of the larger kind cannot fail to re-act well upon their needlework, the planning of carpets and curtains giving the embroiderer a greater breadth and individuality of treatment and a keener sense of proportion, composition, and decorative line. Exigencies of space rather curtailed the exhibits which might have run in this direction, but some half-dozen remarkably good *portières* were included. Two of these were by Beatrice M. Venables: one a strong and simple *appliquéd* decoration on deep-red linen; the other a more ambitious composition representing a field of corn, with birds flying over it, cleverly worked out in corn-yellows and greens on a sky-blue ground, with a bright glint of poppies at the base. The necessary flatness and restraint of treatment were very well observed. An admirable piece of decoration was the *portière* by George Duxbury and Agnes Smith. Here the composition centred in a small panel of rich colour, high up in the body of the curtain, bearing a conventional figure of a ship; the subdued treatment of the ornament surrounding and leading up to this, and carried out in soft dark blues and greens, secured an altogether harmonious and pleasing scheme of colour. The workmanship fully sustained the quality of the design. Near it was an interesting and effective convention of a growing tree with fruit, by C. Oxenford, carried out in silk and velvet *appliquéd* on grey serge; the ruddy fruit making the chief points of light among the sober foliage. Two woven *portières*, of heavier quality, were notably successful in technique. One by V.



PORTION OF "LA DAMNATION DE FAUST"
(Salon, 1888)

BY FANTIN LATOUR



FURNITURE DESIGNED BY
G. M. ELLWOOD. EXECUTED
BY J. S. HENRY

First International "Studio" Exhibition



METALLED GLASS WARE

DESIGNED BY KOLO MOSER
EXECUTED BY BAKALOWITS AND SÖHNE

Hellesen and R. Gamble, with reversible pattern, was especially good in colour, with a simple floral pattern on deep blue, surmounted by doves in flight. Another, by Professor Paul Horti, was equally pleasant in colour and design; this also was a harmony in the dull blues and greens which seemed to yield the favourite colour-scheme of a large majority of competitors.



SMALL CABINET

BY E. H. ROUSE

Hand-woven and knotted rugs formed another interesting group of textiles. Two of the latter, by C. F. Crowly, were very neat and substantial in build, and the simple design was carried out in a restful combination of primary colours. A woven tapestry in dark peacock-green by Reginald Warner was solid and carpet-like in quality, but the design would be equally pleasing for a *portière*. Embroidered cushions showed a great variety and range of style, from the novel and remarkably clever use of *appliquéd* leather on darker leather by Adela Kanetzberg, to the exquisitely fine and luxurious silk embroideries of Madame Anna Papadopulo, in which an almost mediaeval delicacy of stitch and colouring was the dominant charm. The treatment of the leather, on the other hand, by the former designer, aimed rather at durability of surface and a bold simplicity of decoration; which in fact was admirably achieved in this method on a cushion for a hall or smoking-room lounge. The colouring was quiet and the stitching confined to the edges of the *appliquéd* figure. Two large cushions by Florence Holmes, a round and a square, embroidered on coarse self coloured linen, were also very effective. The composition of the wild-rose design on the square cushion was well thought out and very tastefully executed. There was also an excellent cushion by Jeanne Brandenburg, with *appliquéd* work and fine embroidery on dull-green satin. The same lady sent a banner in biscuit-coloured silk, with a design *appliquéd* and embroidered in sober greens and greys. Another and smaller banner was by A. M. J. de Ranitz; while a charming little banner-screen for a fireplace, in

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peacock-blue, by B. Boeykens, was decorated with straps of the same colour, which served to roll it up when out of use. Among the table-linen, one of the daintiest pieces of handicraft was a tea-cloth by Millicent Beveridge: this was on self-coloured linen, laid out in "drawn-thread" work and then embroidered in silks of the most delicate rose-pink, lilac, and green—an ambitious but very successful use of the colours. Adela Kanetzberg, the designer of the *appliquéd* leather cushion, also sent a pretty tea-cloth in *appliquéd* work on brown linen, and there was a larger cloth by M. E. Dawson and M. Craven, embroidered on undyed linen in a pleasing conventional design. A similarly good treatment of a side-board cloth in ivory silk, embroidered with a light conventional pattern of leaf and flower, was shown by Edith Jones. Another good tea-cloth was of green linen, embroidered by Ada K. Hazell. In an embroidered cover for THE STUDIO magazine, Winifred M. Burlingham had preserved with admirable skill the leading features of its own cover design, which she reproduced in purple and green silk. A small book-cover embroidered in gilt-thread on white silk, by Rosamund F. Pulley, illustrated the application of needlework to bookbinding; and an example of the almost obsolete but once so popular fashion of pierced embroidery on white cambric was shown by I. D. Sarg.

There were several embroidered screens representing long and conscientious labour on the part of the designers and craftswomen. The most important of these was by Louisa F. Pesel. A strong but unobtrusive floral figure in *appliquéd* embroidery was the decoration of a substantial three-folder, occupying a leading position in the room. The others were fire-screens: one by Augusta Winter, bright in colour and somewhat pictorial in treatment; and one by M. E. Dawson, a delicate and fanciful little design of rabbits conferring together at sunset. This last was especially well-mounted in an oak frame which, for beauty of proportion and general comeliness and stability, was itself one of the best examples of the building of furniture.

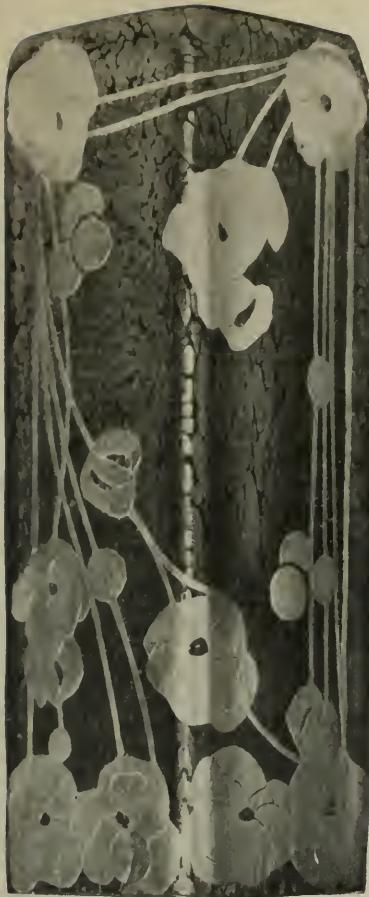
One of the most striking features of the exhibition was the revival of an old and beautiful method of textile decoration known as Batik. This may be roughly described as a species of stencilling with wax instead of with pierced metal, and yielding much more delicate and varied impressions. The wax is spread over the whole of the surface to be treated, and then broken with the hands, so that the colour then applied may penetrate not only the wider cracks which produce the main lines of the design, but also the innumerable smaller cracks which occur in the process of opening up the principal figure. Thus is produced a fine



GLASSSES

DESIGNED BY KOLO MOSER
EXECUTED BY BAKALOWITS AND SÖHNE

First International "Studio" Exhibition



METALLED GLASS VASE

DESIGNED BY KOLO MOSER
EXECUTED BY BAKALOWITS
AND SÖHNE

irregular network of lines in colour, subordinate to the pattern itself, yet forming a considerable element in the charm of the decoration. This method, much practised in the Dutch East Indies, has been revived in Holland, and the exhibitors on this occasion were Mrs. Wegerif and Mr. John Th. Uiterwyk. Their curtains and cushions in velvet and velveteen made a remarkably interesting and striking display, and one felt that nothing was lacking in taste, in choice of design, material, and colouring, or in fine and discriminating labour, to do justice to the possibilities of the craft. As well as in its application to furniture and draperies, the Batik process was shown in a great variety of

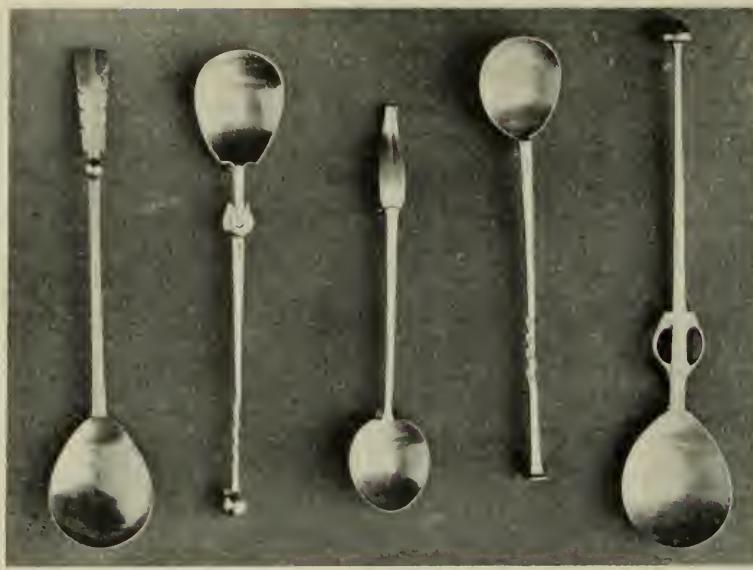
smaller articles, such as hand-bags, blotting-cases, and covers for handkerchief or glove-boxes, which were very daintily made up, and quite delightful in the matter of colour. There were also some silk Batiks for scarves, very light and fine in texture, with the pattern coming out in wonderfully delicate and fairy-like webs of colour.

In painted velvet there was a handsome and original mantel-border by Dorothy Ward, with a design of fishes on a ground of sea-blue; the decoration was ingenious, and admirably worked out. The same lady sent a cushion square treated in the same exacting method.

Stencilling for friezes and wall-hangings was illustrated by Edith C. Paull, Etta Painter, A. Harold Smith, William Morse, whose "peacock" and "columbine" designs were very successful, and Reginald T. Dick, who sent an excellent frieze, with tapestry corresponding, and a pretty little fan, with bats and other elusive night-creatures shadowed forth in stencil. An



PANEL IN STAINED AND MODELLED LEATHER BY MARY G. HUSTON



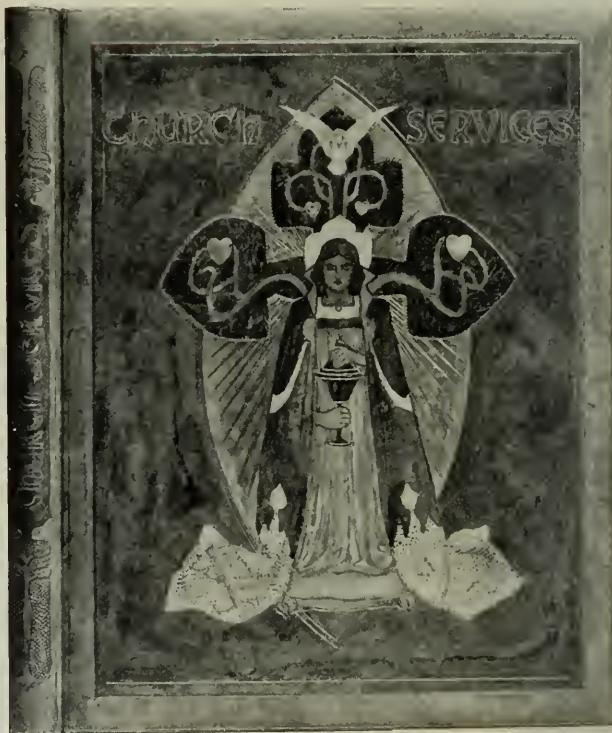
SILVER SPOONS

BY B. CUZNER

interesting series of black-and-white designs for stencilling on cards, neatly arranged and framed, was the work of E. H. Rouse.

Furniture, as has already been explained, was limited by considerations of space; but the exhibits of G. M. Ellwood sufficed to give a fair representation of recent cabinet-making—perhaps a little florid in decoration, but of excellent proportions and sound workmanship. A small music cabinet and three boudoir tables, polished and inlaid, made a compact and serviceable suite for needlework and afternoon tea, the work-table having drawers and other receptacles suited to its purpose. The inlay was of light woods on dark red. There was also a very good oak table by the same designer. The name of John Th. Uiterwyk was associated with some very original work in light mahogany, especially in a writing-table conspicuous for its novel and picturesque form. Without any sacrifice of utility or comfort, the ordinary bureau-stage had been modified in the direction of lightness and grace, its stern rectangular lines relieved by slender arched supports, the larger drawers set to the left of the writer's knees, and the smaller ones above the table, interspersed with pigeon-holes and open spaces. In the same wood were some handy little tea-tables

The decoration of a flat surface in plaster or gesso is one of the most fascinating forms of panelling, and in this and kindred branches of modelled design the exhibition had the benefit of



BOOK-COVER IN VELLUCENT

BY H. GRANVILLE FELL

“THE SONG OF SONGS”

A BOOK-COVER DESIGNED AND PAINTED BY

H. GRANVILLE FELL.

FORWARDED AND FINISHED BY

CEDRIC CHIVERS.





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some of the well-known and beautiful work of Mr. R. Anning Bell. This artist showed three coloured reliefs in terra-cotta—*Wheatear*, *A Mermaid*, and *Ippolita*—and one in coloured plaster, *An Angel Adoring*. Special praise is also due to a little gesso panel by Eva Marsh—a thoroughly satisfying and restful piece of decoration—consisting of poppies on a ground of dull gold; an excellent colour-harmony, but more notable still for the good arrangement of the flower in a decorative convention.



LEATHER BOOK-COVER

DESIGNED AND EXECUTED
BY ALICE SHEPHERD

The leather-work was chiefly confined to book-bindings and handy pocket-wares, but there was one handsome embossed panel for a firescreen, well framed in oak, by Maud Wheelwright; here the leather was richly toned, and the vigorous ship design harmonised pleasantly with the setting. Eugen Fischof sent a very pleasing collection of stained, embossed, and tooled card-cases, cigar and cigarette cases, purses, photograph frames, and other small articles, showing admirable delicacy of workmanship and taste in design. Leather cases of similar style were also shown by Victor Tull.



BOOK-COVER

BY A. DE SAUTY

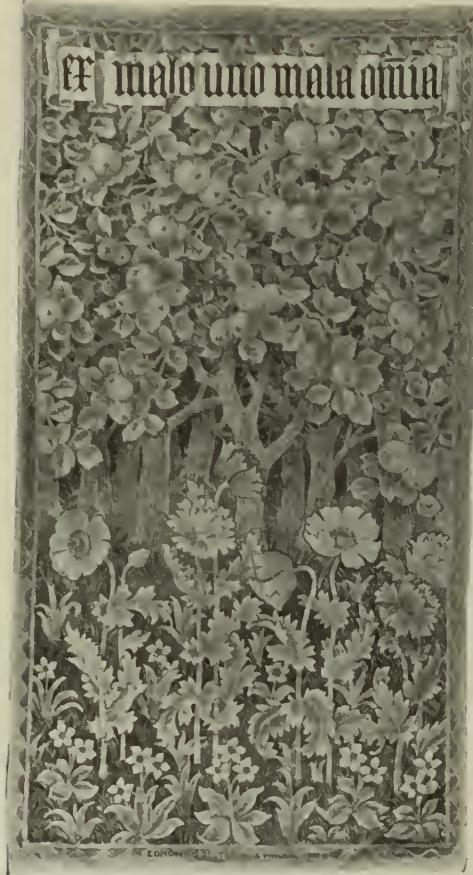


BOOK-COVER

BY ETHEL TURNER

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"visitors' book" embossed in a similar manner. The blotting-book, card-case, and photograph



PAINTED TAPESTRY

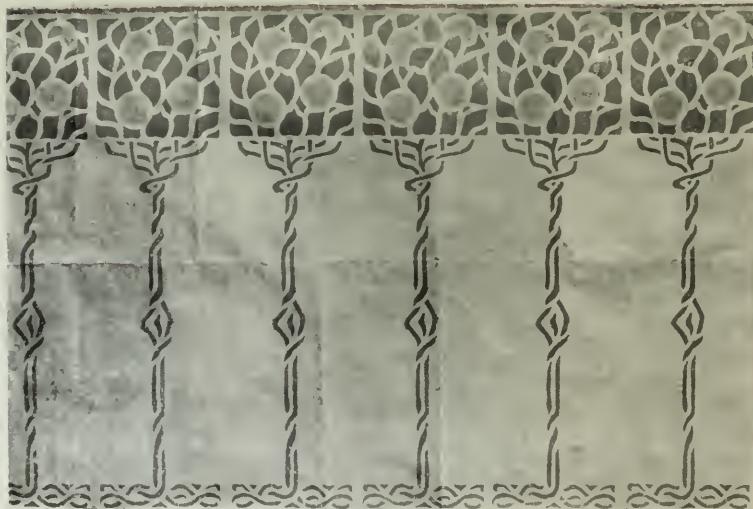
BY EDMUND REUTER

From R. E. Barnard came a bold design of daffodils for a blotting-book, and a cover for a



EMBROIDERED PORTIÈRE

BY BEATRICE VENABLES



STENCIL WORK

BY E. H. ROUSE

frame by Florence C. Moore were the lighter exercises of a craftswoman who appeared most favourably in a binding of Shakespeare, admirable for its quiet taste and conscientious workmanship. Indeed the book-binding section was altogether of high quality. Among the best examples were those by H. Granville Fell and Cedric Chivers, who sent some beautifully tooled work in stained leather for "Church Services" and other choice

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devotional volumes. Other fine examples of bindings *de luxe* were by Spigel Frigyes and A. de Sauty, who had found congenial subjects for cover-design in the sonnets of Keats and Mrs. Browning and books of mediæval tales and poems. The accomplished craftsmanship and poetic imagination of Mary G. Simpson were seen in her admirable treatment of embossed leather. There were also two good examples by F. G. Garrett—



CLOAK CLASP

BY A. H. JONES



APPLIQUÉ WORK PORTIÈRE

BY GEORGE DUXBURY AND AGNES SMITH

"The Nature of Gothic" and "Beauty's Awakening" — and some undressed morocco bindings by Annie S. Macdonald. The unconventional and individual work of Evelyn Underhill deserves special praise; her little bindings in rough calf for the "Morte d'Arthur," "Launfal," "Life of Wedgwood," and "Bab Ballads" were full of charm, and showed a singularly fresh and piquant fancy in design. An equally capable and conscientious worker, Mary G. Houston, sent a panel in stained and modelled leather, and Winifred Fairfax Cholmeley a book-binding which sustained the same high average of craftsmanship. In the field of illumination there were several worthy competitors, and one of the most elaborate and substantial pieces of work was the book of the "Hull Ballads," by E. Haworth Earle who also showed a smaller volume in similar style. Two illuminated books by Percy J. Smith and two single-page illuminations by the last-named ex-

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hibitor and Isabella E. Brown completed this section. The only attempts at colour-printing were Ethel Kirkpatrick's three dainty little impressions from the wood block.

The collection of pottery and glass, which formed several important groups, represented some of the best modern work in this direction. The bulk of the fine glassware shown by Professor Kolo Moser and Messrs. E. Bakalowits and Söhne seemed, indeed,

"— All too bright and good
For human nature's daily food."

Yet if we admit the principle of the *édition de luxe* in bookbindings, there seems no reason for rejecting it in the service of the table. This granted, contemporary handicraft has given us nothing more exquisite of their kind than these vases and drinking vessels, mounted in many instances in silver holders which a rare gift of decorative invention had wedded perfectly to their fragile contents. Whether in plain glass of the simplest modelling, or in iridescent colours and fanciful forms, a rare grace and shapeliness characterised all these exhibits. Among them may be mentioned the ingenious little vase set in a light outline frame of silver in the semblance of an owl, and another



ENAMELLED PLAQUE

BY LILY DAY

cunningly devised in the figure of a rose, the restrained treatment of the metal giving the utmost value to the pearly blue and green of the glass. The convenient shape of some of the small table-holders for short-stalked flowers was very welcome; for who does not know the torments of trying to fix half-a-dozen top-heavy roses in an ordinary bowl or jug?

In the pottery and stoneware a large yellow vase, by the Amstel Hoek Company, was very pleasant, being well-proportioned, of pure and soft colour, and decorated with a quaint and pretty design of antelopes running round the neck of the bowl. The well-known and beautiful decorative pottery of William de Morgan was represented by a number of handsome pieces in lustre and in Persian colouring. Some of Messrs. Doulton's designers—notably Margaret E. Thompson, F. C. Pope, Elise Simmance, and M. V. Marshall—made a highly creditable and interesting show. The first-named was especially successful in her use of the human figure in flat decoration on some tall and shapely Faience vases finished in smooth glaze. In a vase by F. C. Pope the human subject was ingeniously used for a modelled decoration instead of



ENAMEL PLAQUE

BY ALEXANDER FISHER

First International "Studio" Exhibition



HAIR COMB AND NECKLACE
BY CH. BOUTET DE MONVEL



NECKLACE AND PENDANT
BY THEODORE LAMBERT



BROOCHES

BY PAUL HORTI



NECKLACES AND PENDANTS

BY EDGAR SIMPSON

First International "Studio" Exhibition



COLOURED PLASTER PANEL BY HELEN LANGLEY

in the flat, and two female forms served as handles to the vessel. The stoneware by Elise Simmance was decorated in low-relief, glazed, on a ground of pale brown. M. V. Marshall's pottery was equally satisfying in shape, decoration, and craftsmanship. That of E. D. Stellmacher was in a decidedly original vein, especially the "fish" vase, which was composed of a quaint bulb having its base in the swirled body of a fish, and forming a strong and picturesque ornament. A bowl for an electric-light fitting, with the figure of a girl seated at the brink of the hollow, was admirably modelled by the same designer. The raising of the standard of decoration for pottery of every grade should not be without its influence on the controversies that surround its manufacture.

The list of exhibitors in jewellery and enamelled trinkets was certainly a strong one, and included a good proportion of women designers. There were also several friendly rivals from Continental *ateliers* whose work showed many interesting features in comparison with that of Edgar Simpson, W. S.

Hadaway, Arthur Berger, A. H. Jones, and other young English craftsmen who are now making their mark in this field. The series of pendants and fancy pins by Mary Wintour were remarkable for the richness and delicacy of the enamelling, especially in a little dragonfly and pair of iridescent wings, mounted as ornaments for the hair. The colour was equally pleasing in the pendants—blue, red-and-gold, and iridescent "dragon-fly" hues, and a daisy-pattern centring in a pearl. Lily Day sent some silver-work of excellent quality, notably a buckle of ingenious and graceful design, set with small blue enamels. The necklace and

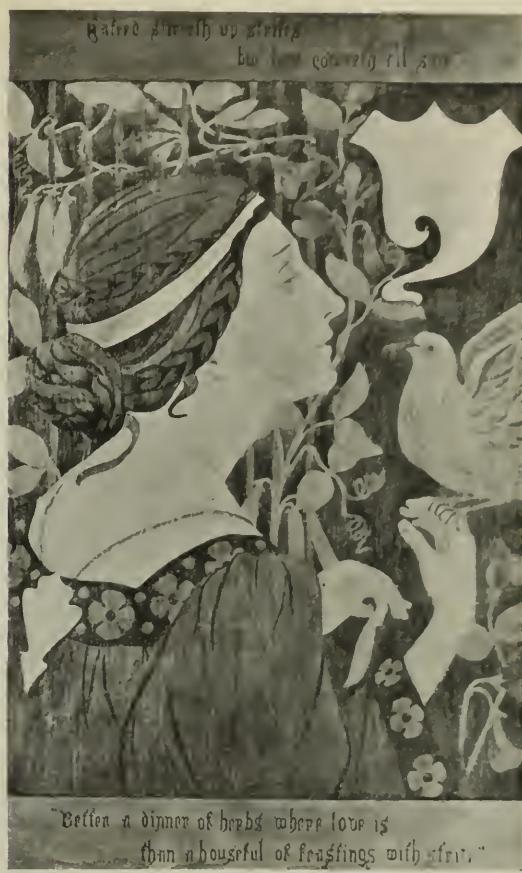


IVORY STATUETTE

BY CH. SAMUEL

First International "Studio" Exhibition

pendant by Dorothy Hart were of a more slender and filigree type, ornamented with enamels and pearls. A necklace of pearl and amethyst by Ethel Virtue was an admirable piece of workmanship, and would have borne a greater individuality of design. Examples of enamelling by Annie Noufflard included two cloak-clasps, a necklace and pendant, a jewelled hat-pin, and one of those fashionable and pretty coverings for the back of a straight collar or waistband which, for want of a better name, is called a "plaque." Beyond its justification as an ornament, the "plaque" really serves to hold the band in position and to conceal—or, better still, to emphasise and beautify—its attachment to the gown. One of the French exhibitors, C. S. Mangeau, sent a very successful treatment of this subject, designed for a collar of green velvet, and also a dainty butterfly ornament in oxidised silver, set with mother-o'-pearl. Another French designer, Charles Boutet de Monvel, sent a large collection of jewellery, admirable in workmanship and strikingly fanciful, in design. Among the most novel combs for fastening the hair were those ornamented with jewelled snakes, lizards, and other uncanny beings; and perhaps the most charming of the gown decorations was a silver buckle with a design of a crane. In the few exhibits that



PANEL

BY C. H. A. COULTHARD



STENCILLED FRIEZE

BY W. MORSE

First International "Studio" Exhibition

introduced colour the use of it was very judicious and effective.

The refined and sympathetic work of Edgar Simpson was represented by chains and pendants in gold and silver, set with opals and serpentines, fashioned with that welcome sobriety of taste and simplicity of form which we have already learnt to expect from this designer. To W. S. Hadaway, an artist of somewhat different calibre, we look for bold and fruitful adventures in colour, and find them combined, in his present exhibits, with a buoyant inventiveness in design and workmanlike finish. The necklace, with its plain, circular ornaments set in sea-green and iridescent enamels, was characteristically his own; and the long waistbelt, with its archaic designs of animals in small, enamelled panels, was no less pretty than quaint in conception and treatment.

From A. H. Jones came a large and interesting collection of jewellery in various styles, including a beautifully wrought clasp and buckle with the figure of a ship in high-relief, yet so well contrived as not to be obstructive,



STAINED GLASS PANEL

BY JAN SCHOUTEN



VASE

BY M. E. THOMPSON

VASE

BY M. E. THOMPSON



VASE

BY ELISE SIMMANCE

brittle, or dangerous to the wearer. There was also a very effective clasp in silver *repoussé*, and a buckle set with enamels in delicate green, together with a number of brooches and pendants of sound craftsmanship and graceful invention. The twenty-six pieces sent by Arthur J. Gaskin also showed fertile fancy, even affecting the barbaric in some designs, but admirable in the setting of precious stones and jewels. Some excellent rings were shown by Theodore Lambert, in which the use of enamels with pearls was very pleasing; also some brooches in quiet but distinctive

“AN ANGEL ADORING”

A COLOURED PLASTER RELIEF BY

ROBERT ANNING BELL.





taste, of pearl and enamel with simple settings of gold. Another beautiful set of buckles was by Arthur Berger; these were refreshingly simple in form, consisting of a few broad lines and curves of plain silver, giving the utmost value to the single jewel of turquoise or garnet which afforded the centre point of the design. A silver brooch by William A. Davidson, and a panel, with *repoussé* and pierced jewellery, by P. Wylie Davidson, were the sole exhibits of these two craftsmen. Professor Paul Hori, whose work in other branches of decoration has already been noticed, sent a dainty little series of buckles and brooches. Bernard Cuzner added to his silver table-ware, mentioned in our former article, some equally praiseworthy items of personal jewellery; and the quaint shoe-buckles, set with small green enamels, by Talwin Morris, were happy instances of his versatility as designer and craftsman.

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH EXHIBITION OF THE NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB. BY OSWALD SICKERT.

THE New English Art Club has passed the *staged* when its exhibitions raised the question whether or no it was a considerable body, and not the least potent among the factors that have brought about the general acceptance of the club as an important phenomenon is the general acknowledgment that Mr. Wilson Steer is a considerable artist. His admirers are not far to seek, and if admiration is in some cases crossed with a certain uneasiness, that

tinge of reluctance is caused by what is, indeed, a surprising peculiarity of his work—to wit, its variety.

I do not think the most entire believer in Mr. Steer's genius need deny a certain sympathy with those among his admirers who complain that he is always changing. How far he does change, in what measure, for instance, the present picture of *The Mirror* differs from the stark model on the bed, painted six years ago; or that from the girl in the chair with the artist reflected behind her, and that from *Jonquil*, and *Jonquil* from the girls by the pool, and they from *Miss Jenny Lee*;



"THE THUNDERSTORM"

(By permission of Miss Louise Salaman)

BY A. A. MCDEVY

what sort of a distance, other than an advance in that mastery which makes paint speak, separates *The Rainbow* of this exhibition from the early *Walls of Montreux*—these are questions which must be left to the occasion when Mr. Steer shall get together for us a collection of the work he has done. Meanwhile there is this to be said for those who find the changes from one picture to another radical: the pictures are, if we may use the expression, in themselves radical. Each one as it came before us gave the impression of having been painted with a whole heart—freely from the bottom, as it were—with nothing affected or wilful intervening; and if one remarks differences between pictures which have that depth and directness, it is natural, if not logical, to conclude that the differences must also be fundamental.

It would be less surprising to meet variety in a painter whose work had all along revealed the character of facility, and whose source of inspiration seemed to be pictures rather than the appearances of nature. But the fluency of *The Rainbow*, the eager run of touches astonishingly just, the dignity, the deep brilliance and the stillness with which the river glows beneath us in the sudden break of sunshine—here is a power of expression which, on the face of it, the painter has won and not slipped into. Nor did this painter's handiwork at any time seem light of achievement, or produced without an ever more and more practised concentration of energy. There is a sharpness in Mr. Steer's work, an edge, and an eagerness, that mate not at all with the idea of facility.

Neither has Mr. Steer's work looked as if its source were in other pictures rather than in the world as we can see it, and do see it, at this moment. In what he produces there is a vigour and a happiness that are the very note of the smart per-

sonal contact between vision and the medium. Even the pictures which were held to show plainly the influence of Monet or Manet, to take an instance, had the hand and the eye of the artist in them, active and full of life. The spectator felt none of the despondency that flows from borrowed work, as from a charge brought in our very faces against the day in which we live. Indeed, their newness is exactly one of the surprises of Mr. Steer's pictures. If one thinks of Constable when one sees *The Rainbow* in the present exhibition, that is rather because the mind must travel back—over much beautiful landscape—still back to Constable before it meet again the grand, unmoved landscape, the picture in which the action of the natural scene has been so realised that it can be projected whole, severed from this or that tie of sentiment, and left, almost coldly, to speak to the spectator of such things as he has ears to hear. The French romantic painters of landscape, and Cecil Lawson with his fellows in England, had a



"A WINDOW IN A LONDON STREET"

BY W. ORPEN



"THE BELFRY AND WATCH-TOWER OF CALAIS"

BY D. S. MACCOIL.

sentiment about nature which is not characteristic of Constable, and beside their landscapes Mr. Steer's is certainly cold. They were attached to nature as the discoverers of a neglected truth before which they first knelt with longing. The moving appeal of their attachment, the sentiment of such a communing with trees and pools and the tender sky, is clean wanting in Mr. Steer's landscape. With his power of detachment Mr. Steer can go back to scenes and weather which have been little touched by painters since Constable, the wide expanse of country, full summer, the blaze of even sunshine, the open weather of wind and sunny clouds, the brassy green of a whole valley when the sun bursts through a rainstorm. In such weather sentiment has no place. As for imitation I could more easily see the unusual failure of Mr. Tonks's *The Farmyard*, in Constable's sketch of *The Glebe Farm*, or refer the hollowness of Mr. Muirhead's brave *Water-Mill* to his admiration of that painter.

If the course which Mr. Steer has taken has not led him to the cultivation of an unfailingly gracious surface, his painting has a native splendour, it

is always justified by the fulness and subtlety of its effects, it is never wilful or tired. It has the charm, and the power of carrying the spectator along with it, which seems to belong to his instinctive feeling for the purposes of oil-paint. And, as a novel reader might say that he would not jeopardise a single scene out of the "Comédie Humaine" for the sake of the fairest style in French literature, so I should hesitate to bargain for any surface, however gracious, at the possible price of what Mr. Steer has to say. Constable himself did not arrive at so satisfying a surface as Old Crome.

Mr. Steer has never shown more clearly how much he is the master of his medium than in his picture of the two nude figures, with a reflected third, which he calls *The Mirror*. The colour scheme of apricot and silver is a new thing, a discovery. The feeling of the picture, its content, the artist's mind on the subject, is the fresh delight in the fair bodies, their grace, the health, the g'ow, the brilliant truth that has more persistently than any other ravished the eyes of painters. If we seldom hear it spoken out, that is because to realise so fully just those beauties which are the sense of

The New English Art Club

the subject, to straighten neither modelling nor colour, supposes such a manipulation of paint as no one else possesses. The picture is no dream or reminiscence—it is a piece of good news; and so little has the painter felt any call to set it away from us into a fabled world, that we can catch sight of bright, pearly Chelsea through the window.

For those who remember the picture, also of women's figures little draped, which hung at the last exhibition in the place which Mr. Steer's now occupies, the gaiety of *The Mirror* turns a little point of malice against the painters who are less at ease. The picture in question was painted in a helpless mood by a painter of rare and welcome distinction. Half-hearted, apparently, in pursuit of a subject which did not favour the exquisite manner he has got for himself of touching the canvas with paint, Mr. Charles Shannon drooped his women's figures about, beyond any demands of composition, in deprecating poses; he purified flesh of its blood, strengthened the shapes of limbs to imposingness, depressed the heads from their prettiness, suggesting that he had an excuse for painting undraped figures in the shape of a moral about marriage, a lesson which the spectator sought uneasily and sadly failed to find. One saw with pleasure why Mr. Shannon dressed the models of his picture at the International in their peculiar costumes. His peculiar touch was engaged by the delicate drawing

of a figure under grey silk. Such a reason is sufficient—one asks for nothing more.

One does ask more from Mr. Strang. That his unfluent and stiff painting is fitted to tell us that the man Christ on earth was in simpleness and poverty among the simple and the poor was hardly sufficient justification for painting *Emmaus*, since the stiff quality is unpleasant, and he wearies us a little with his long-winded tale of reality. I think he has wearied himself, for in a moment of forgetfulness he has put in a Titian woman holding aloft a plate of fruit at the back, and an uncalled-for study of a back in the foreground. Judging from the picture, one would imagine that "Why not paint an *Emmaus*?" about represented the extent of the motive which drew the artist to this subject. Once settled at the task and finding in the execution of it, in the actual business of painting, little of that inspiration which might carry a painter, in the wake of his hand and eye, to a higher plane of interest, Mr. Strang has, no doubt, put a serious face upon it. But his *Emmaus* looks out of place in an exhibition of the New English Art Club exactly because it lacks seriousness, a seriousness which no after contraction of the brows can replace, for it goes with an initial interest in the vision offered and a desire to be at it with hand and medium. With exceptions, of course (Mr. Sholto Douglas's portrait, for example, is clearly one of





"THE GREEN SHUTTER"

BY MARY HOGARTH

them), and with variations ranging from the tactful looseness of Mr. W. W. Russell's *A Scene on the Wye* to the relentlessness of Mr. Bate's *The Chess-Player*, this seriousness is characteristically present in the exhibition, giving the visitor, apart from the pleasure he may derive from any particular contribution, a general feeling of gratefulness to painters who, in their various ways, are busy with a world they find interesting.

We have grown accustomed to see this seriousness signally successful among the water colours, and the wall devoted to the art is remarkable on this occasion for the tinted drawings by Mr. D. S. MacColl and Miss Hogarth. With a most unassuming pencil Mr. MacColl has traced out to the end *The Belfry and Watchtower of Calais*; Miss Hogarth, with her heavier line, multiplies the windows and piles up the mass of the Ponte Vecchio and the buildings behind it. Mr. Hugh Carter understands, what hardly one of the exhibitors at the last exhibition of the Pastel Society understood, that pastel is for drawing. His little *Thames, near Greenwich*, is a drawing in charcoal, touched with colour—the drawing of a hand that casts about, as it were, with a charming instinct. Against each of the three drawings Mr. R. E. Fry's *The Mill*, also a tinted drawing—or, rather, a water-colour with lines put into it—

sounds a little note of protest. Indeed, the artist here stands midway between two other water-colours from his own hand, casting doubtful looks on this side at his realistic *Boxhill*, which is rather wanting in structure, and on the other at his *Titans*, which is entirely a design.

The contention which *The Mill* seems to uphold—namely that there should be choice of lines in a drawing—is irrefutable. One may even accept without demur the further proposition it suggests, and agree that when Titian drew the trunk of a beech tree or Rembrandt the uplifted hand of the master expostulating with the unmerciful servant, there was more choice of line than in Mr. MacColl's *Calais*. Yet *The Mill*, with its choice, is further from fine drawing; is, indeed, not on the road. All drawing from Nature is a convention, and includes a certain degree of choice, since the draughtsman puts lines where there are none in nature. The great draughtsman is he that, in following and searching nature with his keen point, has found the line which reveals the most, laying open with a sensitive hand the appearances of things. The hand in *The Mill* has given up all sensibility, recognising no need to follow or search, nor any desire to find the expressive convention. The artist begins at the other end, and, having proclaimed the necessity of a convention,

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STATUE

BY L. HABICH

forthwith fetches one out ready-made and imposes it upon his landscape of trees and water and boys bathing. It is interesting, and there is something so inherently right in a tinted drawing that one would rather have it than not, even when the convention does not justify itself.

Quite recently, within the last year, a new interest has been added to the exhibitions of the New English Art Club by the work of Mr. Orpen and Mr. McEvoy. Whether or no it is possible that we have at last turned the corner,

and oil-paint is no longer to remain recalcitrant and hardly to be wooed into any submission, certain it is that in the very first pictures they exhibited Mr. Orpen and Mr. McEvoy have shown a remarkable power of making paint do what they wish. Before pictures so accomplished—in the face of the painted chandelier, let us say, in Mr. Orpen's *A Window in a London Street*—the epithet “promising” may, for once, falter even upon a critic's lips.

THE DARMSTADT ARTISTS' COLONY (CONCLUDED). BY W. FRED

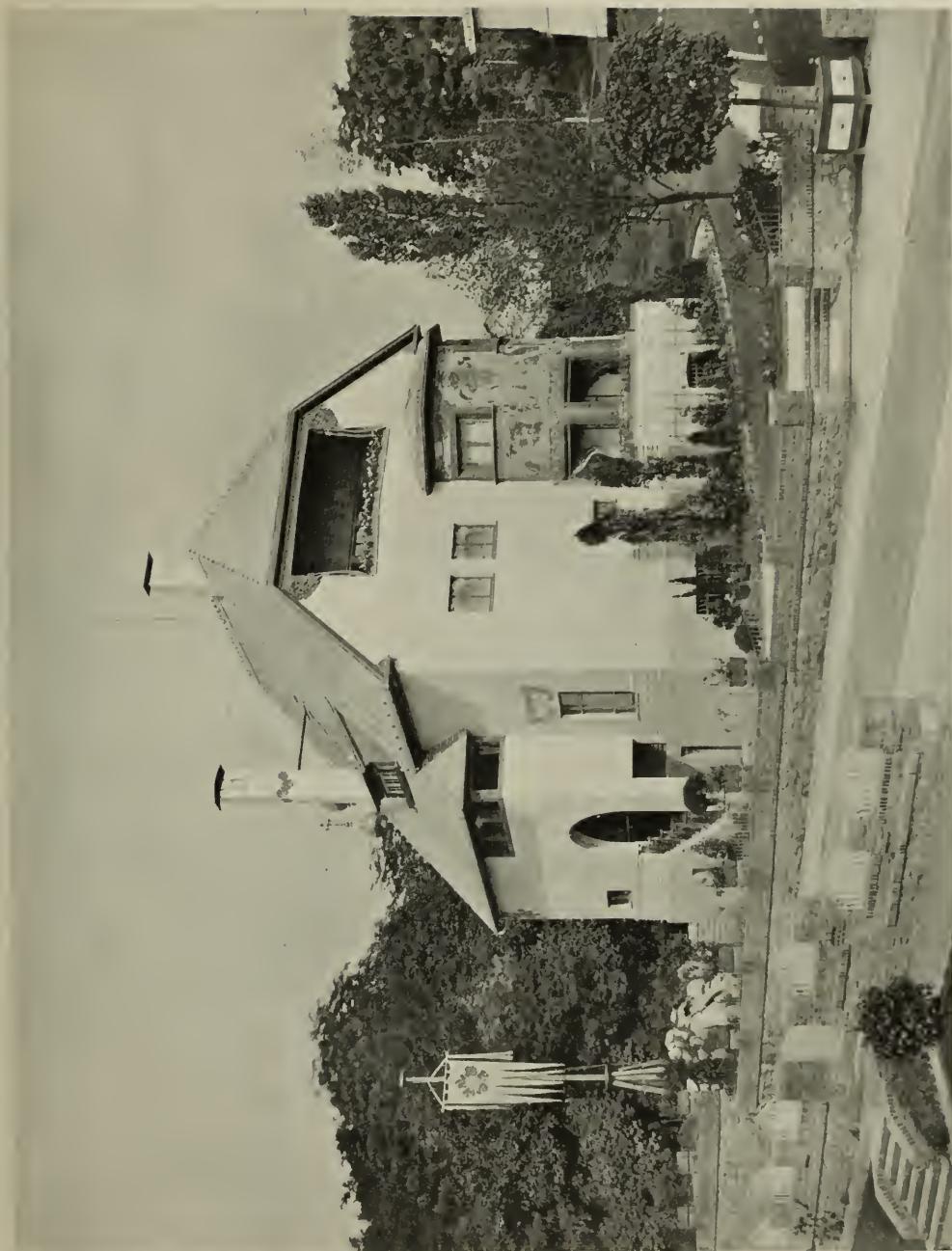
IF we talk to the Man in the Street about the new fashion of fitting up private dwellings, or the new style



MONUMENT TO THE LATE GRAND DUCHESS
ALICE OF HESSE

BY L. HABICH

HOUSE. DESIGNED
BY HANS CHRISTIANSEN



The Darmstadt Artists' Colony

of furniture, the response is a sigh. "There is no *simple modern* furniture," he declares. "It is either beyond one's means or doesn't fit into the home and the life of ordinary man." Those who thus relieve their feelings by sighs, not always without cause, will, to judge by his work in the Darmstadt Colony, find in Patriz Huber a ready helper, and will derive from his interiors the conviction that simple middle-class furniture may be produced which will meet modern art requirements. Middle-class—*bürgerlich*—the word is very expressive of a certain kind of interior architecture. And if we seek for another significant word, "German" soon suggests itself. "Middle class" and "German"—this is indeed the tendency in all the rooms of Habich's house, of Glückert's house, and in the bachelors' dwellings which have been designed by Huber in the Colony. Now, the word "German"—in using which we have to take in all shades of Germanism from the utmost north to the extreme south, including Munich art, for instance, but excluding that of the Viennese—

naturally comprises a great range of peculiarities, of typical values. Essentially "German" is Heinrich Vogeler, the painter and etcher of Worpswede, who often designs furniture, in his graceful yet angular manner. "German," too, was the entire "Biedermaier" style. "German," too, the fashion of richly-carved furniture; and "German" the desire to live as the French and Italians of former centuries lived. But when I apply the epithets "German" and "middle-class" to Huber's interiors much is expressed. In the first place the artist is conscious of the fact that he is raising dwellings and designing furniture for ordinary men. He begins by excluding extravagance in colour and outline. His aim is comfort combined with agreeable effect. Of course he is also endeavouring to found a new style. Only he seeks his effects less by designing rooms strongly individual—individual, that is, as regards the *inmates*—than by inventing new forms for typical furniture. Any number of people could live in Glückert's house; even Habich's house, which has



BEDROOM

The Darmstadt Artists' Colony



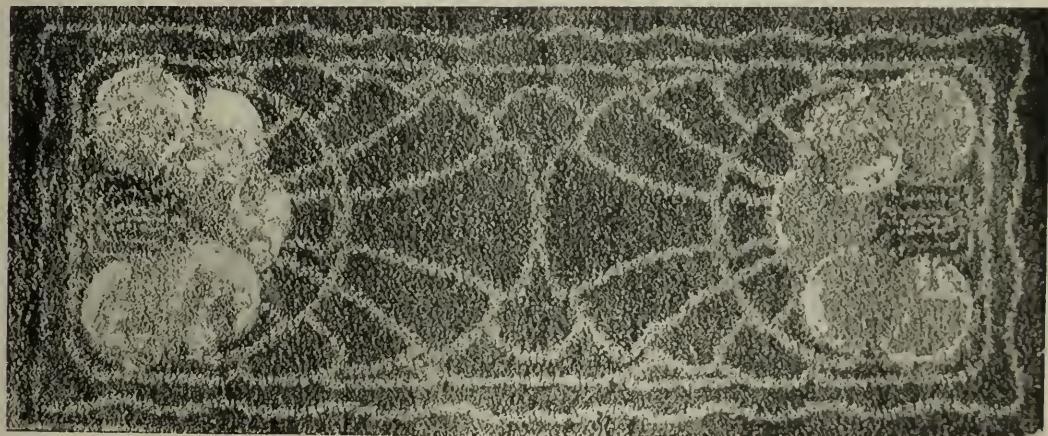
BEDROOM

BY P. HUBER

been erected for a creative artist, does not bear the stamp of being intended to serve for a man of a special turn of mind. In this essential difference between Patriz Huber and Behrens and Olbrich, as well as many other modern architects of interiors,

highest repute would decay through want of use; but I should keep away artistic carving from every-day furniture, bedsteads, or wardrobes.

The colour effects aimed at by Huber are very chaste and sober. We find little glitter in his



CARPET

BY P. HUBER

lies a good deal of Huber's special distinctiveness. A further indication of what I have called the "middle-class" and the "German" is the selection of the means with which Huber works. He gets his effects almost exclusively from the wood employed. The treatment of metals is not his

interiors, little of a *strong* tendency. The paneling of the walls, as well as the ceiling and hangings, display quiet tones, the whole impression being that of somewhat heavy comfort. It is unnecessary to give a detailed description of Huber's rooms. The illustrations convey a good

The Darmstadt Artists' Colony

idea of them, showing especially his cleverness in arranging bedrooms, while the illustrations of some remarkably good textile work, particularly that of a carpet, give us a notion of the manner in which Huber uses decoration. An inspection of Huber's work in the Colony reveals the gradual evolution of this artist, who, starting with decoration of a distinctly naturalistic kind, proceeds by degrees to the more simple, linear, architectural style, despising all effects obtained by association with Nature, and obtaining them solely by *lines*. This is especially noticeable in the ground-floor rooms of Glückert's house, where, finally, the whole scheme of the ornamentation is repeated on a *portière*.

In Habich's house one side of the dining-room, a recess in the wall, is deserving of attention on account of its correct dimensions; and the same applies to a small bedroom, with good, simply-shaped furniture, in which the effect is obtained by the excellent proportions and the decorative division of the surfaces. Habich is weak when he attempts elegant, delicate forms. He has no gift in that direction; or, perhaps, it is only that he

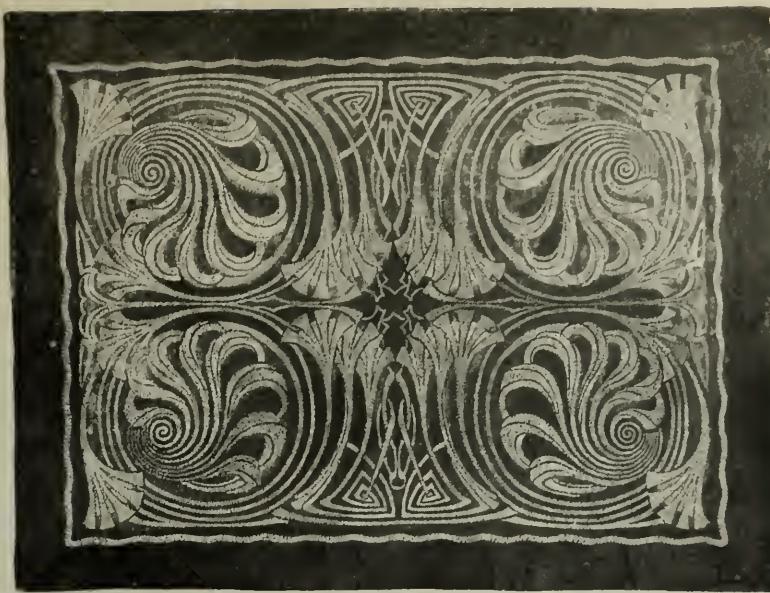
has failed to find the right manner of expressing his conception of elegance.

In Glückert's house the maid's bedroom is a great success. The room has been separated into two sections by a change in the level (the angle of the window has been raised) and by a division in the centre (longitudinally), of which the window portion contains the bed, wash-stand, and chest of drawers, and in such a manner that the bed, which has also been placed longitudinally, with the head to one of the walls, stands free in the room, the wardrobes and washstand, connected together, being inserted in the wall opposite. The lower part of the room contains a table, seats, and wardrobe drawers, and may be used as a living-room. In this house, which represents the type of a middle-class dwelling, many of the details are good; an armchair, with cut-out back, is especially noticeable, as being a successful effort to combine comfort and convenience. I do not think Huber is the man to increase the productiveness of art-handicraft in a large city. But the middle classes of medium-sized and smaller German towns and owners of country



BEDROOM

The Darmstadt Artists' Colony



CARPET

BY P. HUBER

houses, who prefer substantial, firm and safe dwellings, and have a sense for the artistic fitting-up of rooms, will find full satisfaction in his work, for he is highly talented, and possesses great executive ability. In this respect his work will certainly exercise an educational influence.

The point where the artistic activity of Hans Christiansen begins is colour. He is a colourist. For him decorative art consists in the distribution and manipulation of colours. It is given only to giants to work in all branches of creative art, to become productive, and to influence its development. In the whole of Germany and Austria I can point only to one man of our time who is able to express himself in all the languages of art—in painting as well as in sculpture and etching. That man is Max Klinger. And it is, perhaps, more a question of vision than a question of ability to express oneself surely; more a question of artistic ingenuity than a technique.

branch of art each personality has its especial creative domain, and the degree to which the artist is able to find his own domain is the measure of his mastery of his art.

As already observed, Hans Christiansen is essentially a colourist. Herein lies his talent. So far as this branch of art is concerned, he may be trusted. Let us endeavour to discover



INKSTAND

BY RUDOL. BOSSELT

The world—*i.e.* Nature and man—is reflected in an artist. This is the first principle. One man sees in lines, in sharply defined outlines—as it were, in strokes and surfaces—this is the “black-and-white” artist. To another everything forms itself into sculpture; the plastic form, the relation of the one object to its surroundings, to the atmosphere interests the born sculptor. Then there is another who sees in half-tones; the transitions, the shading, the effects of light and shade, are the artistic domain of the etcher. In every



DRAWING

BY PAUL BÜRK

whether he applies his colour in true proportion ; whether he does not neglect line and form in its favour. This appears to me to be the case in Professor Christiansen's house, the architect of which is Professor Olbrich. I know very well that the first objection to criticism in such a case is this : We have built these houses for ourselves, and we must be the final Court of Appeal to decide the question whether they are good—good for those immediately concerned—or not. Now, this is at once true and false. Every criticism is a judgment of work and intention. The intention and the result are weighed one against the other. For my part, I am able to judge whether the intention is good, and I am able to strike a balance and decide as to how far the intention has been realised. The first point—the intention—must naturally be of secondary importance in a critical report on the Exhibition Houses. Everything turns on the second point—the result.

It was the natural wish of the artist to arrange his house for his special mode of living. I shall, therefore, not think of judging Christiansen's

building by the standard of a dwelling-house for a bank official, a schoolmaster, or a subaltern officer. It is the house of a painter. Colour prevails every-



DECORATION

BY LUDWIG HABICH



DRAWING

BY PAUL BÜRCK

where. The façade is, for the greater part, hidden by glass mosaics ; the chimney-stack is painted ; in the interior there is no window without an insertion of stained glass, no textile material without some rich colour effect.

The house is called "In Rosen." This is to say, the *motif* of the rose, as flower, blossom, or leaf, recurs in a hundred variations. All the tapes- tries (most of them woven in Scherebeck) employed for covering walls, or for chair-backs, etc.—there are several excellent examples in the dining-room—have rose ornamentations.

Shape and outline in this house are less emphasised than colour. If we except a few of the electric light fittings, and the simple, cheerful dining-room, as well as the stove in the large hall, it may be said that the lines of the furniture are simple, straight, and not always modern. The gradations of colour and light are the factors which have to produce effect in Professor Christiansen's house. Nothing new need be said of the art of glass-staining, which is a special branch of Hans Christiansen's activity. It has often been discussed in these pages.

Hans Christiansen has designed for the Colony a large number of small objects. His silk stuffs, for ladies' dresses and men's neckties, which

possess a soft lustre and have a good effect in the light, are quite charming, and should be generally appreciated.

The jewellery designed by the artist has been very successful. Of course, enamel is his favourite material. In no other substance is it possible to convey one's love for colour more effectively. A set of necklaces, buckles, and buttons, ornamented with enamel of the most costly description, is very attractive ; the rare combinations of colour and the many lights and reflections on the metallic surfaces have a curious charm.

In other articles of jewellery Christiansen follows the methods of the French, by interlacing the lines, or endeavouring, chiefly by accumulating the material, to create an impression of exceeding costliness. I remember a lady's ring of his which contains a large number of pearls heaped together—a piece of tasteless extravagance.

To conclude : What Professor Christiansen still wants, and what he will, it is to be hoped, acquire in the future through his connection with the Colony, is artistic firmness, the capacity of varying his means, of adequately expressing his impressions, now in one way, now in another. At present everything in his eyes is simply a combination of colours.

Rudolf Bosselt possesses a highly-developed sense of the special qualities of metal. His cups and bowls, his jars, statuettes, and plaquettes are all conceived and executed in bronze and silver. Evidence of this gift is afforded by his larger jars and bowls, which all bear traces of his delight in working in bronze. Similar proof is also furnished by his jewellery, which, in a far greater degree than that of other contemporary artists, strives for its effect in the metal itself, in the interlacing of lines; in a word, more in artistic treatment than in adornment with precious stones. Very often he seems to be "playing" with the material. Thus we frequently see him apply his filigree buckles to coloured leather, or producing gold modelled heads of men and animals, with artistically placed ruby eyes, and similar work. We often find him employing mother-of-pearl shells, which are beginning to be used quite extensively.

Bosselt uses for his enamels a process producing quieter and lighter effects than Christiansen's *émail à jour* and *émail translucide*. The design is first cut out in the gold plates with the fret-saw; then the fluid enamel is allowed to flow over the plates. Of course, a rough, uneven surface is created, which is then rubbed down, so that the design comes out partly in veins of gold, partly in enamel. Naturally, this enamel allows the light to pass through it, and thus the effect is freer and better than in the old method, which required a backing of metal. Altogether, Rudolf Bosselt has a decided Germanic note, which responds wherever struck.

Ludwig Habich's style is quite different. I should say his sculptures have a leaning towards the antique. His method of treating outlines of bodies and surfaces, as well as the selection of his subjects and models, point that way. There is also a strange repose in these bronze figures which contrasts strangely with their *bizarre* attitudes. He has a passion for twisting his bodies in the most curious way.

Fun is, on the whole, an excellent feature of this artist's work—not the anecdotal fun of the jejune, genre-like representations of certain sculptors, but the native mirth which arises from the fantastic distortion of natural faces and figures. Thus he has provided the knobs of his bath and all the pipe-taps of the installation with curious faces of elves and fauns, which sometimes grin horribly, sometimes are comically angry.

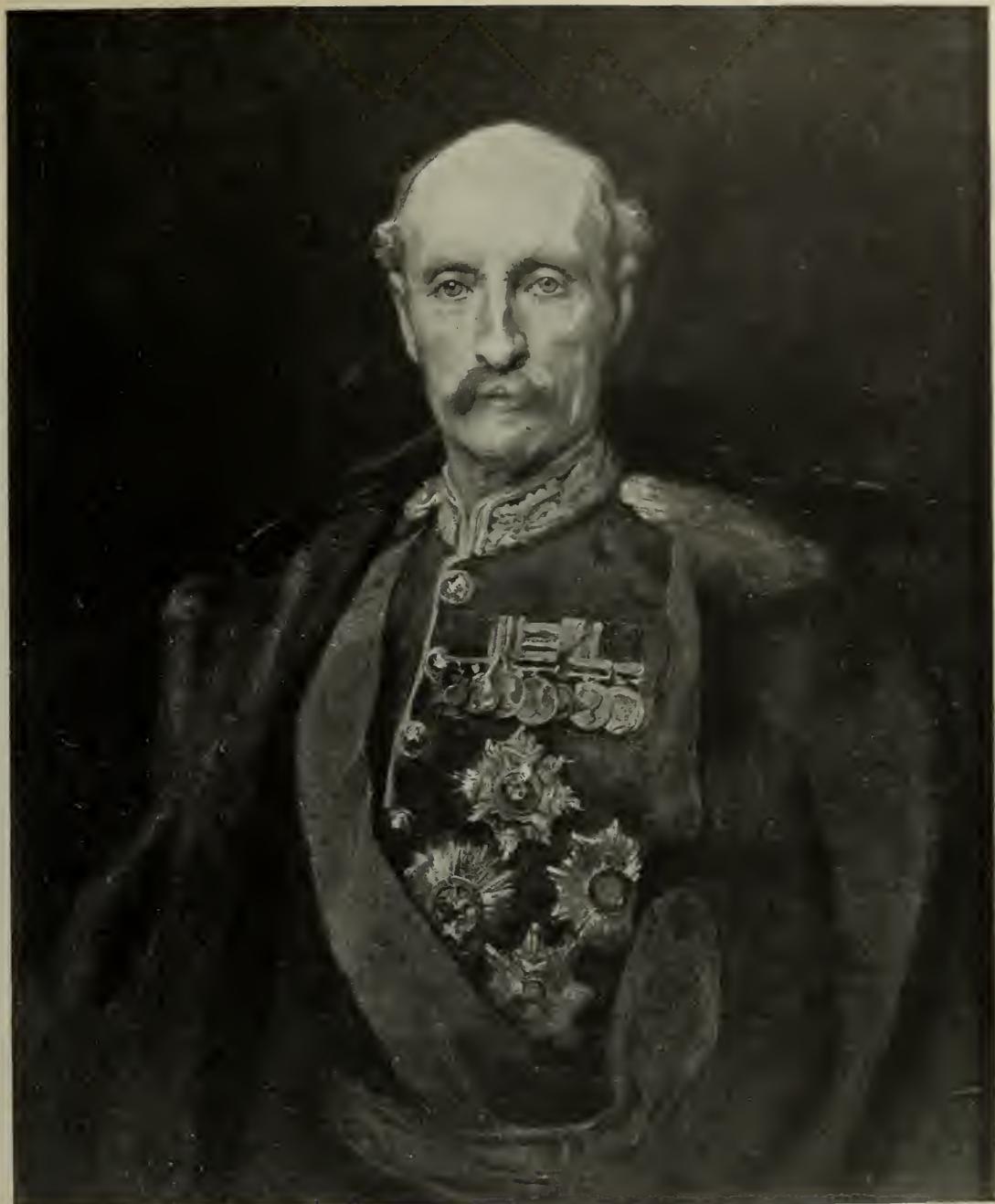
Paul Bürck, the painter of the Colony, is a young man. A series of paintings by his hand show undoubted talent, which is exercised chiefly in the direction of decoration.

STUDIO-TALK.

(From our own Correspondents.)

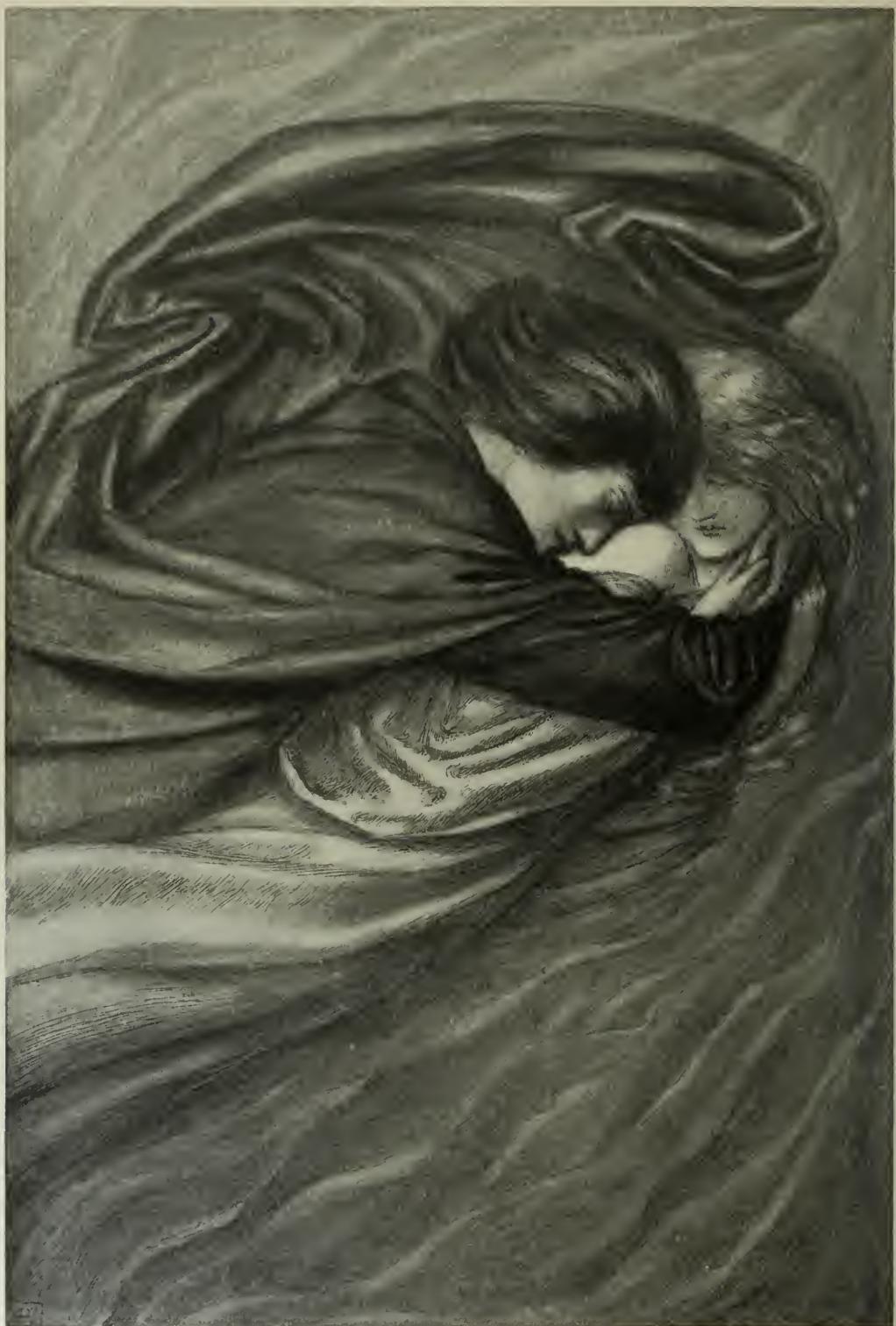
LONDON.—Broadly speaking, the contemporary art of portraiture may be divided into a couple of schools, the English and the French, and the chief and distinguishing qualities of the one contrast strongly with those of the other. Mr. László, to whose courtly and persuasive art we return again this month, is by choice a follower of the English tradition in portrait-painting, though one note of the dramatising French influence may be found in the excellent portrait of Sir George White (p. 277). For the overcoat is arranged in such a manner that it seems to have been blown open by some wind of fortune, in order that the medals and the other decorations may be seen to the best advantage.





(By gracious permission of His Majesty the King)

SIR GEORGE WHITE
FROM THE PAINTING
BY F. E. LÁSZLÓ



"PAOLO AND FRANCESCA"
FROM THE DRAWING BY
A. BAUERLE



“C. F. A. VOYSEY”

FROM THE DRAWING BY

J. H. BACON.

(Copyright of The Studio.)



Studio-Talk

Miss A. Bauerle, in her design of *Paolo and Francesca*, shows some hesitancy in the details of her drawing, and Paolo's cloak is not stirred by the rapid movement through space. But the design itself is conceived in a spirit that is touched and charmed with true imagination. Here is a drawing that would have appealed to Rossetti. The subject illustrates some lines in Mr. Stephen Phillips's "Paolo and Francesca."

The bookplate by Mr. Walter West (illustrated on page 276) is characterised by all the tender qualities of line that we are accustomed to associate with this able designer's name, this *Ex Libris*, in addition to its decorative charm, has what may be called an historic interest. For in past times, as very

frequently to-day, the girl graduate's reading was interrupted by Cupid, who, scrambling his way over the wheel of fortune, put to flight the grave owl of wisdom—and made the world happier.

The Winter Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours is specially interesting, because it includes a larger number than usual of sketches and studies by the younger members, and because it shows that recent importations of clever and progressive workers have done much to modify what used to be the somewhat old-fashioned view of the association. Such drawings as *The Moorland Road* and *The Hill-Side Farm*, by Mrs. Stanhope Forbes; *Pasture, Haze*, and *A Wet Day*, by Mr. Edwin Alexander; *The Bracken Brae*, by



"THE DANCE OF THE WHITE ROSE"

(See Glasgow Studio-Talk.)

BY JESSIE M. KING



BRASS REPOUSSE MIRROR

BY MISS DOUGLAS IRVING

(See Glasgow Studio-Talk.)

Mr. David Murray; *Woolmer, Midlothian*, by Mr. Robert Little; *Chinon on the Vienne*, by Mr. H. M. Marshall; *The Gipsies' Saturday Night*, by Mr. A. E. Emslie; *Gather ye Rosebuds while ye may*, by Mr. J. Walter West; and *Durham*, by Mr. Albert Goodwin, are of the greatest value to the exhibition. Mr. E. A. Waterlow's *Across the Meadows to Christchurch, Hants*, is an admirable landscape, good in colour, excellently drawn, and very happy in its atmospheric qualities; Mr. R. Anning Bell's figure composition, *The Bathers*, has exceptional dignity of style and individuality of manner; and Professor von Herkomer's Bavarian study, *The Awakening Conscience*, is not only one of the best things in the show, but also one of the strongest water-colours he has produced for some years. A number of attractive black-and-white drawings, by Mr. Anning Bell, Mr. Walter Crane, Mr. J. W. West, and Mr. Arthur Hopkins, deserve to be mentioned.

Though it cannot be said that the exhibition which was opened at the New Gallery in November is to be ranked as one of the best ever held by the Society of Portrait Painters, it is certainly worth remembering as a pleasantly balanced collection of works by men prominent in the modern art world. Mr. G. F. Watts

and Professor von Lenbach, Mr. J. J. Shannon, Mr. Lavery, Mr. Robert Brough, Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, Mr. Harold Speed, Mr. E. A. Walton, the Hon. John Collier, Mr. W. Strang, Mr. Dagnan-Bouveret, and Mr. R. Jack contributed canvases of much merit. Mr. Whistler sent a delightfully decorative colour study, *Violet and Blue—The Red Feather*, and M. F. E. Lázló a seated three-quarter length of *The Baroness Emile D'Erlanger*, which deserves to be commended for its unconventionality of arrangement and technical strength. A note must also be made of a pretty portrait of a young girl by Mrs. Jopling, and of Mr. James Clark's very well painted picture of *Madame Ruth Lamb*.

At the Holland Fine Art Gallery a show of "Oil Paintings and Water-Colours by



"EGYPTIAN PRINCESS" ENAMEL ON COPPER BY MISS HARVEY
(See Glasgow Studio-Talk.)

A Happy Family, which is full of brilliant accomplishment.

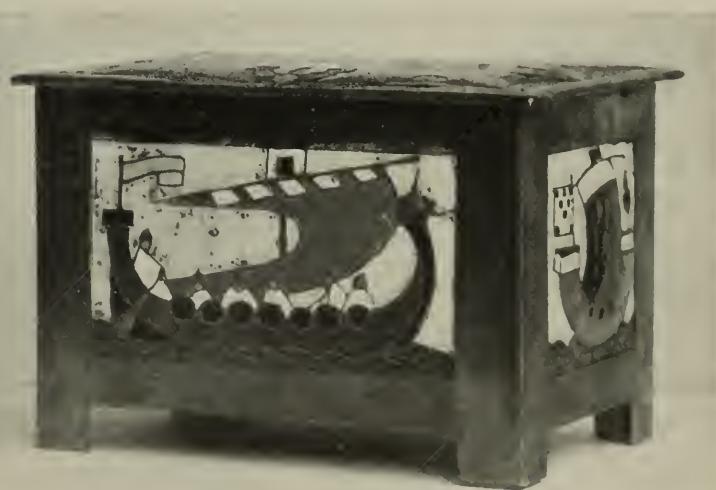
Religious pictures which combine soundness of painting with correctness of sentiment are comparatively rare at the present time, so that many people will welcome the appearance, at Messrs. Dowdeswell's Gallery, of the great composition by M. Eugene Burnand, representing *Christ's Prayer after the Last Supper*. It has the great merit of being perfectly devotional and sincere, and yet in all details of execution most carefully and intelligently studied. It is a masterly achievement—strong, decisive, and most memorable in its cleverness—and it is schemed with striking originality.

The exhibitions of Rembrandt's etchings which have been arranged by Messrs. Obach & Co. and Mr. R. Gutekunst claim a word of praise on account of the general excellence of the impressions which were gathered together in each case. It is so difficult now to find on the market really good examples of Rembrandt's etched work that these shows must be noted as exceptionally important. Between them they summarised some of the best aspects of the master's practice, and illustrated many of the most important phases of his activity.

"VANITY"

DRAWN ON COPPER BY MISS DEWAR
(See Glasgow Studio-Talk.)

Members of the Dutch School" is worthy of attention, because it includes, in addition to many good things by Th. de Bock, Bosboom, Roelofs, Apol, and others of the same rank, an extremely sound and well-painted view of Dordrecht by James Maris. It is large in style, dignified, and impressive, and has rare qualities of breezy atmosphere. By the same artist is a little *Dordrecht Harbour*, luminous in effect and delicate in colour; and by William Maris there is a remarkable picture,



JEWEL CASKET IN COPPER AND ENAMEL

(See Glasgow Studio-Talk.)

BY AGNES HARVEY

GLASGOW.—The annual exhibition of the School of Art has just been held in the Galleries of the Royal Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts. This show consists of pictures, applied art, needlework, &c. executed by members of the School of Art Club; and the authorities rely chiefly for the material for their annual exhibition upon the work executed during the summer vacation.

Worked by students for students, the exhibition has for many years past been of interest to those who study the trained efforts of students who may be expected in due time to become the painters and art workers of the coming generation. It is intended to illustrate the result of the education afforded by the school during the months of the academic year. The verdict that must be passed upon the exhibition is that its standard of excellence was lower than that exacted by the School, and that the show, while exhibiting the average, distinctly fell below the possible. The introduction of professors from the Continent to take charge of the higher work of the School has made possible a technique of work hitherto not obtainable.

In the best of the exhibits there was noticeable an individuality of feeling and treatment, giving evidence of a certain independence of thought and action which would not be possible under a system of formal routine, where the blind authority of the teaching body limits the student to the narrow convention of a barren tradition. At the same time it must be admitted that we could have wished to see space better occupied than by "pretty articles" of the bazaar type, in which fancy of a weak and vagrant sort had been permitted to indulge itself,

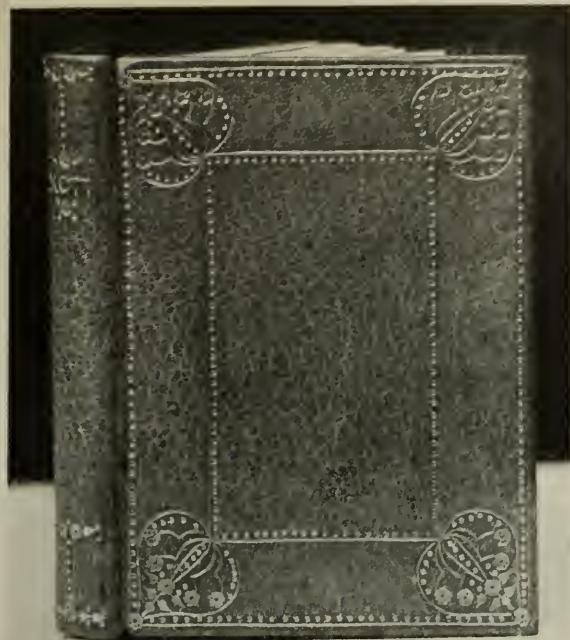
without the wholesome discipline of reticence and due recognition of the limits and possibilities of the materials employed.

To expect original forms or new decorative treatment from students is to expect fruit when the flower is not yet in bud. That new idea which should be the starting-point of every creation is often the last thing attained even by the skilled and intelligent craftsman; but in either case the lack of ideas is not concealed by sacrificing quality to variety, and beginners should not be permitted too much licence either in the choice or treatment of a subject. There is probably a growing recognition of the importance of good models, placed in municipal collections or supplied by competent and experienced modern designers, and were these more studied much of the present-day work would



BOOKBINDING

DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY ALICE GAIRDNER



BOOKBINDING DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY MARY E. SIM

show the debt it must ever owe to the past. Such a preliminary training need be in no way inconsistent with a free and intelligent development of the student's individuality, and the whole-

some limitations of his early training, far from being fetters to the imagination, will enable him in after years to carve a way for himself towards his own artistic ideal.

Two of the galleries at the Institute were filled, one with pictures produced by senior students of the School, the other with work of an elementary character. Pictorial art naturally occupied most space, and in the first room were a number of interesting works. Miss Susan F. Crawford sent four charming etchings, one of the bridge at Ayr being a notably fine example of this versatile lady's art. Forrester Wilson sent a well-modelled head, and H. Rigg had some landscapes and character sketches from Holland. Annie French's *The Doleful Lady Eleanor* and the same lady's illustration to the *Ballad of the Banisht Man* were quaint and fanciful. Miss Dorothy C. Smyth's *Card Party* was both effective and original, and Miss Jessie M. King sent some of her characteristic work full of delicate imagination. Miss Ann Macbeth's *Sleeping Beauty*, a work of great charm of colour and treatment, and one of the most pleasing works in the room, will be illustrated in a later issue. Miss Agnes Harvey's copper and enamel jewel casket, here illustrated, and her panel, do not show to full



"BALLAD OF THE BANISHT MAN"

ILLUSTRATED BY ANNIE FRENCH



"A CARD PARTY"

BY DOROTHY C. SMYTH

advantage in reproduction, owing to the loss of the colour values. A mirror back, by Miss Emily Arthur, was good in treatment if somewhat hackneyed in form. An encouraging beginning has been made in the designing of book-covers, and several of merit were exhibited. Another branch of women's industry was fairly well represented in the show of artistic needlework. Always a feature of the School show, the quantity this year was less chiefly owing to the fact that the International Exhibition claimed the best efforts of some of the ladies whose skilful execution and appropriate design usually lend peculiar interest to the collection. The Banner presented by Glasgow to the President of the British Association (Professor Rucker) was the chief exhibit. It was worked in *appliquéd* linen, and was designed and embroidered by Mrs. Newbery and Miss Ann Macbeth.

LIVERPOOL.—An exhibition of pictures and applied art by a group of local artists and craftsmen at the studio of Mr. H. Bloomfield Bare surprised many by its revelation of the progress made during a comparatively short period by some of the younger designers and craftsmen.

Oil painting and water-colour, mainly landscapes, were ably represented by Robert Fowler, R.I., J. Hamilton Hay, Mary McCrossan, Ethel Martin, R. E. Morrison, Marian Walker, and Florence Cooban. Marian Walker's portraits and studies in pastel and miniatures formed an attractive part of the collection.

A bronze bust of the late Philip Rathbone, a small bronze group, *Rescued*, and a few fine medallions were exhibited by Charles J. Allen; and a charmingly delicate statuette, *Eros*, was shown by G. Crosland McClure. Two low-relief coloured plaster panels, *The Briar Rose*, by Alfred R. Martin, and *Spring*, by Constance Read, showed admirable composition and technical skill. Fredk. V. Burridge, R.E., and J. Hamilton Hay contributed etchings, and the Misses Dorothy and Agnes Hilton displayed delicate pencil drawings, pen-and-ink illustrations, and illuminations on vellum showing remarkable ability.

A daintily executed series of colour prints, *Days of the Week*, by Florence Laverock, a beautiful coloured cartoon for silk embroidery, and several excellent posters by Constance Read, all claimed much attention. The versatility and skill of the

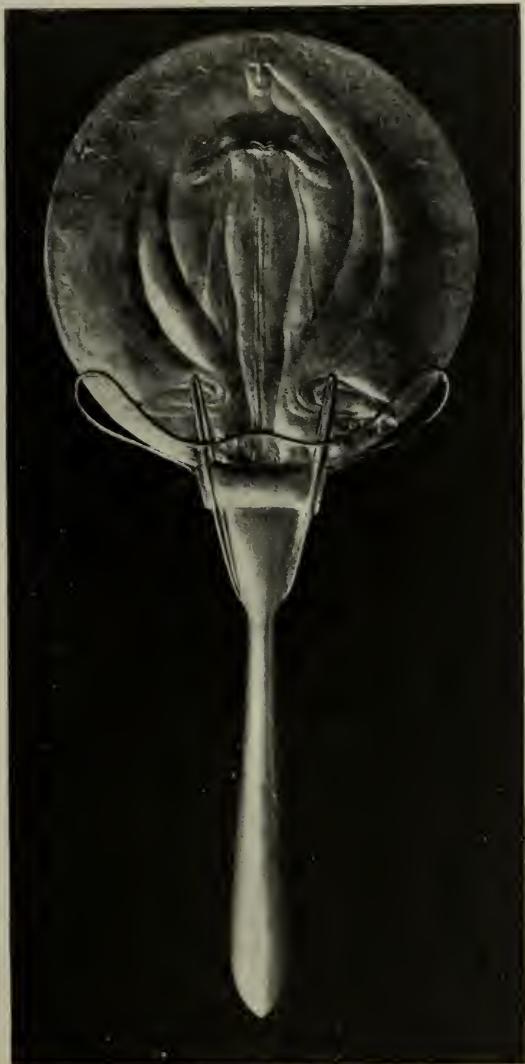
Misses McLeish were displayed in their designs for book-covers, posters, colour-prints, black-and-white illustration, and embroidery. Mrs. Gray Hill's treatment of floral subjects in decorative panels showed some unique and charming qualities, her *Hydrangea* and *Wallflower* being amongst the most pleasing things in the exhibition. Cleverly designed and well executed embroideries were contributed by Nellie Thorburn, Jennie Sharples, Miss Rigby, Miss Hostage, Miss Huxley, and others; and painted silks, stained linens, and stencilled hangings by Ruth Bare, Bessie Morris, and Frances McNair. The enamels and jewellery by Lily Day, G. E. H. Rawlins, and

Miss Phipps, formed a very attractive feature of the collection.

The decorative appearance of the Studio Exhibition rooms was greatly enhanced by the specimens of Della Robbia pottery interspersed with the other exhibits, a few of the more important pieces being designed by Harold Rathbone, Cassie Walker, and Ruth Bare.

Good design and craftsmanship were particularly noticeable in the hammered copper-work of Alfred Hughes, Will T. Pavitt, and Harry Eckstein. The *repoussé* copper, white metal, and lead-work panels by H. Bloomfield Bare indicated some of the capabilities of these materials for architectural and decorative design. Herbert and Frances McNair's silvered metal panels, dessert table-glass, silver ware and jewellery, all of original character in design, gained especial attention. Mention must also be made of the excellent stamped leather work of Susan Firth, the stained cabinet work of Edwin Jolliffe, the furniture designs of Arthur Baxter, and some very original posters by Roland Clibborn.

H. B. B.



MIRROR BACK

BY EMILY ARTHUR

(See *Glasgow Studio-Talk*.)

PARIS.—The talent, I was going to say the genius, of M. Henry de Groux (for it is undeniable that M. Henry de Groux, fortunately or unfortunately for him, possesses far more genius than talent) has lately been manifested in an unmistakable manner at the Georges Petit gallery. This admirable artist, in the hundred and thirty-four pictures he exhibited there—pictures inspired one and all by what M. Arsène Alexandre, in the preface to the catalogue, calls “its great bibles of humanity, viz. : the ‘Divine Comedy,’ the ‘Life of Christ,’ the ‘Life of Caesar,’ the legend of the ‘Nibelungen,’ and the victories and defeats of Napoleon”—has proved himself to possess gifts of an absolutely exceptional order. He brings to his work a prodigious imagination, a flashing intensity; he is unbridled in the extreme, whirling as with vertigo, as revealing and obscure as another Apocalypse. What haunts and enraptures us in an equal measure about his work is the almost fantastic breath of life and passion, of heroism and horror, that sweeps over his canvases. In the *Christ Reviled* (a well-known and justly famous picture by this inspired brush) and in his *Francesco de Rimini*, in the *Fall of Phaeton* and in his *Napoleon at the Battle of Marengo*, in the *First Meeting of Dante and Beatrice*, as in his *Siegfried Killing the*

Dragon, his qualities as a visionary, be the subject what it may, are shown to be only less rare than his dispositions as a painter. How shall we describe as well his series of portraits of women and girls, so sumptuously, so uncannily, so magnificently immortalised amid scenery in which reigns the splendour of the Italy and the Flanders of the sixteenth century? And, again, what shall we say of his astonishing revelations of Louis II. of Bavaria, of Richard Wagner, of Charles Baudelaire, of Hamlet, of Julius Cæsar, of Dante? It is not less than a joy, in these days of narrow prejudices and narrow passions, of unswerving realism and finikin observation, to have the chance of greeting an artist of such a breadth of outlook and insight as his. Undoubtedly the art of M. de Groux is not free from defects and inaccuracies; but it is a virile art, a dramatic art, an art of high thought

and lofty imagination. No man, who is free from bias and capable of understanding a conception of art so different from the popular conception as is that of M. de Groux, would, after having seen this exhibition, hesitate to bring himself in line with the opinion of M. Alexandre, affirming that the painter of the *Christ Reviled* is "a great painter."

G. M.

ANTWERP.—Several exhibitions of interest have recently attracted attention here. Foremost among them was that of a group of young artists held in the galleries of the "Oud Muzeum," Venus Straat. The best known of the exhibitors were Edmond van Offel, the late Karel Collens, Strymans and E. van Mieghem, who on this particular occasion were reinforced by Aloïs de Laet, Ernst Naets and Armand Maclot. Van Offel displayed a numerous series of illustrations, *ex-libris*, and *poèmes dessinés*, among them being several lovely things—*De Fee* (The Fairy), *Koning Lear* (King Lear), *Mei* (May), and *Legende*. His oils and pastels pleased me less, with the exception of *Verleden* (The Past), a little work, admirably conceived and executed. Collens on this occasion revealed himself an impressionist of the highest promise, particularly in a series of scenes from Antwerp and the banks of the Scheldt, done in a style at once original and thoroughly Flemish, and occasionally filled with keenly observed figures.

Without affectation of any sort, but solely by his insight and fidelity of vision, he had the gift of impressing one deeply, even in those scenes from which the human figure is absent, as in *Huizekens* (Cottages). Collens was one of the most supple and versatile of the young Antwerp School. Van Mieghem exhibited a large selection of pastels, drawings, and sketches. Without resembling or deriving inspiration from Raffaëlli, he never



BANNER

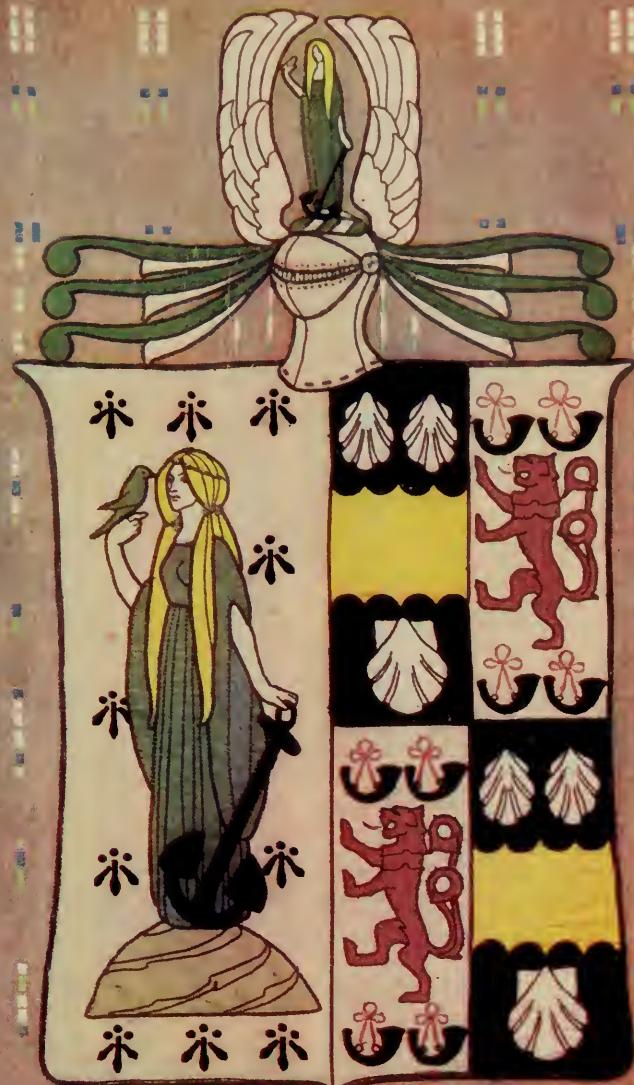
DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY
MRS. NEWBERY AND ANN MACBETH

A BANNER

DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY

MRS. NEWBERY AND MISS ANN MACBETH.





RVCKER GLASGOW 1901

Studio-Talk

theless reminds one of that artist. The Frenchman's work is richer, riper, more fully rendered; but it is in no way superior in feeling and sentiment. The types common to the poor quarters of Antwerp are as thoroughly understood by Van Mieghem as are those of the queer outskirts of Paris by Raffaëlli. Another young man of great talent is de Laet. A many-sided artist, at once realist and *fantaisiste*, he paints with equal facility the figures of his dreams or the concrete beauties of Nature. With a little more finish his *Laatste Zonnestralen* (Sun's Last Rays) and his *O. L. Vrouwe* (The Madonna) would be exquisite things. It is a pleasure to mention a beautiful water-colour by Naets, also two Marken types, and a solidly composed drawing, *De Schutter* (The Archer). Strymans contributed a fine bronze, *Wanhoop* (Despair). As for Maclot, the youngest of the group, two of his pictures, although quite superficial, are sufficiently meritorious to augur well for him. Finally, I must mention the paintings, ten in number, by L. Istas, a poor consumptive who died some months ago, before he had well reached the age of twenty. Two of these works fill one with sadness and regret—*Herfst* (Autumn), an avenue of trees boldly brushed, and *Winter*, two

little old men supporting one another amid the falling snow. Istas lived too brief a life to reveal the extent of his talent, but these two canvases plainly show that he might have become a very fine painter.

In the Salle Verlat—horrible in its new architectural garb, but admirably situated—we have had a display by Boudry, the genre painter, and Rul, the landscapist. The first-named artist is, I am glad to say, making real progress. Among his best efforts I will name *Moeder Coleta* (Mère Colette), *Bij Onweer* (In the Storm), his portrait of *Mrs. B*—, and, finally, two excellent things, the finest I have seen of his—*Bij den Haard* (By the Fireside), and his interior, *Binnenhuis*. With regard to Rul, whose young, fresh, and tender colours have long attracted me greatly, I should like to see him penetrate more deeply into the character of the things he paints, and also enlarge, not his canvases, but his vision; see him extend his horizon, and give us our Flemish landscapes in all their vastness. Nevertheless, I greatly enjoyed some of his recent works, such as *Duinen* (Downs), *Herfst* (Autumn), *Oude Dennen* (Old Pines), and particularly, two admirable things, *April* and *Abelen in 't Najaar* (Autumn Birches).



"THE LOWER SCHELDT"

BY FRANZ HENS

The exhibition of the "Arte et Labore" society brings us once more to the galleries of the "Oud Muzeum." As was the case in other years, there was nothing very striking in the display. This society should rid itself of half its members, and keep only seven or eight, among whom H. de Smeth and Looymans are *facile principes*. I have already expressed my opinion of these two artists. They are both vigorous colourists, and several of their canvases, particularly *Styfhoofdige* (The Headstrong) and *Terugkomst van de Schapen* (Return of the Sheep), by de Smeth, and *De Discipelen van Emmaus*, by Looymans, deserve high praise. Let me name also as producers of work worth pausing to look at—Alois de Laet, Nykerk, Haeck, Allaerts, Pierre and Leo van Aken.

In an ancient *chapelle* in the boatmen's quarter—or, to be more exact, in what still remains of the "Schippers Kwartier" of former days—Richard Baseleer exhibited a large collection of studies, sketches, and pictures, some in pastel, some in oils. I have no hesitation in describing this

display as, on the whole, the finest manifestation of art I have seen in Antwerp for the past two or three years. Baseleer has made his way in the face of strong opposition, which has, perhaps, retarded his progress. But now that he has emerged victorious from the conquest his triumph is the more striking. Under the general title of *De Schelde* (The Scheldt) his pictures lead one, ordinarily by the waterway, through that interesting arm-of-the-sea which stretches from Antwerp to Flushing. Baseleer has certainly the right to take his place among the best of our seascapists.

P. DE M.

BERLIN.—In the Kunstgewerbemuseum there has been an exhibition of very noteworthy productions of the Swedish association, "Handarbetets Vänner." The intelligent and cultivated women of this Swedish society, stimulated by the ancient traditions of a national textile art, have succeeded in deriving delightful inspirations from the old work, and the Swedish peasant's arts of weaving, embroidery,



* FLEMISH ARCHIERS



"ANTWERP: RETURNING FROM A WALK IN 1530"

(See *Antwerp Studio-Talk*)

BY KAREL BOON

and lace-making have been very successfully revived. Special mention must be made of the works of Fröken Branting, president of the association "Handarbetet's Vänner," of Sofia Gisberg, Maria Sjöström, Gustav Wennerberg, and the painter Carl Larsson.

Besides these productions there have been exhibited in the Lichthof of the Kunstgewerbe-museum some works by Hermann Obrist. Avoiding every illogical detail, Obrist strives, in his series of fountain designs, to produce effects by practical forms and lines, and often discovers quite surprisingly simple and pleasant solutions of problems. The works of Obrist, amongst which are to be found grave stones, urns, and other sculptured objects, are evidences of the spirit of a time which desires to rise from the effeminacy of former epochs to vigorous activity. His creations may be mentioned as noteworthy guides to a future style.

The Berlin painter, Lesser Ury, has had an exhibition in the Kunst Salon of E. Schulte. His works proclaim a remarkably lively and flexible talent without showing any particular artistic individuality. He sees landscape in fantastically brilliant colours, and his skill permits him to imitate the boldest experiments of the boldest innovators. I cannot endorse the extravagant

praise that has been meted out to this artist's work by many critics.

The competition for a monument to Richard Wagner at Berlin has not produced altogether happy results, and it is to be hoped that Gustav Eberlein's design, which received the first prize, will not be carried out.

L. K.

RIO DE JANEIRO.—The annual Fine Arts Exhibition was, as usual, opened on the 1st September, and from the relatively large numbers of works sent in by the artists, as well as from the excellence of a great number of them, it was one of the best of the late years, and showed that in spite of the economical crisis which we are passing through, and which has left its impression upon all classes alike, our artists have valiantly striven on and have produced fine paintings, the collection of which combined to make a very interesting exhibition. As usual, Henrique Bernardelli's exhibits were numerous and good. His principal work this year was a *genre* painting representing a musical party at the palace of King D. João the Sixth, at the beginning of last century. Bernardelli showed also *Bathers*, a graceful scene in old Rome; the portrait of the artist, a very vigorous bit of painting; a portrait of Augusto Girardet, the medal-

list; a portrait of a middle-aged lady, and a small portrait, very finely painted, of a woman seated.

Prof. Rodolpho Amoedo had an allegorical painting done in modern tempera. Modesto Brocos exhibited two regular and well-balanced portraits, and a *genre* picture of Brazilian country-life, the *Southern Cross*—a fine decorative painting. This artist made a distinct hit with his etchings representing portraits of some of our eminent men. Gustavo Dall'Ara showed a view of our market-place and bay, full of sunshine and blue water; Benjamin Parlagreco, the landscapist, some splendid pieces of scenery around Rio bay; and Benno Treidler, the water-colour painter, some of his usual glowing and impressive drawings. Roberto Rowley Mendes, a young Brazilian painter who has English blood in his veins, was represented by three landscapes in pastel, full of poetry and sentiment; and D. G. y Vasquez showed well painted landscapes of some sombre sides of Brazilian scenery.

I must also mention Joaquim Fernandes Machado, a young artist who has won the travelling purse with a biblical picture—*The Dream of Jacob*—which possesses some fine qualities of drawing and colour; Augusto Luiz di Freitao, just returned



"IN THE CONVENT" BY HENRIQUE BERNARDELLI



"STUDY"

BY D. NICOLINA DE ASSIS

from Rome, from whence he brought interesting landscapes, figure-paintings, and an improved technique; the Misses Anna and Maria Cunha Vaseo, whose drawings in water colour are always interesting and reveal steady progress; Eugene Latour, with a very fine bust of a young lady, a *genre* picture and a *plein-air* subject; and Auguste Petit, Angelo Agostini, Benjamin Corestante Neto, Evencio Nunes and Luiz Ribeiro, the marine-painter.

In the sculpture-room were some remarkable works by Prof. Rodolpho Bernardelli, which included an impressive bust of the late journalist Ferreira de Araujo, a portrait which demonstrated the remarkable technical qualities of this artist.

Octavio Correia Lima, a young Brazilian artist now in Rome, sent a *St. John the Baptist* in plaster; *The Prisoner*, a small bronze statue of an Indian, with a wild and defiant expression;

and the *Page* (the Indian wizard), a small crouching figure in bronze. The artist is a talented young man, and all his works are distinguished by careful execution, minute anatomical treatment and distinctive character.

D. Nicolina de Assis, a pupil of Rodolpho Bernardelli, had two interesting works, a study of a head, with a certain grace of contour; and a very delicately treated little sleeping girl. Auguste Girardet had two admirable portraits of Admirals Barroso and Tamandaré in bas-relief, and some fine medals and cameos, in which he is a past-master. In the architecture room were some fine designs for markets and theatres by Adolfo Morales de los Rios, who received the Gold Medal; and a design for a church in S. Paulo, by Victor Dubugras. Besides this general exhibition, we have had several one-man shows, but reference to these must

be postponed until another time. I will speak in my next letter of Elyseo Visconti, whose exhibition was of exceptional interest, for he is the first Brazilian artist to enter fully into the modern movement of decorative art.

C. A. S.

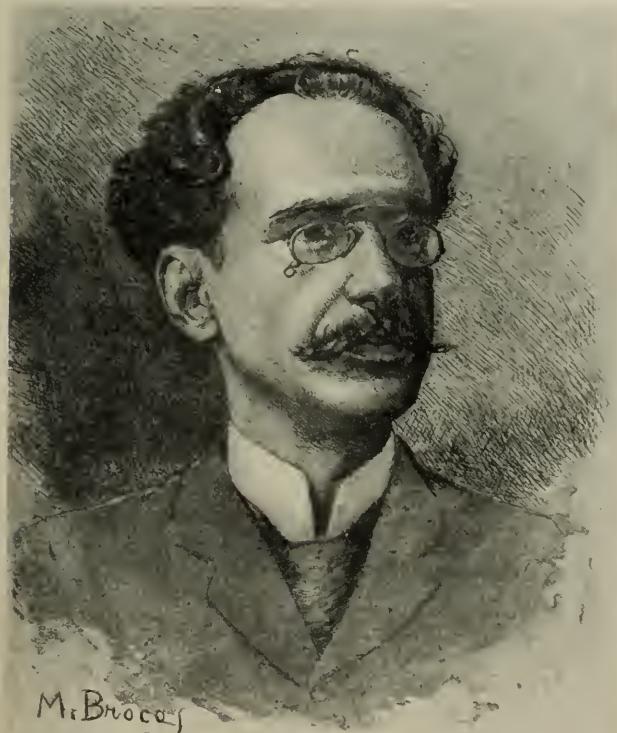
REVIEWS.

Sir Henry Raeburn, R.A. By SIR WALTER ARMSTRONG, with Introduction by R. A. M. Stevenson, and descriptive Catalogue by J. L. Caw. (London: W. Heinemann.) £5 5s. net.—This magnificent volume, the result of the co-operation of two of the best art-critics of the day with the famous art craftsmen, Messrs. Annan of Glasgow, and Mr. William Griggs, the well-known chromo-lithographer, is one of the most beautiful monographs on artists which have recently been published. The Introduction, from the pen of the late R. A. M. Stevenson, the author of *Velasquez* and other able essays on painters, is full of the critical acumen for which he was celebrated, and will be a monument to his memory as well as to that of the subject of the present work. Stevenson's descriptions of the home-grown artists of Scotland, with their racy humour and insight into character, are delightful reading. He touches



"ABANDONED"

BY AUGUSTO L. DE FREITAS



PORTRAIT

ETCHED BY M. BROCOS

off the personalities of those with whom Raeburn was brought in contact with the accuracy of photography, and the imaginative skill of a true artist. One after another he introduces, with a few pregnant words of description, the kindly but astute jeweller, Gilliland, to whom the young Raeburn was apprenticed, and who condoned his pupil's neglect of his duties on condition of receiving a half-share of his profits as a portrait painter; the fashionable but mediocre artist, Martin: the wealthy widow, ten years older than Raeburn, who became his bride, and enabled him to work out his own salvation as a painter, unhampered by the fear of want; the fat, handsome king, George IV., who took such a fancy to the bigger, handsomer artist; the courtly Sir Joshua Reynolds, who let Raeburn work with him gratis, for two months; James Byers, the archaeologist, once owner of the Portland vase; Gavin Hamilton, the collector and dealer, of Rome, with all the great men who sat to the Scotch master, including Sir Walter Scott, Hume Robertson, Dugald Stewart, and many others. The influence of each and all Stevenson assesses at its true value, forcibly bringing out, however, the important fact that Raeburn was really, from first to last, independent of the traditions of the century in which he lived. Comparing his art with that of his contemporary, Reynolds, the critic says: "We shall find it less captivating in style, but more thoroughly and more directly derived from Nature." *Apropos* of the methods employed, he adds that Raeburn approached more nearly to Velasquez and Rembrandt than to any modern masters, especially in his mode of treatment of light. "If any painter of the eighteenth century . . . used paint after the surest and most enduring methods, it was Raeburn."

So exhaustive is the Introduction, and so vivid is the picture it gives of the Scotch master, that there would appear to be little left for Sir Walter Armstrong to add, yet the interest of his narrative is as great as is that of his collaborator, so full is it of personal anecdote, and so complete in its examination of the domestic, social, and artistic environment of Raeburn. With sympathetic touch the biographer traces the development of the portrait painter's peculiar style, and sums up in many a pithy sentence the characteristics which give to the work of the honest, sturdy Scotsman, the individuality which sets him apart from all the painters of his time, and made him, in the best sense of the word, a true forerunner.

Amongst the photogravures in this valuable

monograph which may be noted as especially successful in their rendering of the sincere and direct work of the originals, may be named the *Lady Stewart of Coltness*, one of Raeburn's earliest portraits of women; *Sir John Tait and his grandson*, in which the contrast between age and youth is well brought out; *Mrs. Robert Bell*, in which the head and bust are relieved against the lightly indicated draperies with happy effect; *Mrs. Scott-Moncrieff*, considered one of Raeburn's best portraits, handled, as it is, in the master's usual fresh and trenchant manner, with the addition, says Sir Walter, "of a greater variety of impasto, fuller modelling, deeper tone, and richer, if more sombre colour"; *Dr. James Wardrop*, the strongly marked features of the old head, with the light falling on them from the left, recalling the work of Rembrandt; and the *Boy with the Rabbit*, the diploma picture for the Royal Academy, a portrait of the grandson of Lady Raeburn, who was deaf and dumb. The latter is a charming picture, with its admirably rendered sunlight, and the pathetic expression of the afflicted child.

The Saints in Christian Art: Lives and Legends of the Evangelists, Apostles, and other Early Saints. By MRS. ARTHUR BELL. (London: George Bell & Sons.)—A good book on a good subject is the verdict that may justly be passed on Mrs. Bell's new enterprise in research and criticism. Indeed, the book is so good that it cannot be rightly appreciated by anyone who has not some first-hand knowledge of the masses of material that Mrs. Bell handles with tact and skill, always keeping clear of the pitfalls of controversy lying about her every step. It is her present business to avoid entangling the threads of her stories in disputes over details; it is quite enough to relate, in a short and direct way, all that need be generally known about the Saints dealt with—the prose facts, the legendary embellishments, and the meaning of the attributes or symbols. In the present volume the essays are arranged in chronological order, and have for their subjects St. John the Baptist and his Parents, the Parents of the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph of Nazareth, the Four Evangelists, St. Matthew and St. Mark, St. Luke the Evangelist, St. John the Evangelist, the Twelve Apostles, St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Andrew, St. James the Elder, St. Philip and St. Bartholomew, St. Thomas, St. James the Less, St. Simon, St. Jude, and St. Matthias, the Family at Bethany, St. Mary Magdalene, St. Veronica, St. Joseph of Arimathea, a group of First-Century Converts, St. Stephen and other First-Century Martyrs, the Great Saints of the Second Century, Martyred Popes and Bishops

of the Third Century, Martyred Priests and Deacons of the Third Century, Martyred Soldiers and Laymen of the Third Century, Saintly Matrons and Maidens of the Third Century, and other martyred women of the same period. The book, then, is rich in excellent subjects, and Mrs. Bell is to be congratulated on the critical judgment and the good taste that give modesty and dignity to her informing pages. We shall await with interest the publication of the second volume, treating of the Fathers of the Church, and the great Hermits, and other Early Saints.

Lorenzo Lotto. By BERNHARD BERENSON. (London: George Bell & Sons.) 15s. net.—This volume, an edition of which has already appeared in America, is a remarkable *tour de force*; a good example of the constructive ability of its author, who is as skilful in building up the personality of an artist from his work—or rather from a few fragments of his work—as any anatomist at constructing a complete skeleton from a single bone. A peculiarity of Bernhard Berenson is that he generally preludes his dissertations by taking the reader into his confidence, leading him, as it were, behind the scenes, and showing him all the strings by which his puppets are to be moved. He says, for instance, in his preface to "Lorenzo Lotto"—"The point of view taken by the writer eight or nine years ago, when he first composed this work, was determined by interests that then seemed much more important than they do now. Yet," he adds with a *naïveté* scarcely to be expected from so experienced a writer, "as he has no means of arriving at the certainty that his present interests are essentially more real than the earlier ones, as these earlier interests also are, at all events, permanent ones; and as, moreover, if the author's present point of view, and this point of view only, were regarded, the new edition would have perhaps no greater likeness to the old one than if the subject were handled by a different writer, the author has thought it best to stick to his old position." This rather remarkable admission is succeeded by a somewhat chilling warning to the reader against the "assumption that in art there is such a thing as progress. Technical advance," owns this strangely frank writer, "there has been and may be, but it is by no means coincident with advance in art; and a counsel of perfection would be to avoid confounding an interest in the history of technique with love of art, and, most of all, to beware of finding beauty where there is only curiosity." Those who are able, in spite of this somewhat repellent caution, still to take an interest in the

technique of Lorenzo Lotto will marvel at the constructive skill of the critic who has been able out of next to nothing to evolve a complete theory respecting it, and to trace not only the growth of the style peculiarly characteristic of his subject, but every single stage by which that style was built up. The first glance at the contents of the book is not cheering, for it resembles too closely a catalogue, with its succinct statements as to topographical details and its elaborate dissertations on pictures. Again, however, the reader will be rewarded if he has the courage to grasp the nettles and with his guide trace the fortunes of the hero of the volume from his early life, as "Lotto archaic," through all his vicissitudes, when acted upon by the Vivarini, Cima da Conegliano, Montagna, and others, till he emerges at last as Lotto himself, the mature Lotto, the real author of the few works Berenson allows him to keep. Guarding carefully "against confounding an interest in the history of technique with love of art," the cautious reader may yet allow himself to enjoy the beautiful reproductions in this remarkable biography, which every one who ventures to write on art should read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest: and shutting his mind against any hasty critical judgment, he will no doubt delight in the *Glory of St. Nicolas* of the Church of the Carmine, the *Visitation* and *Annunciation* of the Jesi Library, the *Presentation* of the Santa Casa at Loreto, with others of the gems chosen to illustrate either the style of Lotto himself or that of one or another of his contemporaries.

Conversations of James Northcote, R.A., with James Ward on Art and Artists. Edited and arranged from the manuscripts and note books of James Ward by ERNEST FLETCHER. (London: Methuen & Co.)—James Northcote, the second son of humble parents, was born at Plymouth in 1746. At an early age he was apprenticed to his father's trade of watchmaking, but the love of art was so strong within him that he spent all his spare time in teaching himself to draw and paint, till at last he was able to earn more money with his pencil than he did at his trade. In 1771, when nearly five-and-twenty years old, he journeyed to London and, thanks partly to his own talents and partly to a letter of introduction, he managed to enrol himself among the pupils of Sir Joshua Reynolds, with whom he lived and boarded for five years. From this fortunate time to the last year of his long life (1831) James Northcote worked laboriously, showing a warm independence of spirit that made him more feared than liked in many quarters: and if his art to-day commonly seems ineffectual, like a

fire which has burnt low, the man himself and his brilliant discursive talk are not the less worth a close attention similar to that which is given to Eckermann's character-sketching records of his conversations with Goethe.

It may be that Northcote would have become a greater painter had he been less gifted as a talker, for he burnt away in excellent speech a very great deal of the life-giving enthusiasm that his art required. Reynolds not only noticed this chatterbox danger in the lives of artists, but said in Northcote's presence that a young painter ought instantly to sew up his mouth when he feels a great inclination to talk. This advice never stayed the tongue of Northcote, and were it not for James Ward, a painter of merit, we should know but little now of the real Northcote—the versatile and brilliant conversationalist, witty, cynical, wayward, suggestive, refreshing, original. We should certainly know all that Hazlitt says in his volume on the intercourse which had taken place between himself and Northcote; but this, though good, is not really half enough. The present book, carefully edited by Mr. Ernest Fletcher, is a most welcome supplement, and should appeal to a wide circle of readers.

Dutch Painters of the Nineteenth Century. Edited by MAX ROOSES. Translated by F. KNOWLES. (London : Sampson Low, Marston & Co.) £2 2s. net.—It will be with regret that the owners of the three previous volumes of this fine series of reproductions of masterpieces of the Dutch School will realise that the one now issued is the last. As beautiful in its general appearance and in the excellence of its reproductions as its predecessors, this fourth volume has the special distinction of containing more that is new to the English public than any of the other three. Only one of the twelve men noticed—Matthys Maris—is well known out of Holland, but it will probably not be long before the paintings of Martens, De Bock, Wijsmuller, Bilders and Bakker Korff will win for their producers the European reputation they certainly deserve. Martens, best known by his portraits of the young Queen of Holland and her mother, has done much excellent work as a painter of rural scenes, to some of which he has given a touch of the pathos so characteristic of the landscapes with figures of Millet. De Bock, who, in his quiet rambles at Barbizon, seems to have caught something of the spirit of the same great French master, takes especially high rank as a painter of trees, which he is never weary of studying, whether in the full glory of their summer foliage, or the

dignified simplicity of their winter nudity. Wijsmuller, whose work is remarkable for its careful drawing and poetic feeling, is especially successful in rendering the quaint old towns of his native land. Bilders, who died two years ago, is likened by his biographer to Rousseau, but his landscapes have none of the storm and struggle in which the "Eagle," as Corot called Rousseau, delighted. They are, indeed, chiefly remarkable for their quiet, peaceful charm.

One of the best articles in the new volume of "Dutch Painters," from the literary point of view, is that on Mme. Mesdag. The self-denying character of the wife who so merged her own ambition in that of her distinguished husband that her art career did not begin until she had passed middle life, is well brought out, whilst the beauty of her interpretations of the wide heathlands of Holland, and of such simple, poetic scenes as *Sheep being driven into a barn at night*, is pointed out with sympathetic acumen. To Bakker Korff, who died ten years ago, equally full justice is done. He is, indeed, somewhat overpraised, for he is called the Meissonier of Holland. His pictures are full alike of pathos and humour, and the accessories are worked up with almost too much attention to detail.

The Germ (London : Elliot Stock), price 10s. 6d. net, is a reprint in facsimile of the four numbers of *The Germ* and its successor, *Art and Poetry*, as originally published in 1850. The preface to this reprint, written by Mr. W. M. ROSSETTI, appears as a separate pamphlet of 32 pages, uniform in size. The writer gives some interesting details of the inception and history of this short-lived magazine, and of the Pre-Raphaelite Brethren, of whom it was the literary organ. There can be no doubt that the publication contains some valuable papers on art and some good verses, but the chief claims it has to-day upon our consideration are those which depend upon its personal associations. The fact that DANTE G. ROSSETTI and his sister, CHRISTINA ROSSETTI, contributed largely to its pages will give it exceptional value to the numerous admirers of their literary and artistic productions.

Barnaby Rudge. By CHARLES DICKENS. With an Introduction by GEORGE GISSING and Notes by F. G. KITTON. Illustrated by BEATRICE ALCOCK. (London : Methuen & Co.) Two vols. 6s.—This, the third issue of the admirable "Rochester Edition" of the works of Charles Dickens, fully maintains the high standard set in the previous volumes. The task of illustrating the various buildings and localities as they appeared at the time

referred to in the story has in this instance been entrusted to Miss Beatrice Alcock, whose fourteen excellent pen-and-ink drawings conform with the methods adopted by Mr. E. H. New and Mr. R. J. Williams, the illustrators respectively of "Pickwick Papers" and "Nicholas Nickleby" of the same edition.

The Life of a Century: 1800 to 1900. By Edwin Hodder. (London: George Newnes, Ltd.) Price 10s. 6d. net.—Every page of the seven hundred and sixty of which this publication consists holds something of interest to students of politics, religion, commerce, art, science, literature, sociology, sports, pastimes, music and drama in Great Britain during the most remarkable period of human history; and Mr. Hodder may, on the whole, be congratulated upon the success with which he has grappled with the formidable task of recounting in a concise and attractive manner the progress of great movements and the careers of great workers in all departments of thought and action. In the compilation of so voluminous and intricate a work as this, faults of omission may, of course, be condoned; but a history that professes to carry us down to the year 1900 must be counted incomplete without some reference to the new movement in the decorative arts and the progress of domestic architecture. Both these important subjects are entirely ignored. We have, however, an interesting chapter on "Painters and Pictures of the Century," which, so far as it goes, will be found valuable for reference; but, stopping short as it does at Sir Edward Poynter and his contemporaries, a charge of incompleteness must in this case also be preferred. The volume contains no fewer than five hundred and nineteen illustrations.

The English Pre-Raphaelite Painters, their Associates and Successors. By PERCY BATE. (London: George Bell & Sons.)—The second edition of this sincere book is very welcome, not only because it contains some interesting new material, but also because it is a thoughtful and brief review of a phase of art that now belongs essentially to the past. Mr. Bate certainly shows quite clearly, both in his illustrations and also in his criticisms, that the influence of the English Pre-Raphaelite painters still survives here and there; but, then, a sunset is always followed by an after-glow. Already the great majority of art lovers feel more distantly removed from the P.R.B. than they do from any manifestation of art, however ancient, that had its origin within the civilisation of the times that witnessed

its rise to greatness. The Pre-Raphaelite painters were unhappy in their lot; they felt ill at ease amid the sordid heroisms of the nineteenth century; not only did they revolt against its spirit, but they sought refuge in isles of dreams; for a time they dwelt there, to the admiration of the many, quite forgetting that the world is much too energetic and too vigorous to take permanent delight in a dreamland rebellion against the vast realities of life. It is well that students of the schools should bear this fact in mind. Young enthusiasms are easily fired by ardently-written books; and by this means many may be encouraged to waste a great deal of valuable time in some historic backwater of the main stream of art. English painters and designers could gain nothing of great importance by loitering longer in the backwater of Pre-Raphaelitism. What they need is virility with cheerfulness and poetry.

The craze for collecting book-plates or *ex-libris* does not yet seem to have died out, if the appearance of new books on the subject may be regarded as a criterion. The best of the most recent works upon the subject are *German Book-plates*, a handbook for collectors, by COUNT ZU LEININGEN-WESTERBURG (London: George Bell & Sons), and *Ex-libris* by WALTER VON ZUR WESTEN. (Bielefeld & Leipzig: Velhagen & Klasing) The former, which is translated into English by G. Ravenscroft Dennis, is illustrated by reproductions of a large number of interesting old specimens, chiefly from the author's collection, dating from the fifteenth century to the present time. The latter work, while illustrating a few of the earlier German plates, is mainly devoted to modern examples of an international character.

One of the many evidences of the modern renaissance of decorative art in Germany is in the production of the ornamented book. Many volumes of poetry are now being issued there with dainty covers and decorated borders which exhibit much good taste. *Helen Voigt-Diederichs Unterstrom* (Leipzig: EUGEN DIEDERICH) is the title of a volume of poems with some clever landscapes and ornaments printed in golden brown and dull peacock blue, designed by J. V. CISSARZ. *Frühling und Liebe* is a little collection of Lyrics written and illustrated by RICHARD GRIMM. (Leipzig: Voigtländer.) The borders and illustrations are well designed and are effectively reproduced in two shades of sage green. In a selection of *Poems* by ANNETTE VON DROSTE (Leipzig: E. Diederichs) ROBERT ENGELS is responsible for some excellent pen drawings and

Awards in "The Studio" Prize Competitions

ornaments printed in heliotrope and purple slate colours.

The plate issued annually to its subscribers by the Art Union of London is this year an etching by W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A., entitled *Victoria Victrix*. It commemorates the ever memorable day upon the Solent, the 1st February, 1901, when the body of our late beloved Queen was conveyed from Cowes to Portsmouth on board the "Alberta," through the long lane of British war vessels. Mr Wyllie has been highly successful in his rendering of the impressive, acute solemnity of the occasion, and his plate deserves to become popular throughout the Empire.

The series of coloured lithographs known as *The Fitzroy Pictures*, published by G. Bell & Sons, of London, has been enriched by four new ones, entitled *The Months*, designed by Mr. Heywood Sumner. Upon each plate three months are represented by typical subjects, drawn in the broad decorative spirit best suited to pictures intended for the decoration of schoolroom walls. The low price at which they are issued—ten shillings for the set of four prints—should ensure a large sale.

The chromo-lithographic art studio of 243, Gloucester Street, London, is producing some excellent work, and among its recent successes may especially be cited a reproduction of the drawing of monkeys by Mori Sosen now in the British Museum. This print is copied upon a large scale suitable for framing, and is published and sold by the Art for Schools Association, 29, Queen Square, London. The colours and the many subtle qualities of the original have been superbly retained, and the plate is in many respects a quite notable and creditable performance.

AWARDS IN "THE STU- DIO" PRIZE COMPETI- TIONS.

DESIGN FOR A PADDOCK
FENCE AND GATE.
(A XVI.)

The awards in this competition will be published next month.

CLASS B. PEN-AND-INK WORK.

DESIGN FOR A MOTTO. (B XI.)

This competition having failed to produce anything even moderately good, the prizes will not be awarded.

CLASS C. PHOTOGRAPHS FROM NATURE A PORTRAIT STUDY. (C XIII.)

The FIRST PRIZE (*One Guinea*) has been won by *Délicieux Abandon* (Pierre Dubreuil, 27 Rue d'Angleterre, Lille, France).

The SECOND PRIZE (*Half-a-Guinea*) by *Wysdael* (J. Cruwys Richards, Wysdael, Bournville).

Honourable Mention is given to the following competitors:—*Thérèse* (A. Charrel); *Betty Blue* (Bessie Stanford); *Hilda* (W. E. Dowson); *L'Effort* (Léon Sneyers); *Brock* (George J. Carder); *Zigovaux* (Alfred Abrard); *Banshee* (E. T. Holding); *Aquarius* (Agnes B. Warburg); *Doubtful* (Constance H. Ellis); *Fifer* (Harry P. Maiden); *Nellie* (Alfred W. Hill); *Dria* (Sybil Aird); *Mac* (John A. McMichael); *Napsugár* (Z. de Szász, Hungary); *Nature* (Mrs. Caleb Keene); *Dragon Fly* (F. D. Jamison); *Ragnar* (A. Schmitt); *Witch-Doctor* (A. L. M. Bonn); *Violeta* (L. G. de Ossa); *Argosy* (Constance H. Ellis); *Daub* (Maud Shelley); and "IV" (A. E. Baumer).



HON. MENTION (COMP. C XII)

"AQUARIUS"

FIRST PRIZE (COMP. C XII)
"NOMAD"





SECOND PRIZE (COMP. C XII)
"PHILOCTETES"



HON. MENTION (COMP. C XII)
"EXCELSIOR"



SECOND PRIZE (COMP. C. XIII)

“WYSDAEL.”



FIRST PRIZE (COMP. C. XIII)

“DÉLICIEUX ABANDON”



HON. MENTION (C. NNU)

"HAPPY HOUR"



HON. MENTION

"INTÉRÊT"

THE LAY FIGURE ON A SPEECH BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

"On the 10th of December," said the Critic, "the President of the Royal Academy made a long speech to the students of his schools. He had just distributed the prizes, and he spoke as the titular head of British Art. As such, rightly or wrongly, he is looked upon by most of his countrymen, so that his speech is well worth criticising. Have you read it?"

"Certainly," replied the Reviewer, "and I heard it spoken. It made me think of the best piece of good advice that Sir Joshua Reynolds ever gave to his fellow workers, telling them that they ought to sew up their mouths if they felt themselves inclined to be talkative, or they would unquestionably go to nothing."

"Yes, that's excellent," agreed the Critic. "Quite apart from the fact that talking is very frequently a waste of creative enthusiasm, it is difficult for a painter to talk in public about art without giving a praiseful defence——"

"Of a *Helena* and *Hermia*," suggested the Journalist.

"Of his own methods," continued the Critic. "This is bad enough, but what if he makes an attack upon methods differing from his own? Is not that a breach of professional etiquette?"

"Not always," replied the Art Historian. "Some painters, like Fromentin, are born critics, and their practical experience of art adds weight to their judgments. Yet it is always a hazardous thing for one artist to criticise another adversely. He runs the risk of being accused of jealousy, or else of trying to discredit such progressive ways of work as are taking precedence over those in which he believes. This is what the President of the Royal Academy forgot in his speech on the 10th of December. He spoke, not as a private man, but as the recognised head of a great national institution, which ought to be friendly to art in all its varied phases: so that the President of the Royal Academy was lacking in tact when he warned his students against the present-day tendencies of those painters whose work has the best chance of governing art's future."

"By so doing," cried the Critic, "he compromised the whole body of Academicians."

"On the contrary, I listened to sentences," said the Reviewer, "which sounded like a challenge to the most brilliant young members of the Royal Academy. Think, for instance, of

the remarks made on the subject of technique—made to students, remember, whose whole attention should be given to the handling of their materials. How are they to express their ideas if they fear to work boldly and with facility? Yet they are told by their President that they ought to regard technique as a real danger to the higher aspirations of their mind. The President cannot but admit that a brilliant display of technical knowledge and facility has a great fascination, but he wants to see it used in the rendering of still life, and not employed to the degradation of lofty themes, in which human action and human passion and human portraiture come into play. All this means that the present-day tendencies of art displease the President, who delights in sweetness and a mirrored classicism."

"In any case," said the Critic, "the President's remarks on technique are at odds with the best tradition of British painting. Reynolds, Raeburn, Gainsborough, Constable, Romney, Crome, were all painters, masters of the brush; and it is worth remembering that neither Turner nor Cox achieved his best until, after many years of patient struggling, he acquired such a rapid and assured dexterity of hand as gave him a completed ease and courage in the rendering of his poetical impressions of nature. Neither Cox nor Turner had that inborn freedom with the brush which enabled Girtin to be a great painter before the age of twenty-seven."

"Two or three other points in the President's speech provoke remark," said the Painter. "What did he mean when he spoke of 'the daring, if vulgar, execution of Franz Hals'? And why did he sum up the Old Dutchmen as painters of still life? If the Old Dutchmen appeal to us in any one way more than another, it is in that which brings us closely in touch with the humble life in the midst of which they lived; they are historians in their own way, and I love them for the frank, jolly homeliness of their village sympathies. Why did the President forget this side of their unpretending art? Is their humanity nothing to him but a study in still life?"

"What seriousness!" laughed the Man with a Clay Pipe. "Why, the President was only joking; he wished to delight the students and amuse his brother Academicians. It was only his fun, his way of anticipating the gaiety of Christmas. Why else did he believe that hard work alone, without cleverness, without genius, would enable his students to rise steadily to—eminence?"

THE LAY FIGURE.

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